

*April - 25 Cents*

# SMART SET

*True Stories  
from  
Real Life*





*Have you tried our new  
marvelous, waterproof*

*Liquid form*

# LIQUID *Maybelline*

We have at last succeeded in formulating an eyelash and eyebrow darkener that is absolutely waterproof. It makes the eyelashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Though you may weep or be caught in the rain *it positively will not run, smear or be affected in any way, yet it is perfectly harmless.*

If your dealer has not already stocked our new "LIQUID MAYBELLINE" ask him to get it for you, or if you desire we will send postpaid upon receipt of price. Accept only genuine "MAY-BELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured.

MAYBELLINE CO.

4750-72 Sheridan Road

Chicago

"LIQUID MAYBELLINE"  
in bottle—75 cents  
Solid form "MAYBELLINE"  
in box—75 cents  
Either form may be had in  
Black or Brown



*Solid form*





## An advertisement on a delicate subject —but it should be read by every thinking woman

**M**OST women possess a natural delicacy about the discussion of certain phases of health and hygiene that are peculiarly feminine problems. Perhaps they have heard physicians refer to personal hygiene for women as a healthful and necessary practice. And probably they have heard the same physicians deplore the use of poisonous compounds for this purpose. All this may have led to a certain confusion in the minds of many who would welcome a frank statement of facts on the subject.

### *How science has solved woman's problem*

Bichloride of mercury is a dangerous poison. Carbolic acid is a dangerous poison. Yet for years women have been forced to depend for germicidal purposes upon compounds containing powerful poisons such as these. But now science has produced an antiseptic-germicide which possesses great germ-killing power and is at the same time *absolutely non-poisonous* and safe to use.

This great antiseptic is Zonite, and it has already proved a blessing in thousands of homes. The tragedy of accidental poisoning will never darken the doors of the home where

Zonite is used. For Zonite is safe.

### *Use Zonite and avoid risk of poisoning*

Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *more than forty times* as strong germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen.

No wonder Zonite has been received with satisfaction by members of the medical profession. For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal strength, is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, so beneficial is its action that dental authorities are using and recommending Zonite as a mouthwash.

### *The Women's Division has now prepared a booklet*

Space here is of course too limited to give a complete account of the important changes that Zonite has brought into the lives of fastidious women. Every bottle of Zonite contains complete directions.

Also, there is the special booklet prepared by the Women's Division on the subject of Feminine Hygiene and covering other affairs of the

toilette as well. Its scientific, impersonal treatment of the matter commends it to thinking people. It is frank and thorough. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want a copy for herself or her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope if you will fill in the coupon below.

*Zonite Products Company  
Postum Bldg., 250 Park Avenue  
New York, N. Y.*

In Canada, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

### *A whole medicine chest in itself*



Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.



*Women's  
Division*

**ZONITE  
PRODUCTS CO.**  
Postum Building  
250 Park Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a free  
copy of the illustrated booklet  
you have prepared. (S.7)

Name .....

Address .....

*In bottles, 50c and \$1  
at drug stores  
Slightly higher in Canada*

# Zonite

If your druggist cannot  
supply you, send 50c direct  
to the Zonite Products Co.

VOL. 76  
NO. 2

## SMART SET

APRIL  
1925*True Stories from Real Life*

## Contents

	Page
<i>Cover Portrait by Henry Clive</i>	
What Is Life? (Editorial)	10
Choosing the SMART SET Girl (The Editor's Page)	12
First Month of Spring (Poem)	17
By HARRY LEE	
The Enemy of Life	18
By DR. FRANK CRANE	
That Kind (Part I)	20
They Dare Anything	24
Love and Laughter	29
(Theatrical Pictorial)	
All the Law There Was	33
Autumn Madness	38
The Sandwich Man (Poem)	41
By ALLEN FREDERICK	
Back to Vienna	42
Which One Should It Be? (Problem Story)	46
I Don't Care	49
What Have I Done? (Conclusion)	53
The Damned Yankee	56
"Finds" in Film-Land	61
(Movie Pictorial)	
The Tides at Fisherman's Cove	65
Nan of the Big Bend (Part II)	70
I Got What I Wanted	74
Funniest Story I Know (Humor)	78
Dissatisfied Years (Marriage Story)	80
Is Marriage a See-Saw?	82

*Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable*



## Madelon!

*Was there a soldier in France who did not know and love the story of Madelon?*

*Here is another, the story of a little girl who was true to her ideals—and whose love was great enough to make her sacrifice her happiness for what she knew was right.*

*Her hero didn't wear mailed armor. His helmet was of leather and his mount was a great bird built of canvas and wood and steel—*

*Her story speaks to you from the pages of the May SMART SET.*

Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

GEORGE d'UTASNY, President; JOHN BRENNAN, Vice-President; R. E. BERLIN, Treasurer; R. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary.

Copyright 1924, by Magus Magazine Corporation. 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.



# Secrets in the Tower Room

By MARJORIE DIXON

Illustrated by C. J. MCCARTHY

**D**ESCENDING the stairs in her slim soft silk, one white hand sweeping the bannister . . . standing on the balcony in Dutch blue crepe, all its pleated ribbons fluttering . . . dancing in white like a cool, sparkling snowflake under the black of her partner's sleeve—these were the pictures I associated with Coralie. The most envied among us. And the most popular.

She would gaze into a shop window. "That darling blue velvet! I want one like that . . . only with bronze lace instead of gold, and long tight sleeves." And in two weeks she would have it! She would see Marjorie Daw in motion pictures, in a black satin that had only lace for sleeves, and a great white streamer of ribbon touched with rosettes. "I need something like that for the Festival Dance." And she'd have it!

She was mysterious; removed from us, yet sharing in our pleasures; not even inviting us to her tower room in the dormitory, though we dared each other to go unasked.

The girls got to coming to my room at night and estimating the cost of her clothes. "That new twill suit now—at least \$90. And the gray crepe with pipings of blue and red? Surely \$50. And that yellow silk? \$35 at least!"

And mail! Times when we were hungering for the thinnest missive, Coralie would get fat letters and packages from that fairy godmother that kept sending her wonderful things.

The climax came the night before the Festival Dance. I was to go with Bruce Norton, and wanting to look unusually well, had trusted my one dance dress to the cleaner. It came back, shrunken and lifeless. I simply *couldn't* wear it. My eyes were too red with crying to go down to dinner. Coralie missed me and came straight to my room.

The glory of that evening with Coralie! While the girls were still



"Like a cool, sparkling snowflake under the black of her partner's sleeve"

downstairs, we slipped up to her room, locked the door, and Coralie unwrapped a package. Pale pink like tinted moonlight! Material by the yard—enough for an evening dress she said she was going to make for me.

"But you can't!" I cried. "You don't know any more about sewing than I do."

"Don't I?" She opened the closet door. There hung all the lovely dresses we had been admiring. The blue velvet, the yellow silk, the Dutch crepe with its pleated ribbons . . . and she had made them, every one! That fairy godmother was the Woman's Institute in Scranton, that can teach you to make anything you want in the shortest time imaginable. All the time Coralie had refrained from inviting us to her room, she had been making her beautiful clothes. She didn't even need a pattern, she said, Institute methods were so easy.

And she proved it . . . the way she draped that soft pink on me, and caught it here and there, and achieved such flow of line that I gasped at myself in the mirror. We had to stuff cloth in the keyhole and along the door to work long after the lights were supposed to go out . . . but how Coralie's fingers flew. She knew exactly what she should do, and at three

o'clock it was finished. My first real evening dress! I tried it on and almost cried. I looked so beautiful. Then I grew a little frightened. "But what do I owe you? This gorgeous material . . . your time?"

"Forget the time," she laughed deliciously. "The material cost \$9." Then I realized. All her princess-like dresses had cost just such small amounts too. That blue velvet only \$18 and it looked like \$68. That black satin only \$9.50 and it would be a bargain at \$45. I suddenly glimpsed a happiness I'd never known. How much I could have . . . could earn, too, if I could make beautiful things for the girls as easily as Coralie made this for me . . . and how beautiful I could look—always.

"Coralie, tell me how to get in touch with the Woman's Institute."

Coralie laughed and turned to a page in a magazine. "Just send in this coupon. It will bring you a booklet, which will tell you everything you want to know. It doesn't cost a cent, and I know you'll enjoy every word."

**D**ON'T you want to write the Woman's Institute too? Just a word of interest will bring you, free, an attractive booklet.

It tells how you can have lovely dresses just in free minutes at home—make them at tiniest cost . . . give them little striking touches that make them distinctively becoming to you . . . be ready for happy times . . . make money.

A mere request may bring you, too, more happiness than you ever had before. Won't you send this coupon so we can start the booklet to you by return mail?

**WOMAN'S INSTITUTE**  
Dept. 6-R, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below—

- ☐ Home Dressmaking
- ☐ Professional Dressmaking
- ☐ Millinery
- ☐ Cooking

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

# The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

**W**ILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

**I**F you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

## What Do YOU Know About Love?

**D**O you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a



ELINOR GLYN  
"The Oracle of Love"

headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do

"wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

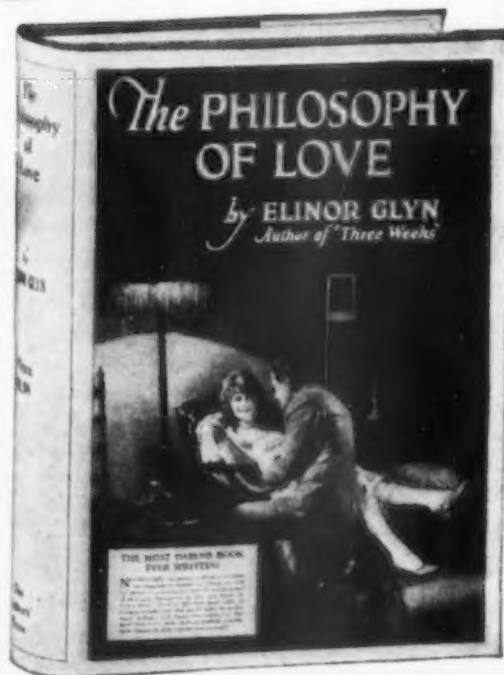
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rank sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

## SEND NO MONEY

**Y**OU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read



## WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon **NOW**. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 275, Auburn, N. Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

**De Luxe Leather Edition**—We have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Royal Blue Genuine Leather and lettered in Gold, with Gold Tops and Blue Silk Markers. No expense spared—makes a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this leather edition—as most people do—simply sign below, place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only \$2.98, plus postage. ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

**IMPORTANT**—If it is possible that you may not be at home when the postman calls, send cash in advance. Also if you reside outside the U. S. A., payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition \$2.12. Leather Edition, \$3.12. Cash with coupon.

## What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| —how to win the man you love.                    | —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming                     |
| —how to win the girl you want.                   | —how to rekindle it if burnt out.                              |
| —how to hold your husband's love.                | —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.               |
| —how to make people admire you.                  | —how to attract people you like.                               |
| —why men "step out" and leave their wives alone. | —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age. |
| —why many marriages end in despair.              | —how to make love keep you young.                              |
| —how to hold a woman's affection.                | —must all men be either "dubs" or devils?                      |
| —how to keep a husband home nights.              | —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.             |
| —why most women don't know how to make love.     | —how to tell if someone really loves you.                      |
| —things that turn men against you.               | —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."                 |
| —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.     | —how to make people do the things you want them to.            |
| —the "danger year" of married life.              |  |



**New Spring Style  
Trimmed with  
Rich Silk Lace**

~  
**Silk  
Satin  
Charmeuse**

**\$1.00  
down**

**No  
C. O. D.  
to  
Pay!**

Only \$1.00 down for this latest New York style. Dresses with side panels are all the rage and this one is bound to be extremely popular because of its becoming combination of satin charmeuse and expensive lace. This model is now being shown in the most fashionable dress shops. Satin charmeuse is rich in appearance, strong in texture and always gives wonderful service and satisfaction.

**Attractive Silk Lace!**

Notice how striking and beautiful is the effect of the band of expensive lace around the waist, both in front and back. And still more charm and style is added by the panels of self material which drape from the waist on either side and are finished off at the bottom with more of the same beautiful lace.

Then, too, the fashionable full length sleeves have broad cuffs of lace to harmonize.

Surely you will agree that for style, and beautiful effect this dress is in a class by itself and at our low price of only \$18.95, and 6 months to pay, it represents a value you can't help but appreciate. Dresses come in black or brown. Sizes 34-44.

Order by No. S-42. Terms: \$1.00 with coupon, only \$3.00 a month. Total price, only \$18.95.

**You Don't Risk  
ONE PENNY**

We ask you to judge this latest style dress for yourself. Examine the fine materials, the finished workmanship and the popular style. Try it on and see how becoming it is—ask your friends about it. Compare the low price, consider the easy terms. Don't keep the dress unless you are satisfied in every way. You take no risk!

**Send Coupon—  
Your Dollar Back  
If Not Satisfied!**

**6 Months  
to Pay**

Only \$3.00 a month for 6 months. You'll never miss such a small amount, because you can save it out of household expenses and not notice it. And you'll have a beautiful latest style dress which will be admired by all your friends. Yes, a dress you can be proud to wear among the best dressed women you know. Can you afford to miss this opportunity? Will you be without a new dress this Spring when all you send is \$1.00 now with the understanding that you are to be satisfied in every way before you decide to keep the dress. Here is the value you're looking for, and 6 months to pay besides. Don't delay. This offer will bring many orders. Don't take a chance of our stock being sold out when your order comes in, so send NOW!

**Send Only \$1.00 Now!**

**Elmer Richards Co.**

Dept. 1914 W. 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$1. Please open a charge account for me. Send me the Satin Charmeuse Dress No. S-42. If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise, I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$18.95 in all.

(Check Color Wanted) ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Bust.....Belt.....Hip.....Length.....

(Be sure to fill out above lines.)

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. .... State .....



**Send for  
FREE  
Style Book**

# Who Is the Best Judge of Advertising?

We Will Pay \$50 in Cash Prizes to Learn

**W**HAT advertisements hold your interest?—and why? Which—of all in this magazine—makes you most want to buy?

You have built the editorial policy of SMART SET by writing to the editor about our stories. Now, will you help us in our work for you with advertisers by writing to the Advertising Manager? We'll pay well for your aid.

The advertisements appearing in this magazine are the work of experts, leaders in their profession. Each is the result of many hours of thought and study on their part.

Yet, strange as it may seem, these experts often disagree as to the merits of individual advertisements. They ask us—"Will this advertisement sell our goods to your readers? Will they understand,—and believe—the points we have made in it?"

We, in turn, must come to you for the answer. You alone can tell us which advertisement is the best salesman of the product it mentions.

Look over every advertisement, small as well as large, in the April issue of SMART SET. Study each one, and then send us a letter—less than 200 words—telling which you think most effective—and why?

For the best letter on the April issue, we will pay \$25.00; for the second best \$15.00; and for the third best \$10.00. If, in the opinion of the judges, any two letters are equal in merit, we will pay the full amount of the prize to the writers of both. Contest closes at noon, April 15th. Prizes, May 1st. The judges will be the Editor, Business Manager, and Advertising Manager of SMART SET, and their decision will be final.

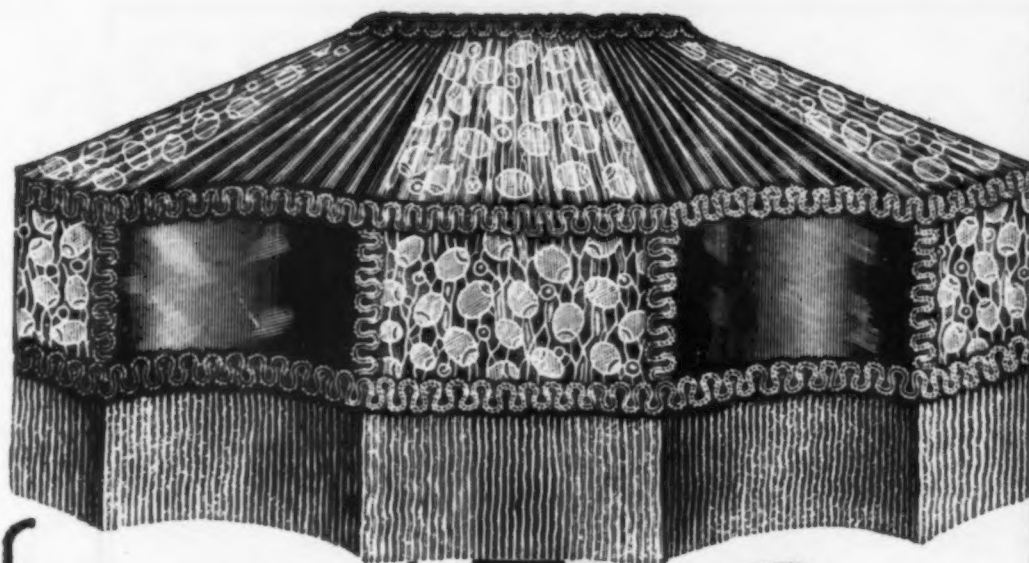
Remember that the size, or beauty of an advertisement, have no more to do with its effectiveness (for the purpose of this contest) than the product advertised. It must **convince you, make you want to buy**, to be considered successful. You, alone, can answer that; and your letter has every chance to win one of the prizes we offer for your help.

**Advertising Contest Manager**

119 West 40th St.,

New York, N. Y.





## Gas or Electric

**The Lamp** Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8 foot silk cord ready for use; or comes with 6 foot rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

### Mahogany Finish

Standard is 64 in. high, 3 in. in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

**The Shade** Made in Fifth Avenue design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all, tinsel braid border, with 4 in. Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shipping weight, 27 pounds.

**Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords** Also pair of Marshall silky fringe cords with 3½ in. silky fringed tassels, giving an added luxurious effect.

### 7-Piece Cut Glass Set FREE

For gas use, order by No. G8000A.

For electricity, order by No. G8001A.

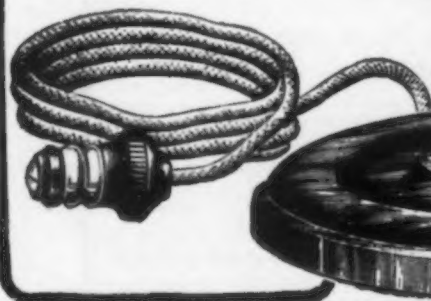
Send only \$1.00 with the coupon, \$2.00 monthly. Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade, \$19.85.

## Bargain Catalog Free



Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware,

etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See coupon.



**\$1.00 down**

# Floor Lamp

— With —

## 5th Ave. Silk Shade

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with a handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only \$1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk. *Special now—7-Piece Set of Genuine Cut Glass Sent FREE!*

## 30 Days Trial—\$2.00 a Month!

When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How useful it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only \$2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of \$19.85. Yes, only \$19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash! Straus & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.

# Sale Price Now

Decide now to see this beautiful floor lamp and silk shade in your home on approval on this price smashing offer. Send coupon with only \$1 now. Satisfaction guaranteed. 7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass FREE to those who order AT ONCE.

**Straus & Schram**  
Dept. 1914  
Chicago, Illinois

# FREE

## 7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass



**EXTRA! EXTRA! Special Offer** in addition to the amazing lamp bargain shown here:—**Absolutely Free**, this beautiful 7-Piece Set of Genuine Cut Glass, consisting of: Pitcher of 2 quart capacity and 6 tumblers each of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, thin and dainty; *hand cut decorations* consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Will make a handsome display among your glassware. We are giving away **free**, a limited number of these 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Sets just to get new customers and to get them **quickly**. So read our offer now—and **act today**, while these beautiful Cut Glass Sets last.

## STRAUS & SCHRAM

Dept. 1914, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below with 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send \$2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade and 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my \$1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

☐ Gas Floor Lamp No. G8000A, \$19.85.  
☐ Electric Floor Lamp No. G8001A, \$19.85

7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set Free with Either Lamp

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street, R.F.D., or Box No. \_\_\_\_\_

Shipping Point \_\_\_\_\_

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

*If there is no newsdealer  
in your locality you  
need not miss a  
single copy of*

# SMART SET

*True Stories from Real Life*

There is a desk in our office over which pour subscriptions at \$3.00 a year from folks in out-of-the-way districts who want the monthly thrill of reading the true stories from real life found in amazing variety in each issue of SMART SET.

*If you cannot find a newsstand you can find a post office.  
Send the coupon, with \$3.00, to*

## SMART SET

119 West 40th Street  
New York, N. Y.

— JUST MAIL THE COUPON —

SMART SET

119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$3.00. Please enter my subscription to SMART SET for one year.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Foreign postage other than Canada \$1.00 extra a year)

SSH-425



# AGENTS Mail The Coupon For This Chance To Make **\$50 to \$90 a Week**



In the thirty years the World's Star Knitting Company has been organized, it has been my aim to offer our representatives a constantly bigger, broader and better money-making opportunity in every way. With my new agency plans, new products, new and improved systems for rendering better service to our representatives, and their customers, I delight in the fact, that today, the exclusive agency of the World's Star Knitting Company is without parallel in the chance to win immediate, permanent and lasting financial success.

D. L. GALBRAITH, President  
World's Star Knitting Company

**Amazing New Agency Plan For Ambitious  
Men and Women Everywhere To  
Make Big Money In Easy Work**

I mean it! Mail the coupon below or write me today and I will send you an immediate cash opportunity to make big money. I will tell you how you can establish yourself at once in an amazingly profitable business of your own without the investment of one cent of capital, without previous training or experience. It's a permanent, profitable opportunity in which you can easily make \$5.00 to \$15.00 a day from the start and where your earnings will increase each and every week. I have a proposition for you so simple, easy, square and clean cut, that you are bound to make a tremendous success.

## Position Open In Your Town Profits Waiting For You

I want you to represent the World's Star Knitting Company to take complete charge of exclusive territory and fill the enormous demand for World's Star products. Over a period of 30 years World's Star Hosiery and Underwear has been sold direct from the mill throughout the country. We are pioneers, the first concern in America to sell direct from the mill to home. The genuine quality and amazingly low prices of World's Star products have created a tremendous demand. I need representatives at once in every community to handle the big business.



The  
World's Star  
Mill Today.

Established  
1895

The big Knitting Mills at Bay City behind you in this opportunity. In here are the batteries of hundreds of machines knitting the finest quality hosiery and underwear made in America. It was started 30 years ago, occupying one room with only a handful of people. Giving honest service, honest goods, and offering a rich opportunity to our representatives, we have been able to grow to our present mammoth size.

## No Experience Necessary

No matter what your experience has been, what kind of work you are doing now, how much you are making, how old you are, you are bound to succeed with this proposition. You can do as well as Commons, Mich., who boosted his earnings \$500 a month; or Stockwell, Ohio, who averages \$100 a week. No business offers you a more wonderful future or greater possibilities. You are your own boss. The work is pleasant, dignified, delightful, the kind you will enjoy. Hundreds of representatives have been with us for more than twenty years.

## Everything Necessary To Start At Once Given **FREE!**

For this opportunity I do not ask you to invest a penny. If you write at once I will give you all the details of this great business and tell you how you can start immediately without capital, how complete sample outfits including full size irresistible sales-compelling samples of our line are given to workers. Complete instructions which tell how to begin and how to succeed—everything necessary to start all given without cost, to representatives.

**Send No Money** You owe it to yourself to have the details of this great proposition. Right now territory is open. Don't send a penny. Without obligation on your part, I'll send you complete particulars of the greatest agency plan ever organized—brand new plans—never before offered to agents. Don't wait and miss this opportunity. \$50 to \$90 a week is yours if you act now. Send your name and address—the coupon, a letter or postcard will bring all. Send NOW.

D. L. Galbraith, Pres.

**World's Star Knitting Company**  
1554 Lake Street Established 30 Years Bay City, Mich.

## Opportunity Coupon Mail Today!

D. L. Galbraith, Pres.  
World's Star Knitting Co.  
1554 Lake Street  
Bay City, Mich.

Send at once without obligation all particulars of your new plans—Free Sample and Exclusive territory offers.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

County ..... State .....

# *What Is Life?*

**L**IFE has been a mystery throughout all the ages of history. Science has analyzed almost everything in the world except life. There we stick. We don't know whether it is physically existent or not. Edison says it is FORCE, perhaps similar to electricity!

But we do know that wherever life exists, we find change, development, decay—the things which make our world interesting. And we know that wherever we find men, we find them improving this old world of ours and making it a better place to live.

Sometimes all our efforts seem so puny and inadequate that we are discouraged. Sometimes when earthquakes and storms destroy in an hour what men have struggled years to build, life seems a cruel jest. But always there comes the sunshine, and the rainbow of promise in the sky!

**I**N THE early periods of history, when life was a simple thing, men began to choose that part of the work which they would do. And in the course of time, the Story Teller became an important man in every tribe because he helped the warriors to forget themselves for a few moments when the evenings dragged.

In later years he began to print the village paper. It reflected life—part of it.

But progress and change are continuous. We cannot stand still. And so SMART SET has grown into a new form and is wearing new robes. It is just a little in advance of every magazine in the field in its ideas and policies. Where they have stood still, we have advanced. Unlike them, we are not binding ourselves to any hard and fast precedents in our policy. We are moving forward month by month, keeping apace of the times.

We are reflecting life in all its varied colors. We are picking up the adventures of the world and repeating their stories for you to enjoy. We are making you the neighbors of all the world. And your letters have helped us to build our policy as you want it built.

**S**MART SET is not trying to reform a world which is improving with every passing day. Our aim is to entertain you during your idle hours—and perhaps do a bit of good as well!

We are not hesitating to fight, when we find some rotten spot in the world. A few minor operations may do it good!

But somehow, I like to think of our magazine, yours and mine, as a gigantic bridge, stretching off into the distance. It leads from my home to yours; and we may swing it in any direction so that it links us with the sea, or the mountains, or the jungle, or with any other spot which our stories tell us about.

I want you to feel a spirit of comradeship with the folks who have written the stories. They come from everywhere, and very few of them are what the world calls authors. Most of them have simply told something out of their hearts. That is why their stories ring true!

**L**ET'S make our magazine just as personal and intimate as we can. If there is something you would like to see us do, drop me a line. If there is something you don't care for—do the same. Maybe there are a lot of others who want us to do the same thing, and if there are we are going to do it. You and I, between us, can make SMART SET the biggest success in magazine history—because it reflects the mysterious charm of life.





HERE is your Complete New Living Room Suite all ready to be sent on 30 Days' Free Trial. Here is the suite that will make your living room more inviting, more comfortable; a pleasanter, a more home-like place for family and friends. You will take great pride in the dignified design of these 8 big pieces. The high-quality construction will serve you for many years. Just \$1.00 with order brings the entire suite, and the Free Scarf right to your door. The monthly payment is so small that you will never feel the outlay. My Bargain Price is lower than cash-down prices in your home

stores. You will make a big mistake if you don't take advantage of this offer NOW! You cannot lose, you cannot be disappointed. My Money-Back Bond protects you to the limit.

## 8 Solid Oak Pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial

Use this suite for 30 days at my risk. See how stunning it will look with the background of your draperies and rugs. If you are not perfectly satisfied after a month's trial you may return it. I will refund your first payment and all transportation costs. The trial will not cost you a penny.

### FREE! Velour Scarf With Tapestry Ends

Send your order for the library suite QUICKLY. I will send you absolutely Free a Handsome, rich blue Table Scarf. It is made of a good velvety quality velour enhanced by an edge of gold braid and floral tapestry ends, with silky tassels. It is 12" wide and 55" long, just the right size for the table. Scarf is absolutely free if you send promptly Your Free Trial Order for Library Suite.

### Outstanding Points of Excellence

(1) Kiln-dried and air-seasoned Solid Oak throughout; (2) Strong Construction, Upholstered Full Length Backs and Seats covered with Rich, Brown Spanish Artificial Leather, and very well padded with rest-giving, upholstering materials; (3) Wide, roll arms on Arm Chair and Rocker; Sturdy Posts on all pieces; (4) Every piece of large, full size: The Library Table is 24 x 36 inches with Writing Desk Drawer and big lower shelf, a table of striking beauty, Rocker and Arm Chair are both 37 ins. high and 25 ins. wide, with seats measuring 19 x 19 inches. Sewing Rocker is 34 inches high and 17 inches wide; Side Chair is the same size. The Taborette is 16 inches high. The Waste Basket is 14 inches high.

### Home Furnishing Guide

### FREE!

My New Catalogue is a treasure house of Home Furnishing Ideas, a delightful guide to happy home making. It shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, etc. Write for it Today. My Prices are the lowest. I Give the Longest Time to Pay. Everything sent on 30 Days' Trial.



© 1935, Spear & Co.

The 2 Book Ends give a desirable and artistic touch. Writing Desk Drawer, An Exclusive Spear Feature. The Library Table is equipped with a desk drawer which when pulled out can be used as a writing desk. It has a pen and pencil groove, ink well receptacle and ink well. The lid is removable; writing supplies can be kept in the drawer. This special feature makes the table serve a double purpose—a library table and a desk.

NATHANIEL SPEAR, Pres.

**➔ Spear & Co. ➔**  
Dept. S-803, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Home Furnishers for the People of America

**Former Price \$55**  
**Sale Price \$39.95**

### Easy Monthly Payments

You have your choice of two finishes: Nut Brown Fumed Oak or highly Glossed Golden Oak. Be very careful to State Your Choice of Finish in Ordering. Complete 8-piece Suite, order No. SA625. Price \$39.95. Terms: \$1 with order, balance \$3 monthly.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**SPEAR & CO., Dept. S-803, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Send me at once 8 piece Library Suite and Free Velour Scarf as described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you \$3.00 monthly. Order No. SA625. Price \$39.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your free catalogue also. Print or write name and address plainly.

If you want Nut Brown Fumed Oak put an X in this ☐  
If you want Golden Oak put an X in this ☐

Name..... Occupation.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.....

Post Office..... State.....

If shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send shipment to.....

FREE (If you want Catalog Only, Send No Money, put X here) CATALOG and write your name and address on the above lines ☐

# Choosing the

# SMART SET GIRL

**H**OW would you like to have your portrait painted by a great artist, exhibited on Fifth Avenue in New York and at a big gallery in Chicago, printed on the cover of SMART SET magazine, and then presented to you?

That's a long sentence—but it means a lot. We have made the SMART SET policy fit the suggestions in your letters. Now, in order to make the partnership complete, we want you to provide our covers. Then it will be our magazine, yours and mine, in every detail. Mr. Clive, our cover artist, has agreed to do his part.

All we want you to do is send us your photograph if you are a SMART

SET girl and not over eighteen years of age, or your sister's, or sweetheart's, or daughter's, if you do not have the proper qualifications.

We are going to pick a SMART SET girl every month and put her picture on the front cover of the magazine. The first of this series of American girls will be used on the September issue which goes on the stands August 1st. Watch the coming issues of SMART SET for further announcements.

Answer the questions listed below and send the answers to the ART EDITOR of SMART SET right away with your best photograph.

Now We Want *You*  
to Write to the  
ART EDITOR.

## Questionnaire

Where were you born? .....

Where? .....

Are Your Parents American? .....

Please give a) Height (without shoes) .....

b) Weight (lightly dressed) .....

c) Color of Eyes .....

(d) Color of Hair ..... Bobbed?

(e) Complexion (Dark or Light) .....

Will your parents (or guardian) give their permission for SMART SET to use your picture if you are chosen by the artist?

Are you willing to co-operate with us to make this plan succeed?



# We Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%



Read how to do it in "PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE", the greatest book ever written on voice building. It will show you the one scientific, tested way to build a powerful singing or speaking voice. Send coupon below for—

## Free Book!

### Glad to Tell Everybody What Your Course Did

I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

When one lives in New York, as I do now, and sees the number of wholly unqualified people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test for teachers. I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty good test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson,  
New York City.

### Wouldn't Part With Course for \$1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

Julio C. De Vosconcellos,  
New Bedford, Mass.

### Sang in Choir for Years—Now Prepares for First Solo

I have great faith in your course for two reasons. First—because it has improved my voice and given me more confidence in myself, which I lacked. Second—your advertisement came as a direct answer to prayer—don't they say that every wish is a prayer?

Now I feel that I am helping more in my choir work.

Sabina Leipheimer,  
Sharon, Pa.

### Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,  
Newton, N. H.

THE four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that *Physical Voice-Culture* is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, *Physical Voice-Culture*, will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtre's voice

was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California. "An unusual case," you say. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The *Physical Voice-Culture* method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of *Physical Voice-Culture*.

## If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "e-e-e"?
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by *PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE*.



Now  
FREE

## Mail This Coupon

Find out at once about the wonderful possibilities of your voice—possibilities that you have never realized! Simply send coupon for FREE book. Read the astounding *true stories* of what others have done. This may be the turning point in your life. Mail coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute  
1922 Sunnyside Ave. Studio 20-64 Chicago, Ill.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 20-64  
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send at once, free and without obligation, your beautifully illustrated book "Physical Voice Culture" and full information regarding your home study method of voice building. It is understood that I do not have to pay a cent for this book, either now or later, and that I do not have to return it.

Name .....

Address .....

# Girls! Women!



Mrs. Frances H. Rankin  
of Texas

## May We Send You Our Plan to Make Money?

Wouldn't you like to give us some of your spare time in exchange for some extra dollars? You can earn them in a delightfully easy way without interfering at all with any other duties you may have.

We will show you just how to set to work, give you the opportunities you need and supply you with all necessary equipment. There is no expense or obligation on your part.

Mrs. Rankin is just one of many thousands who have learned the value of the unoccupied hour. By representing COSMOPOLITAN, and the other magazines we publish, among her friends and neighbors she has earned a great many extra dollars.

No matter what your occupation, nor how you spend your day, there is bound to be some portion of it when you are free or can arrange to have an hour, or even a half-hour to devote to other interests. Our plan is so adaptable that it offers an opportunity to everyone from school-girl to grandmother. It gives you such a feeling of security. You may plan for your needs and always know how you may get the extra dollars to pay for them.

If you haven't all the money you need to meet the expenses that come with the first Spring days, fill in and mail the coupon below so that we may start you on the Road to Independence.

Department SSC-RC425  
Cosmopolitan Magazine,  
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your COSMOPOLITAN spare-time proposition. Please let me have full information about it without obligation to me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# When I Overheard What She Said -I Learned Why I Was Unpopular



It was only a whispered remark. Momentarily it stung me. Yet surprising as it may seem, it taught me the real secret of popularity. For now I have a host of friends and I'm actually getting some real fun out of life. Here's how it all happened:

**I**'M sorry, Dick, but I really should help Evelyn to prepare the refreshments—I know you won't mind."

It was the same old story, I thought bitterly. But why—?

Doris was one of the few girls at the party whom I knew real well. We had been brought up together—went to the same school—yet even *she* avoided me. Perhaps it was my imagination.

I went out to the far end of the hall, sat down by myself, lighted a cigarette and thought.

The orchestra was playing a catchy, irresistible melody. Laughter filled the air. No wonder I felt blue. Others seemed to be having the time of their lives. Yet here I was all alone—just an "outsider" looking on. Was it because I was a poor mixer—a bit more backward than other fellows? I would answer that question for myself right away.

I crushed my cigarette and walked towards the party room resolved that I would join right in with the rest of the crowd, and have just as much fun as—

I stopped short. It was Doris's voice.

"Well, thank goodness, Evelyn, I was able to duck that dance with Dick Mitchell—why, he can't even fox-trot."

At that moment every nerve in me jumped. I wanted to say something—tell her just what I thought. Yet that would have only created a scene. No, I would not let them know that I overheard their conversation—and after all Doris was right. So *that* was the reason why I was unpopular.

Suddenly an idea dawned on me. I had read and heard of other fellows doing such things. I didn't know how true they were—but why not try it out and see, especially since I risked nothing?

## I Sent for the Five Free Lessons

The very next morning I mailed a coupon to Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor, asking him for the five lessons he offered free. I would show them that I could dance—not only the fox-trot but all the latest steps.

The five free lessons arrived promptly. I mastered the fox-trot in one evening. I learned without music or partner all the wonderful steps that had always been a mystery to me. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. Why, I was so tickled that the very next week

I attended a "frat" party and I didn't miss one single dance the whole evening.

*I never dreamed that knowing how to dance well could make any one popular so quickly.*

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and how to waltz—and are yours to keep, without obligation. Arthur Murray wants you to send for them at once, today—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home.

Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Please include 25c to cover the cost of handling, mailing, and printing. Arthur Murray, Studio 435, 801 Madison Avenue, New York.

**Arthur Murray, Studio 435  
801 Madison Ave., New York**

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send me the FIVE FREE lessons by Arthur Murray. I enclose 25c to pay for the postage, printing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City  State



## Does this apply to you?

**H**AVE you ever noticed how a "white coat collar" can mar the appearance of even the most fastidiously dressed man? We mean that shower of dandruff that spoils the good looks of so many dark suits.

It's more than a matter of mere appearance, too. Dandruff's a sign of an unhealthy scalp and a warning of possible baldness coming on.

And it's all so needless. The right attention to your scalp and hair will do wonders in combating dandruff.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Apply it generously, full strength. Then massage vigorously. You'll be delighted with this new use for an old friend—because Listerine and dandruff *simply do not get along together.*

After such a Listerine massage, you *know* your hair and scalp are antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are ~~very~~ valuable as a relief for throat irritation. — 25 cents.



VOL. 76  
NO. 2

# SMART SET

APRIL  
1925

*True Stories from Real Life*



## The First Month of Spring

By Harry Lee

"The first month of Spring" did you say? Way it acts,  
"The last month of Winter" is nearer to facts!  
Dark as Egypt outside, wind blowin' a gale;  
Snow 'blockin' the roads up, there won't be no mail  
Out this way tomorrow, or I miss my guess!

"The first month of Spring" you still call it! Well, yes  
There was—just to tease us, I s'pose—that one day  
Would o' made the sap run, and I saw a blue-jay  
And a robin or two in the wood-lot, and then  
That cold rain blew up, and it's Winter again!

Winter again, but we're all snug and warm,  
With a bit for a stranger, so—heck! let 'er storm!  
Come to think of it, nothin' can fetch folks together  
So close as a real spell o' blizzard weather.  
And here's one galoot's go'n' to rise up and sing,  
Go'n' to praise without endin' the first month of Spring!



# *The* Enemy

Dr. FRANK

**T**HE greatest enemy to life is fear. Fear is akin to death. It is the breath, influence and forerunner of death. So it is to be fought at all times with all one's might.

The effect of fear on the body is injurious. It will stop the processes of digestion. It dries the juices and locks up the normal secretions. It paralyzes the circulatory system. The regular flow of blood through arteries, veins and capillaries is essential to health, and fear plays havoc with the red stream.

Fear is the ally of every malady. Whatever illness besets a man is twice as bad if he is afraid, and if he laugh at it he can carry on, and live comfortably many a year, with a deadly disease. If a physician could enter all

his sickrooms and give some physic to purge away anxiety, he might well lose his other medicines.

**T**HE most use a mother can be to her child is to teach him not to be afraid. Fear is generally a taught lesson. To be unafraid is natural. Let parents aid nature and prevent the fear habit.

The imagination, which is commonly prostituted to frighten little ones, might just as well be utilized to strengthen them. For instance, instead of telling them to be good and not to cry, lest the bogey man, or the goblins, or the spooks get them, it would be more conducive to their peace and happiness if we suggested to them that in all dark places are the good angels, and that the unseen powers that move by night are friendly, and that the world we live in is crowded with invisible, kindhearted



# *of* Life

## CRANE



helpers! The child must imagine something, and how much he has gained if he is led to fill his fancy world with friends, and not enemies!

THE child ought to learn that fear is something to be ashamed of. Quite the contrary is too often the case. We use fear as a means to inculcate morality. This is ignorant, unpsychological, dangerous, and even wicked. No parent should play upon the fear motive. To develop it is to strengthen that which is most destructive of any nobleness of character.

To reward a youth for doing a thing because he was afraid not to do it, is to pay a premium on moral cowardice. To threaten a child ever and under any circumstances is criminal.

In its final analysis, all wrongdoing is cowardice. The drunkards, harlots, thieves, and thugs are the wretched weaklings who

never learned moral courage. For it takes courage always to be straight, and it takes an artful dodger and coward to be crooked.

WHEN you give up, therefore, and weep, and worry, and want to go out to the garden and eat worms, and wonder why you live, and wish you were dead, and are sorry for yourself, you not only belong to the innumerable army of failures, but you are a half-brother to all criminals.

The first step to crime is self-pity. The person who is sorry for himself, and who goes around moping about his hard lot, only admits that he is another victim of this great enemy



I used to watch for the new moon over my left shoulder. "Please, God, make Neil Faraday love me."

# That

*She Didn't Know What  
Is. But There  
When She Realized the  
Law,—“Thou*

**T**HAT kind!" What a terrible phrase! Pin it down and it means nothing. Accompany it with a lifted eyebrow or shrugged shoulders, and gossip goes it way, crushing hearts where it will and leaving a sickening trail of ruin and despair behind it.

I am reminded of an ancient Italian legend that illustrates the point as nothing else could. In the old days, a peasant confessed to a priest that he had slandered an innocent man. As a penance, the priest gave him a bag of feathers, telling him to go into every yard in the village and drop a feather in each garden.

"Do not miss a single one. When you have finished, return to me!"

The sinner believed his punishment was light. When the bag was empty, he went again to the priest.

"I have done my penance," he said.

"No, my son," replied the abbe, "you will not have done your penance until you go into every garden and gather up every one of the feathers you have dropped."

The gossip protested.

"It would be impossible. Many of them have blown away. I could never find all of them—never."

"So it is with gossip," answered the good father. "It is easily dropped but never again, try as you may, can you gather back the words you have thoughtlessly uttered."

In my own case, I have to admit that I was not an innocent victim of slander. I was innocent—that's where the trouble lay. But I did sin and the penalty I paid was not undeserved. That the penalty fell just as heavily upon the shoulders of my mother, was something I could not help.

There is such a difference in mothers. I might almost call this story "Two Mothers," for certain it is that the ideals of two mothers, as different as light from darkness, are reflected in it. Mine was always kind, always charitable and, above all, always just. I guess the other mother was kind to her own. Certainly she was charitable to her own because she was the type of woman who draws her skirts aside and says, disdainfully:

"My child would not do a thing like that."

After the fashion of amateurs, I am spending a lot of time generalizing instead of getting into the story I want to tell. It is easy to ramble when one does not know exactly how to begin. Perhaps a bold statement of fact is the best way, without any attempt to gloss over the affair as I would like to do.

I was one of the many girls who, to use a time-worn phrase, "loved not wisely but too well." But at that, when does a woman ever love wisely? Isn't she mostly fortunate or unfortunate in her love, rather than wise or unwise?

**I** WAS not a popular girl in the little town in which we lived. Too shy, I guess. At any rate, I was past twenty before I ever had what was termed a steady beau. Evart Graham and I had been playmates. As we grew older, he used to take me places occasionally and he often came out to the house. But I did not look upon him as a possible suitor. He was just Evart. Then, the winter after I was twenty, I spent six months with my married sister in the city. It was late spring when I came home. Evart met me at the station.

Whether it was my new clothes, a new style of hair-

# Kind!

## *Insidious Poison Gossip Came a Day Wisdom of the Ancient Shalt Not—"*

dress, or something else, I do not know. But on the way home from the station, Neil Faraday stopped us. I think that was the first time he ever really saw me. Of course, I had known him for years. He belonged to the crowd just older than mine. At that time, he was twenty-six, and the handsomest man I had ever seen. Wonderful brown eyes and dark hair that would lie in ringlets like a baby's, if he did not keep it carefully brushed and oiled! He was tall and slim, and always immaculate. Even in his work-clothes, he was scrupulously clean. The boys I knew best were not so fastidious. His chin was square cut, in spite of the deep cleft in it, but the cleft was the better indication of character than the jaw. At any rate, the strength that should have been there failed to materialize when the test came.

I had secretly adored him for two years. I used to watch for the new moon over my left shoulder, or the first star in the evening, and make my wish. "Please, God, make Neil Faraday love me." Time after time I would go to places where I knew he would be. I threw myself in his path but, once there, I would be so shy and reserved that he never guessed how wild I was about him.

On this day when he stopped us, it was to speak to Evart. They were good friends. He noticed the bag Evart was carrying and turned to me.

"Hello, Leah! Have a good time?"

The words were commonplace enough, but as he looked me up and down, something dawned in his eyes that had never been there before. I did look nice that day in a new tailored suit that sister had had made for me, and a frilly blouse. He surveyed me with real interest.

"Say, I'm glad you're back. Are you going to be busy tonight?"

My heart almost stopped beating, it was so unexpected. I don't know how I ever kept my voice cool as I answered.

"Yes. Evart is coming out. We are going to the dance."

"How about tomorrow night, then?" he asked



I had that glowing sense of power that comes when a girl is becomingly dressed.

"That will be all right," I said calmly enough, and we walked on. It was the "thrill that comes once in a lifetime." I actually had a date with the man who had been the subject of my dreams and prayers for more than two years.

My! How I walked on air!

I KNEW Neil would be at the dance, and rejoiced in a beautiful new dress I had to wear. It was of chiffon, pale tints of mauve and orchid, shading into deeper purple. There was a yellow head-band to wear with it. Sister and I had copied it from an imported model in an exclusive shop. As I dressed that evening, I had that glowing sense of power that comes when a girl knows she is pretty and becomingly gowned. Mother was helping me.

"Your visit certainly has been good for you, dear. You are like a different girl," she said as she adjusted the band in my hair. You are positively radiant."

"Am I pretty, Mother?"

She patted my cheek tenderly.

"You are a little hypocrite when you turn from the mirror and ask me a question like that," she said, laughingly.

"But it's so nice to hear someone say so. I have a particular reason for wanting to be pretty tonight."

"I thought so," was her gentle reply, as she kissed me. "You are always beautiful to me, darling, but will it help you to have a good time if I tell you that you are especially lovely tonight?"





"Because I love you, Vi, and want you to marry me."

Blessed little mother! As a matter of fact, I am not what is called a pretty woman. I was not a pretty girl. My features are regular. I have good hair and a clear complexion. That is all. But I was so wildly happy that night that perhaps I did look different. Anyhow, I came nearer being popular then than I ever did before. I was a good enough dancer and my program was always full, but that night the dances had to be divided.

Neil took four and wanted more. He cut in whenever he could. He was a splendid dancer.

"If these dances were not so wonderful, I'd steal you away from this crowd," he said during the third.

I was too happy to answer him. We did not talk much. I remember that the dance was a slow dreamy waltz. That was before the days of so much jazz. I wished it would never end.

YOU seem so changed, Leah. It did you good to get away from Carrsville for a while." Then, after a bit: "You look like a violet in that dress. Wear it tomorrow night, won't you?"

At the end of our last dance, he wanted to take me home.

"Certainly not," I answered, though my heart tingled. "I came with Evart."

"Oh, Evart won't care. I'm going to tell him that you

are going home with me." He started away but I caught his arm.

"Indeed you'll not," I said firmly. "Evart brought me and he will take me home."

Neil gave in, but his obvious disappointment thrilled me. All the next day I went around with my head in the clouds. Mother watched me but she did not say anything. It was not her way to force confidences.

I wore the orchid frock and spent a long, happy evening with Neil.

"You should always wear that color, little girl. Your eyes are violet, too." And from that night he began calling me Violet when we were alone. Later, he shortened it to Vi. I would not allow him to kiss me that time, although I longed to throw myself into his arms. Mother's teaching prevailed and I know now that that is what helped to fan the flame of his interest. He was used to easy conquest.

We were together nearly every evening for two weeks. Evart did not like it. His was a serious nature, slow and methodical. He had always been a little inclined to be jealous too, though goodness knows, he had no occasion for it. As I said before, I was never popular. As long as I was not engaged to Evart, I felt that he had no right to be critical. We quarreled bitterly because he told me to look out for Neil.



He tried to put his arms about me but I eluded him.

"I thought he was your friend?" I flared at him.  
 "He is. But you're my friend too. And I'm warning you to look out for him."  
 I did not appreciate his warning and he stopped coming out. When I told Neil about it, he was genuinely surprised and puzzled.

**I** DON'T see why he should warn you against me, Vi. That doesn't seem like Evart," he said. I thought I knew why he did, but I didn't say so. Then Neil laughed suddenly.

"I guess I do know why, after all," he said. "He is jealous." He tried to put his arms about me but I eluded him. I had to force myself to do it, though. I longed for his embraces and his kisses as I had never longed for anything in my life. And all the while I had a feeling of shame at what seemed to me like a lack of delicacy. How, when I had never been kissed by a boy in my life, did I know what that longing meant. I cannot answer. I only know that it was so.

"Why do you put me off, Vi? Don't you love me?"

The naive question made me smile, even then.

"Why should I love you?" I managed to answer quietly.

He flushed, then caught my hands and drew me nearer to him, speaking softly.

"Because I love you, Vi, and want you to marry me. Will you?"

Even today, a feeling of faintness comes over me when I re-live the magic sweetness of that hour. At last I was in his arms and felt his kisses, tender on my cheek, then fierce and burning, so that my lips were bruised and I trembled with the exquisite pain of it.

We did not plan to be married at once, as Neil had been helping his mother and did not have much saved. Our engagement was known, however, and several weeks passed very happily. Mother felt that we did not know each other very well. I laughed at her.

Why, Mother, we've known each other for years," I protested.

She smiled quietly. "You are just now at the beginning of your acquaintance," she said.

Neil took me to see his mother. They had lived in town for years but I did not know Mrs. Faraday very well. While there, I had a feeling that she did not like me, and I was nervous and almost tongue-tied. On the way home, I voiced my fears to him.

"Why, darling, how could anybody help but love you," was his answer.

"Somehow I just feel that she does not like me," I persisted. On the shadowed porch, he took me into his arms, soothing my fears.

[Turn to page 90]



# *They* **Dare**

*“You’re Mixed  
Thing In The*

*The Story of a  
Adventure and*

**I**F I can reach out from the bars that protect me and scatter a few interesting, every-day facts that will open the eyes of a few casual onlookers, this account will be worth while.

I am not a writer, so my story may seem crude, but I believe I can begin with that restless age of my life and show just how much can happen in so little a time, and what's more important—it didn't happen way off in China, either.

I was born and brought up in a section of New York City. My parents are respectable, hard-working Christians. Until I left home I was a regular attendant at church.

At sixteen, when I went to work in a factory, I began to know more girls, different from those I had known when I was in school. Then I began running about with boys to dance-halls and cabarets. I was pretty—all of the boys told me that—so I was much in demand.

My mother and father protested wildly at my late hours. In answer I sulked, because I hadn't been born the daughter of a millionaire with everything money could buy. Poor Mother used to ruin her eyes and wear her fingers to the bone, making me dresses to run about in. I was an affectionate daughter, but I had the same thoughtlessness that characterizes the majority of present-

day children in their craze for excitement.

The discordant jazz-music at the cabarets got into my blood. The strain of one party after another stimulated my imagination for more and more.

One day at the factory a girl made my acquaintance. Her name was Violet Connor. We had luncheon together several times. She seemed to be a good sort, so I took her with me on a party with a couple of my boy friends. She had innocent, dark-brown eyes and a baby face, but she seemed to know a lot of things that I didn't and I was anxious to find out what they were.

The second time we went on a party together, a taxi-driver tried to overcharge us. She gave him such a tongue-lashing that his first good nature turned to purple rage and he almost climbed out of the cab and struck her.

A moment later she said, "I'm sorry I lost my temper, Gertrude, but it always makes me so darned mad when those pirates try to gyp me."

"Gee, no wonder you laughed when I told you to look out for Ed. Halley last week. I guess there's no danger of any of my friends slipping over anything on you," I said.

"No, I guess there isn't," she answered quietly, and said no more about it.

The next day at luncheon hour at the factory she said she wanted to talk to me. We hurriedly ate a sandwich in the factory lunch-room and then went out for a little



# Anything

*Up In The Most Deadly  
World, Kid," She Said.*

Girl Who Sought  
Found the Tong War.

When she introduced me, I saw his eyes fly over me in a quick, appraising glance.



walk. After we had walked a little way in silence Violet said, "Say, aren't you tired of this stuff—working like a slave eight hours a day for twenty dollars a week?"

"I'll say I'm sick of it," I answered, "but what else can I do?"

"Do you want an automobile of your own and all the money and pretty clothes you can wear?" she asked, a wise little smile on her face.

**Q**UIT kidding," I advised her. "I'm not so good-looking that some millionaire is going to spend all his dough on *me*. I've always had a hard enough time to get a few parties out of the boys I know, and even now I almost have to go the limit. If it's that, count me out." I said emphatically. I was a pretty wild, little kid since I had started playing around, but I had played straight and intended to keep on playing straight.

"No, it's nothing like that," she said. "Just a few kisses." You know that before I came to New York I was up in Buffalo. I would never have come down here if my father and mother hadn't moved. That's a *real* town. I know a lot of fellows there who will give us anything we want, just to play around with them. We can have our own apartment and a car and all the money we can spend. And besides, they'll give us a lot of presents.

If I had had any sense I would have known that people don't give something for nothing in this world. But it sounded like heaven to me. I was an impressionable

child—only seventeen. I didn't go any further into details with her then. There wasn't time. But the next noon we met and talked it over some more.

"What kind of fellows are they, anyway?" I asked Violet.

"Oh, all kinds," she answered vaguely. "Now I'll tell you what you do. Tonight when you go home, pack a suitcase with as many things as you think you'll want. Don't bother to bring a lot of clothes, because you can get some more when we get there. Put the bag downstairs where no one will see you take it when you go out in the morning. I'll meet you at the Pennsylvania Station at nine o'clock. I've got enough money saved to buy us both tickets. We'll get a train that goes at nine-thirty and be in Buffalo about six in the afternoon. They'll never miss you until late tomorrow night, and we'll be there then. After we're settled you can write home and tell them where you are—that you're married, or something—and everything will be all right."

**I** was a little doubtful and afraid. She laughed my fears away and scoffed at the idea that we'd be caught. How it all sounded like a great adventure! I was tired and sick of the cheapness of the boys with whom I had been running around; of my father's continual nagging; of the perpetual scrimping and saving to make ends meet. I wanted to see something of life, and this seemed the best opportunity I would ever have, for I could get it all for nothing—just a few kisses!



When See Sung Wong tried to kiss me one night, I simply shuddered.

That night I went right up to my room after supper and began to sort over the things I would take with me. At ten o'clock, after Father and Mother came upstairs, I stole down and put my suitcase under the hat-rack in the hall.

Then I went back to my room and tried to sleep. It was useless. All night long I tossed and turned. My nerves were so taut that everytime I heard a little noise I imagined it was Father finding my suitcase. Finally, when it was almost daylight, I fell asleep. When my Mother called me at six-thirty, I felt more like staying in bed for the rest of my life than running away.

I was so nervous and grouchy at breakfast that every time Mother spoke to me I snapped at her. I remember that the table cloth was a little soiled, and I said, "It's a pity we can't at least have things clean around here!"

When I was ready to go, something made me go back and kiss Mother. There were tears in her eyes when she said, "We do everything we can for you, dear." I kissed her again and said rather shamefacedly, "I'm sorry I was so cross, Mom." Then I hurried into the hall, pulled my suitcase out from under the rack and got around the corner as soon as I could.

My feelings were torn between a great excitement and my anxiety at how my mother would feel when she found that I had run away. But my anxiety for her didn't keep me from fulfilling my own selfish desires.

I got lost going downtown because I had to take the shuttle to the Seventh Avenue Subway at Grand Central Station, so I was fifteen minutes late. Violet was impatiently pacing up and down the waiting room. When she saw me, her face lit up with a pleased smile. She looked me over closely from head to foot and said, "Gee, you look great!" I couldn't understand why she should be so pleased and interested in the way I looked.

**D**URING our all-day ride on the train I tried to get some more information out of Violet, but she refused to give me anything but vague answers to my inquiries. When I remonstrated with her she said, "Oh, I want to surprise you. You'll know it all soon enough." And I did.

We arrived in Buffalo at six-thirty. Immediately Violet held a long conversation with someone over the telephone. I looked the station over with interest, for it was the first time I had ever been out of New York City,

except to Coney Island, and I didn't want to miss anything.

In a few moments she came out of the phone booth and said, "Sing says to get in a taxi and come right up to his apartment."

"Sing! What a funny name—sounds like a Chink," I said. "Is he good-looking?"

"Dandy, and a peach of a fellow," she answered. When we were in the taxi, driving through the city, she said, "Say, don't forget and call them Chinks! They don't like it."

"Don't call who Chinks?" I asked.

"These men out where we're going," she answered quite casually, leaning forward to look out of the cab window.

"My God! Violet, they aren't Chinks, are they?" I asked, grasping her by the arm. She shook off my grasp impatiently and looked at me with the hard light I had seen in her eyes the night she hauled out the taxi-driver. But her voice was still soft as she answered, "Sure they're Chinks! But you'd never know it if it weren't for their looks. Most of them are college men, and they are twice as nice as American men. They don't get fresh the first time they get you alone."

**B**UT, Violet," I gasped. "U-gh, a *Chink*! If they touch me I'll go crazy."

"Oh, no you won't. Wait till you get used to them—you'll like them," she answered.

I didn't know what to do. I was entirely without money. After my first panicky feeling I tried to act as

casual as Violet, but a terrible, creepy sort of fear had taken hold of me.

*Chinamen!* They had always given me the shivers, with their sly, stealthy ways. If I had known what I know now I would have jumped out of the taxi when it was going at full speed!

**A**FTER about twenty minutes we pulled up in front of a nice looking apartment house. Climbing out, Violet paid the driver, who helped us into the foyer with our bags, where an elevator boy took charge of them. I noticed that the boy seemed to recognize Violet.

In another few minutes we were ringing a bell on the fourth floor. The door opened slowly—cautiously. A face peeped from behind the crack before a chain was released on the inside. As the door flew open, a dapper, soft-spoken Chinaman put out his hand to grasp Violet's. He bowed low, saying how very glad he was to see her again.

When she introduced me, I saw his eyes fly over me in a quick, appraising glance. He nodded as though pleased with his inspection, took my hand, and touched his lips to it. I could feel goose-flesh raise all over my body. He took our bags and followed us down the long, dark hallway into a living room that was furnished with a lavishness and taste of which I have never seen the equal. There was a faint odor of oriental perfume, and the color scheme was so vivid and wonderful that I forgot my fear for a moment and wanted to cry out with delight.

In the living room stood two other Chinamen. I was



They all drew their pistols and started a slow, stealthy march down the hallway.



introduced to both of them, who went through the same formula as the one in the hallway.

Sing Lee took our bags into a bedroom, and Violet told me to follow her. Fear made my footsteps drag, but I followed and she closed the door behind her.

"Isn't this place a knockout though?" she said, when we were alone.

"I'll say it is," I answered, with an attempt at light-heartedness. "Gee, these birds must be swimming in money."

"They are, and what's more they'll give you any part of it you want if you just treat 'em right," she answered.

I was afraid as I had never been afraid before, but I was determined to lie in the bed I had made for myself. I was afraid to do otherwise for that matter—afraid of

Violet's veiled sneers; afraid even to think of going back.

I was in constant fear that we would be attacked while we were in the bedroom, but I soon learned that they were too clever for anything as stupid as that. After we had got cleaned up, we went out and joined the three men. They had a cold, delicious cocktail all mixed. I refused mine until I saw Violet scowling at me. Soon the liquor was singing through my veins, and I was as much in favor of the proposed trip to a roadhouse for dinner as anyone.

What a wonderful time we had! They didn't do or say one thing that was out of the way. I didn't like the way people looked at us, then put their heads together and whispered, but the liquor soon drove any fear on that score out of my head. [Turn to page 120]



"Now listen, kid! You're in it and you've got to face it!"

# Love and Laughter



"Mrs. Partridge Presents" is an interesting portrayal of the constant clash between generations. Sylvia Field and Elliott Cabot are the young lovers who, of course, find a way

Flora LeBreton  
and Leslie Austin  
are making a  
hit in "Lass o'  
Laughter," a new  
comedy in which  
the little Scotch  
girl becomes a  
singer. This is  
Flora LeBreton's  
first appearance  
in America.





*A Lone Figure Fled Over  
the Mountains Through  
the Storm. Behind Him  
Plodded Another—*

Here Is  
Life in  
All Its  
Stark  
Reality!



"Kept watchin' back  
on this side, and sure  
'nough I saw you after  
awhile."

*"As Far as Jake Anson Was Concerned I Was  
All the Law There Was"*

LATE in the afternoon of January seventeenth an elderly stranger appeared on the streets of Valley City. He excited no particular attention, although several men recalled afterward that the man's face, or his countenance, had been offensive; just one of those faces that at once excites suspicion.

Directly in front of Lon Hewlet's general merchandise store this stranger met old Adam Ryan. There was an excited exchange of fierce, angry words. Then Adam Ryan suddenly whipped out a gun and shot the stranger through. Not satisfied, he pumped the remaining five bullets into the prostrate body. The man was dead before anybody reached him.

In the excitement Old Adam slipped away, unobserved. Fifteen minutes later Andy Borden's boy reported that he saw him riding like the devil on the road that leads out of town to the north.

For fifteen years Ryan had been the sheriff of Valley County. Only seventeen days before, he had relinquished

that office to me, having declared before the last election that he was too old and no longer wanted the responsibility.

In a measure this is my story, yet more strictly it is Adam Ryan's. So now, before we go farther, it is best that you get a definite idea of this man who had so calmly killed another.

Ryan had been that type of sheriff that had never failed to get his man, if there was even half a chance. Calm, dogged, slow, he took a trail and held it till there was no longer need to follow it.

Yet, with all his relentlessness he hadn't an enemy in all the length and breadth of the valley. People loved Adam Ryan; loved him for his humanness, his kindness, his gentleness, and his unswerving devotion to duty.

And now, with his badge of office scarcely relinquished, he was a fugitive from that law which he had so long upheld, a self-convicted murderer.

And I, as sheriff, was bound by a solemn oath to that



*"Is Zat So?" has kept Broadway laughing for some time. Jo Wallace and Robert Armstrong play up to some amusing climaxes in their lovemaking and bring the play to a delightfully satisfying conclusion. It is a good evening's entertainment.*



*"Pigs" form a unique background for a comedy. But when a fellow does the impossible and makes money enough so that he can marry his best girl and buy a home, he deserves to be called unique!*





Flora LeBreton  
and Leslie Austin  
are making a  
hit in "Lass o'  
Laughter," a new  
comedy in which  
the little Scotch  
girl becomes a  
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same law to bring him in dead or alive—bound by an oath that Ryan himself had taught me was more sacred than life itself.

What made the thing so damnable to me was the fact that he was the best friend I had in the world.

You can better understand, perhaps, when I tell you that he had saved me from being a worthless drifter. Whatever I am or ever will be, I owe wholly to Adam Ryan. A motherless, fatherless stripling, I had been headed straight down that primrose path of worthlessness, when old Adam took me in hand. And he made a man of me. I can say it with pride, for I know it to be true. No one could love Adam Ryan as I did and not be a man, for to love him was to follow in his footsteps, which always followed the right trail.

**A**ND now he was a fugitive, and I was sworn to bring him in.

These were the bitter thoughts that surged through my mind as I rode out of town to the north that day. Much as I hated myself and the job, I knew that I would have to follow that trail to the end. Moreover, I knew that Adam would expect me to do nothing else; would be grievously disappointed in me if I failed in any way to do my duty. That thought might have comforted me but it did not. Instead, it only made me hate my job the more—and to bend my head a little more determinedly to the bitter cold wind.

I had taken very little time to think of the reason for the killing. Now when I gave it a little thought I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. I knew Adam Ryan too well even to think of him in the same class with any ordinary criminal. I never knew a man with such a wholesome respect for the law. Back of that impetuous, vengeful act there certainly must have been some vast upheaval of the soul, some overwhelming motive. Ryan was not by nature a murderer. I was curious to know what thing in the old man's life had been brought to a climax by this sudden killing—for I was certain that some mystery lay back of it.

So far, I have given you bare facts. What I relate from now on is neither an apology nor a confession of guilt. Nor is it an attempt at justification. It is merely the record of what sometimes transpires in that wholly elusive thing called a man's soul.

The town of Valley City lies midway of a long, narrow valley. In summer the ranges can be crossed at a dozen points, provided one has unlimited time and the lungs and endurance to withstand the terrific climb. In winter there are but two outlets, one at the south end of the valley, the other at the north.

For one to attempt to cross those jagged, saw-toothed, snowbound ranges in the dead of winter at any other point would be merely to take his life in his hands. It is one of the things that can almost be classed as impossible. Not quite, perhaps, but no man had ever been known to do it.

**I** KNEW that Ryan was heading for the north pass. He would cross the range there and head out of the country. All that remained was to follow. I knew it would be a stern chase and a cruel one, for the man who outgeneraled old Adam would need all his wits.

Almost no snow had fallen in the valley during the winter. The ground was bare and hard frozen. The ranges were deep covered, however. The thermometer registered well below zero, and a razor wind blew from the north. What the temperature on those wind-swept heights was, no man could even conjecture.

The flinty ground showed no mark, but that did not trouble me. I knew the mind of Adam Ryan too well. When I reached the snow up on the north pass, there



were his tracks all right, trailing along.

Only one who has ridden horseback through the night when the wind blows from the north and the mercury is seeking the bulb can know the stinging torture I endured that night. The wind swept the breath from my lips. My lungs drew in blasts that burned like fire. Eyes could not withstand the driving frost, and I had to draw my cap down and bind a handkerchief across the lower part of my face.

When the first hard beams of dawn tipped the peaks, I was far up the valley. The frost had bitten deep into my cheeks. My lips were cracked and bleeding. More than once during the night I had half crawled, half fallen, from the horse and stumbled on a foot. It was that or freeze. A hundred times I damned the sheriff business.

Suddenly, as I rode along in the early light, one of those sudden inspirations, born of no man knows what, struck me. Instinctively my gaze lifted until it rested on two, sharp, twin peaks. I voiced my thoughts aloud.

"I'll bet that's just what he's done," I said. "He's just smart enough to do it. Got the nerve, too."

High between those twin spires lay Threadneedle Pass—passable in summer; in winter a frigid hell of gale-swept ice. The man who could win through there in that terrible cold would border on the superhuman.

**B**UT I knew old Adam, and I knew just how he would figure things out. He would figure that I would keep on toward North Pass, thinking that he would surely try to get out that way. In the meantime he would try Threadneedle and by the time I found out my mistake he would be safe—or dead. Adam was the kind to take that chance. He'd headed the Jordan gang a year before by making an unexpected shortcut through Threadneedle, and he knew every foot of the way.

There was nothing to do but follow. Old Adam had

*There are a thousand sides to life. It runs its course hand in hand with death—yet its very daring is beautiful.*

trained me to follow a trail, no matter what the difficulties.

No use in telling what I endured in that long climb—but it was hell. If the cold was unbearable in the valley, it was twice as bad on the heights.

Two hours up toward the pass I came upon old Adam's horse, and then I knew I was right. The man was not two hours ahead. I doubled my speed, for now I knew I had a good chance of overtaking the old man by the time he reached the

top. Youth and endurance were what would tell now.

Death lurked in a hundred places on that icy road, but I think I only realized that subconsciously. What actually was revolving in my mind was a nauseous distaste for my job. The farther I rode the more distasteful it became. But I had been taught to respect the law above man and God, and now I was doing it and hating myself every step.

**W**HEN another hour had gone by, my horse became more of a hindrance than a help, so I removed his bridle and turned him loose. From there on the climb was on foot.

In the aspens and heavier timber I was somewhat sheltered from the wind, but once out of the friendly spruce I had to meet again the bitterness of the wind. What I had endured before was but child's play compared to the exposure on these bleak heights. The snow and ice above timberline had a bluish tinge that was hard and harsh. Even a glittering sun could not soften it.

For the next two hours I fought my way upward over a trail that was becoming increasingly difficult and dangerous. For a while I had deep snow to contend with, and here Adam's tracks were plain, but as soon as I got out of the heavy timber they disappeared. Its place was taken by patches of bare ice, where footing was almost impossible. To miss, to slip, meant grave injury, pos-



The man was dead before anybody reached him.

sibly a broken leg—and here a broken leg was a sure ticket to eternity.

It was after noon when I finally emerged above timberline and started on the last leg of the climb to the pass. It was here that I realized that it was going to be impossible to overtake Adam before he crossed the divide, for when I got my first clear view of the narrow notch between the spires I saw a tiny black figure far above slowly toiling over the frozen snowfields.

It was a tiny speck, like a creeping ant on a field of blue white, but the movement was slow and steady, very sure, and always upward. The old man was a good hour ahead and going strong. That meant the chase would last beyond the pass—if we both lived that long—and beyond the pass was unknown country.

**N**OW it was snow with a crust not thick enough to bear weight; that only made progress a nightmare as each foot broke through. Now it was long stretches of flinty ice where a foothold was a mathematical problem and a misstep would be a tragedy. The trail had ceased to exist. To me only the objective remained.

More than once I thought the game was ended. At one time I clung to a rock with my bare finger-tips, while a hurricane wind did its best to sweep me into eternity. Once I lost my hold entirely, and only a sharp, projecting rock saved me. Again a tiny avalanche of rock fragments barely missed me.

I was still three-quarters of an hour from the top when I realized that my eyes were failing me. They had smarted and burned all day, but now the eyeballs suddenly seemed on fire and my vision became blurred and confusing. My eyes began to trick me.

Suddenly, as I knew, the thing sickened me. Snow blindness! Only the man who has known the mountain heights in winter can understand the hellishness of that thought. My God! Was I going blind, was I going to die alone up there, lost in a horrible sea of blackness?

I was enough of a mountaineer to know that there was but one thing that could save me—night. If darkness came before my lids adhered to the eyeballs, then I might win through. But if night was too long in coming, then there could be only blindness; blackness; aimless wandering until the cold or a sudden step over a cliff brought the end.

**I** WASN'T afraid to die. I had tested that before, but this going out in the blackness seemed so senseless, so useless. It was wasting life without compensation.

I never knew just how I made that last half-mile that leads to Threadneedle. I only knew that I finally came to that narrow defile in the rocks, so narrow that I could touch both sides as I stumbled along. Threadneedle

Pass proper is only about two hundred yards long—a peculiar, clean cleft in the rocks. The wind suction keeps it free from snow.

Now came an almost overwhelming desire to close my eyes, to shield them from that terrible glare. I knew that I did not dare, for the chances were ten to one that if I closed my lids I could never open them again. I was not suffering much now. My senses were too numb for that. In a time that seemed almost inappreciable I was through the pass.

I had never been beyond this summit. From here on was unfamiliar territory. What made it worse was the fact that now I would be going down. Man can often climb successfully when it is impossible to go down. A peculiar fact, but true.

The first two hundred yards of descent was abrupt and over broken shale rock. I fell frequently. My eyes were becoming hopeless, and I could no longer judge my footing with my unfeeling feet.

I clambered over a huge boulder that barred my way and suddenly found myself at the upper edge of a vast sloping ice-field. It seemed to spread away without end, a glittering toboggan of death.

I knew that to venture onto that ice field would be almost certain death. To attempt it in my condition without even a handaxe with which to cut footholds



Before I went out, I was conscious vaguely of a blurred vision of a figure.



would be madness. The only way lay in skirting its upper edge until I found a place possible of descent—and that, too, before my eyes gave out.

Cautiously, I began to pick my way along through the shale. The shelf of loose rock between the ice-field and the sheer side of the peak was narrow and offered no sound footing. My foot reached down for a secure hold. It found only icy rock. Just then one of those sudden hurricanes plunged off the peak and struck me fair. In an instant I was spinning far down that icy slope.

There was no time for reflection or action. A tiny projecting rock clutched at my clothes. Frantically, I sought with numbed fingers to hold fast, but my momentum was too great. I swept on.

And then, with an impact so solid that it nearly deprived me of my remaining consciousness, I came to an abrupt halt. I started to slide again but this time I hung on with stubborn hands. I had been cast up, like a ship in a hurricane, onto a sharp-edged rock.

**M**Y EYES still functioned well enough to show my plight. I was about half-way down the slope. To climb up was utterly impossible. To let go meant to continue my journey to oblivion. I hardly know why I hung on, for my case seemed hopeless, but some inborn stubbornness persisted in spite of a desire for bodily surrender.

But no human obstinacy could long resist that cold. It was deadly. It seemed hours before I mercifully lost consciousness. Before I went out, however, I was conscious vaguely of a blurred vision of a figure far down the ice-field, the figure of an old man who was chopping toeholds in the ice with a camp axe and working his way upwards with infinite care.

When I came back to consciousness, it was to be aware of soothing, warm, moist bandages across my eyes, and a torturing warmth of body. A great deal of the pain had been drawn from my eyes, but my body, particularly my hands and feet, was still in the distinctly painful process of being thawed out. I knew that my body was wrapped in a blanket and a piercing heat seemed to be driving in from all sides.

I stirred uneasily and a chuckling voice questioned:

"Wal, comin' back to life, be you? 'Bout time, I'm thinkin'. Consarn your ornery hide; you're a powerful lot o' trouble."

"That you, Adam?" I asked, still only half conscious.

"Now, who in tunket would it be?" growled the old man good-naturedly. "Who you been chasin' across this mountain, anyway?"

"Where am I?" I asked, answering question with question.

"Down in the timber."

"How'd I get here?"

"Packed yo' down on my back, consarn yore ornery hide. Like to nigh broke me in two. Yo' ain't wuth it," chuckled the old man.

**H**OW'D you come to find me, Adam?" I asked. "Wal, the more I got to thinkin' 'bout it the more I got to thinkin' I wasn't so smart as I might of been," he answered. "Farther I climbed the more I got it into my head you'd be trailin' me. Trained yo' too durned good, Johnny. Got yo' to thinkin' just like I think. Got real sure after a while that you'd figure out my li'l' idea an' 'stead of goin' over North Pass you'd be thinkin' I was jus' crazy 'nough to try Threadneedle an' come follerin' me. Kept watchin' back on this side an' sure 'nough I saw yo' after a while. When yo' got to the ice I know'd by the way yo' was actin' you' was gittin' snowblind. Knowed what that meant, so I came right back pronto. Yo' can be durned thankful I had a tincup an' some tea, too. Tea ain't the best thing for snowblind



A lone man plodded along . . . In the pockets of his shirts he carried a sheriff's badge.

eyes but it's a heap better than water—take it from me."

I was feeling better now and attempted to sit up.

"Lay down there, consarn yo'," grumbled Adam. "I got some good fires goin' an' yo' lay right there till yo' get good and thawed out. I ain't got but a li'l' grub an' we got to be startin' back over Threadneedle right early."

So far I had been only half alert. Now I came back to life with a start.

Back over Threadneedle! We! It came to me like a blow. Back over Threadneedle [Turn to page 102]





"My goodness! Where have you two been so long?"

# Autumn

*It Wasn't Just One  
Her Rebel Against  
Hadr't Played Fair*

ANYTHING else!"

The boy had placed our bags on the frayed red carpet, raised a window, turned on the heat, then crossed to the door.

I looked at John. Somehow my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and I could not speak. John, however, cleared his throat, shook his head, then answered abruptly in a voice I recognized.

"Some ice-water."

The boy closed the door gently behind him, and we heard every step as he walked down the hall. There was a sagging settee in the room, and I dropped into it without removing my hat. My legs seemed to have lost the power to support me, and my hands trembled so I could not remove my gloves. The next moment John was beside me, with his arms around me.

"Emily!" he whispered. "Emily, we're alone!" I felt his lips against my cheek, my hair, my mouth. But the kisses for which I had hungered left me cold, shivering. He did not seem to sense my revulsion but drew me closer. "The die is cast," he murmured: "there's no going back."

I gave a choking cry and jumped to my feet. Crossing to the window, I gazed out into the dark cluttered courtyard below.

"Emily! What is it? Are you sorry you came?"

"I—I don't know. I'm sort of dazed. I can't realize it yet."

"But you love me? You know you love me?"

"Yes."

"Then what is it, dear?"

"I—I'm thinking of Grace; she is home now and knows that I——" I could not finish.

His hands, which had been outstretched towards me, dropped to his side, and a grey pallor settled all over his face. It made him look old, haggard; a blue vein in his temple stood out in throbbing prominence. Suddenly the weight of his years enveloped him, and he appeared just what he was—a sad-looking, middle-aged, commonplace man who had been robbed of romance and at forty was snatching at the crumbs of it with the eager, grafting fingers of a child.

I stared at him until his gaze wavered and fell, and then I glanced at my own reflection in the mirror of the shoddy yellow-maple bureau. What I saw was a woman, inclined toward heaviness of bust and hips, with threads

# Madness

*Thing That Made  
Fate. Somehow Life  
—and She Cheated!*

of grey in a mantle of black hair, with lines about tired brown eyes, and carmined lips; a woman whom the years had not passed over lightly and who showed the ravages that time had made, despite the smart cut of my traveling suit and natty turban. Thirty-five! And for the first time a man's lips had touched mine. And the thrill I had felt was one of guilt, not pleasure.

At last John spoke. "I thought we had gone all over that, Emily; that we had decided Grace no longer counts."

"She is my sister, and—your wife," I answered dully. "I'm afraid she will always have to count."

"She robbed you of your youth and happiness," he continued. "Are you going to push love out of your life just when it has come to you?"

"I don't know. Somehow, now that we are here, everything is different. At home it seemed beautiful, that I had a right to do this—but here it is sordid, common . . . How are we going to find happiness when it is based on another's misery?"

He did not answer. For a long time it seemed to me, he stood there looking down at the faded carpet, his hands clasping and unclasping, his brow furrowed into deep lines. His erect body seemed to droop, and I felt the soul ache of him. More than ever before I loved him, this man who had sacrificed so much, who had suffered and who meant more than life to me.

There was a knock at the door. Before either of us could answer it, the bell-boy entered the room with ice-water, which he placed upon the table, then withdrew. His presence broke the tension.

EMILY, I had hoped for a few years together; but I am not going to influence you in one way nor the other. You know that I love you; that the moment I am free I will marry you, or if that time never comes I will devote the rest of my life to making you happy. Ours is an exceptional case. I suppose all couples who have snatched happiness through illicit love think the same thing, but our age, our years of resignation, our self-denial, all prove that we are different. But if living with me is going to cause you misery, I would rather we said good-by now. I am going out—for an hour. When I return I want your definite decision. At worst, we have only committed an indiscretion, not a crime."

He had gone before I could reply.



She looked very lovely in a soft blue negligee.

I sat by the window, still in my outer wraps, and studied over a past, which had led me, a middle-aged spinster of good reputation and unquestionable morals, into a situation which when known would be subject matter for the yellow journalists, and brand me as a fit associate for none but women of the street.

I saw myself twenty-odd years ago, a wisp of slender girlhood with a quiet, reticent charm, romantic, ardent, with only one objective in life: to be a wife and mother. Fifteen then, with a certain beauty hidden behind a shy retiring nature and a too great desire to please. Grace, my sister, two years my elder, alluring, with no more beauty of face or form than I possessed, outshone me by her vivacity, her wit, her sense of superiority and confidence in herself.

It was natural that being my elder she should marry before I did; natural that when Mother died, and I was single, I should remain at home to nurse an invalid

father, and commendable of both her and John Lake, her husband, that they invited me to share their home. I had independent means and there was no necessity of earning my living. As John's business took him out of town a great deal, the arrangement was an ideal one for Grace. I did not realize until years later—well—

Grace was only seventeen when she married, and it was but two years later when Father died, so I had little opportunity to learn how fatally she could outshine me in every way. As a child she had always been the center of attraction, and even before she was sixteen there were several young men in love with her; whereas, no one had paid me the slightest attention, but I felt that with marriage her coquetry would disappear. I was mistaken.

**WE** LIVED in a large stone house, with a pillared veranda and a vine-colored pergola, with wide, spacious grounds and massive old oaks—quite an estate in a sleepy old town of five-thousand inhabitants. We had

a music room and a conservatory, also a wide, long hallway which we occasionally used as a ball room. My own quarters were cosy, homelike, and beautifully furnished; three rooms, up two flights of stairs. Grace had had them done in old rose, my favorite color, and was as pleased as a child over my enthusiasm when she first showed them to me.

"You'll be happy here, Emily," she said. "I want you to feel that this is your home as much as it is mine and John's. Ask all your young friends in to dinner and dance as often as you please, and do just like you always did when Daddy was alive."

"I hope not," I laughed. "The house was dreadfully dreary after you left. Daddy was too ill for me to have company. You know that."

"Well, we'll make up for lost time then. You won't want to marry for several years yet, and—" she paused seeing the expression on my face that I could not hide. "For heaven's sake!" she cried. [Turn to page 104]



"Emily!" he whispered. "Emily, we're alone!"





## The Sandwich Man

By ALLEN FREDERICK

WHEN the wind blows up and whistles just to  
see what it can do  
Calling names to let you know that winter's here;  
And the sparrows are complaining 'bout the scarcity of food  
In such tones as make you know just what they  
fear;

There's a creepy sort of feeling comes a-wrigglin'  
down your spine,  
And you shiver thinking of the days to come,  
But you mustn't stop your walking nor you mustn't  
leave your sign,  
And the best way to forget is just to hum!

I remember once a-drivin' seven miles straight  
through a storm  
And smiling all the way because I knew  
When I got back to the farmhouse with the feed-  
bags on the sleigh  
Someone else would take the team and I was  
through.

There is something 'bout the city draws you to it  
when you're young;  
It's so big, with something doing all the while;  
But it ain't no place for living after you're  
a-gettin' on  
'Cause its heart is like a stone beneath its smile.

Now don't think that I'm complaining how the  
city treated me  
Cause for years I lived the life of Paddy Flynn;  
But I'm getting older now, and when the zero  
weather comes  
I body sort of longs to be snowed in.

For there's nothing quite so tempting as red  
apples 'fore the hearth  
Where the crackling blazes warm you through and  
through,  
When you're hiking 'round the city streets a-shiver-  
in' with cold  
Just to earn enough to buy a meal or two.



# What I Found Back to

*Here is a Strange  
Famous on Two  
Yet He Can Look  
Every Word is  
I am Inclined  
Perhaps After  
Know — For I  
Girl in Vienna  
This Marvelous*

A vision came to me—a scene spread out before me as if an invisible hand had pulled aside a curtain . . .

I AM called one of the world's master musicians. There are those who claim that I am the supreme genius of my instrument; others, who know me only superficially, say that I am mad. This also may be true; if true, then I would not exchange my madness for the sanity of the multitude. But who is so competent to judge the hearts and souls of men as to say justly, "This conduct is sane; this other is madness"?

You who shall read this story of my life may know me. At least you may have heard me in some of the great auditoriums of this country or Europe, but there is but one man in all the world who shares my secret.

I am well-born. My family was one of high social standing and national influence in the European city of my nativity.

My father counted upon me from earliest childhood to add honor to the family name by becoming a great statesman. I was to serve my country's government as he had done, carrying out the policies and plans which he had formulated. My father's ambition for me in the diplomatic service was equalled only by my own ambition to serve Art.

In the battle of wills that followed, it was inevitable that I should win, because I had no talent for intrigue. Very little indeed did I know of anything save music.

At the age of but six years, without instruction, I astounded veteran musicians. I could render with comprehension and complete understanding many of the most difficult classics.

And so it came about that I was to devote my life to

music. My father was resigned, but never reconciled.

When I was twenty-one years of age I found myself in Vienna practically penniless. My father had died some years previously leaving but a remnant of the fortune which he was supposed to have possessed.

The marvelous talent of which I had given such promise in my childhood had miraculously left me. The Promethean fires which had burned within my breast had turned to ashes. Even at that early age I had tasted of all the pleasures of life—and found them but Dead Sea fruit.

Remorse, regret, and disgust of everything in existence held undisputed sway over my mind. My soul, it seemed to me, had forsaken its earthly tenement. I was but clod, where before I had been an illumined spirit in touch with celestial beings.

Psychologists have said that none can sink so low as those in whom the spirit is aroused and who yet permit their minds to revel in debaucheries. It is indeed so.

SOME measure of fame I had acquired because of my youth. But as manhood came on, critics set a high standard by which to judge my genius—and I failed to come up to it. My power had not strengthened with my maturity. My genius had not ripened in the years that I had been studying and philandering. The divine spark that distinguishes true genius from mere perfection of technique was missing. I had lost my soul's inheritance. And, as if to make the collapse of my dreams complete, I had also lost my family inheritance, for what little

# *When I Went* **Vienna**

*and Powerful Story by a Man Whose Name is  
Continents; a Pianist loved by all America!  
You Square in the Eye and Swear That  
True.*

*to Think That He is a Bit Mad; But  
All Madness is Akin to Genius. And I Do  
Inquired—That he Did Marry a Young  
and That She Died, and so I am Passing  
Story on to You.—The Editor.*

"See," she said.  
"I have opened  
the door for you.  
It shall never be  
closed again."



money my father had when he died was left to other members of my family.

Those who have never known such hopelessness as I suffered during those grey months can not rightly talk of Hell.

**P**OVERTY is an experience. Sickness is an interest. Loneliness still holds a hope. Death—though it may rob you of those you love—yet leaves you the memory of beautiful moments. Sorrow has its benediction.

But one who has been in touch with the boundless scope of universal spirit; who has communed at will with the angelic hosts of Heaven; who has been upheld, sustained, and enveloped in the ecstatic joy of beauty and harmony—and lost them, has felt the last spade of earth fall upon the grave of his soul; knowing there is no hope. Even the release of death is denied him.

But live I must. And so, knowing myself a mere spectre in a world of mortals, I took up my ruined life as best I might.

I opened a studio and began to teach. The technique of execution and composition I might indeed impart. No human may bestow upon an aspirant the inimitable touch of genius. Conscientiously as I could, I imparted the mechanical side of the art of music.

Not one who came to me possessed genius. Few had even talent. And yet I envied them. I envied their ambition, their aspiration, their hope—yea, their delusion. At least they had something for which to arise in the morning; something which made wakeful nights endur-

able. For me, I lay awake and tossed upon my pillow in an agony of depression, longing for, and yet dreading, the first faint rays of dawn.

And then a fiend in the guise of a friend brought me a narcotic. For several hectic weeks I enjoyed the luxury of dreamless sleep. Then began my torment. No longer could I induce the dreamlessness that had intrigued me into becoming a victim to the drug. Horror environed me. Devils obsessed me. My nerves were shattered. I could not teach. My constitution, always supersensitive, had gone to pieces in one-hundredth part of the time it usually takes a drug to destroy its victim.

I doubled and trebled the dose. I took enough to kill a person who could die. I could not. I had just enough intelligence left to realize that the solace which the narcotic had afforded me had turned to a scourge. I must find my way back from that particular corner of Hades.

A good old doctor who had been an admirer of my genius helped me. He still believed me capable of high achievement, but he did not make the mistake of pestering me with preachments. He told me plainly that I must fight my way out of the drug-maze, not as a moral obligation but as a means of lessening my own suffering.

It is not necessary to set down here what I went through. Modern literature is replete with the horrible details of drug addicts. My subjugation to its deadly lure had not been long, but it had been complete.

Gradually I came back. I did not sleep without the drug, but I was capable of lying awake denying its seductiveness.





More than ever she seemed to me a huge, exotic flower set in a white porcelain cup...  
I would break the cup! I would let her out!

I once more took up my work. It was a physical necessity, as I was penniless and in debt.

The good doctor encouraged me, trying his best to inspire me with hope. "What you should do is to fall in love with a woman—any woman," he declared.

The curse of lethargy was upon me. I looked upon the most ravishing beauty without sensation. Friends took me to the studios of the most famous artists. There I saw models whose beauty of face and form was the talk of the capital. I met in intimate friendship women whose loveliness had ravished continents. All—all—without exception, left me cold, impassive, dull.

One night in company with a friend I sat in the Café Viennese, the favorite rendezvous of fashionables who dropped in for after-opera and theatre supper. It was midnight, and a gay throng had gathered. My eyes wandered listlessly over the brilliant scene. There were many beautiful women. The dazzling whiteness of their bare shoulders gleamed in the soft light like Florian marble.

Then something happened! My eyes stopped wandering.

A few tables to the right of us sat a man, a woman, and a young girl. They were conspicuous in that gay assemblage by virtue of their quiet, home-like appearance. The girl claimed my attentive interest. She was not beautiful—at least not by comparison with the gorgeous creatures with which the place abounded.

She was small and very slight. Her eyes were large and dreamy. Her hair, a dark brown with golden lights in it, was dressed very simply. It was fluffy, and fell over her ears so as to outline her pale oval face. The features were fine and her sensitive mouth quivered slightly when she spoke. She wore a girlish gown, sea-green in color. Her bare arms looked frail and almost too thin—like a child's; her throat was firm and full. I wanted to call her "demure," but the word didn't seem to fit her. There was something exotic about her—despite her unobtrusiveness. It was an atmosphere rather than a definite quality. I decided that it was her soul, of which she was only half aware, because of her un-

developed mind. I was absorbed in contemplation of her peculiar charm when my friend touched my arm.

"Herr Monnat and his daughter, Amelia," Carl explained, his eyes following mine. "Herr Monnat is the rich banker. Amelia is his only child. The mother died four years ago. The woman with them is a sort of governess-duenna. Amelia was reared in a convent, but is home now, I understand, for good."

Our scrutiny attracted the attention of the party and they glanced up. Herr Monnat and Carl exchanged greetings. Amelia smiled, looking at me. Presently she said something to her father and I saw, looking out of the corner of my eye, that she was speaking of me.

"She knows you," Carl told me. "She would of course. I understand that she is passionately fond of music. She composes a little."

Amelia must have asked her father to invite us to his table, for presently a waiter brought us a card upon

which was crawled an invitation to sit at Herr Monnat's table and join him and his party in a glass of wine.

We accepted the invitation and in a few minutes I found myself looking into Amelia's hazel eyes in which undisguised interest and admiration shone. Naively she told me how she had hero-ized me. "You—so young—to have achieved so much recognition!" she cried softly.

"I am a failure," I told her. "I have gone my full course. I had not the power that I imagined I had." The truth came from my lips without reserve. But my emotional inertia only aroused her interest the more.

"I should be so happy if you would take me for a pupil" she told me. "I have composed—a little." She flushed with eagerness. Her hand sought mine in a sympathetic pressure.

"I shall be delighted," I told her, and the matter was settled.

She was to come to me the next [Turn to page 84]



I began to abuse her. I told her I did not love her. I called her stupid—mediocre.

*My Big*



# Which One

UNTIL this last year I never had any suitors or proposals, but now I have two, and cannot decide between them. What do you think of that? I have even talked it all over with Mother and Father, also with Aunt Lila and Doctor Greene, and yet the more I think about it, the more puzzled I am.

Just the other day I confided to Frances Carter, my school chum.

"My dear," said Frances, "He who hesitates is lost. Unless you make up your mind which of those two boys you want to marry, and then marry him, a couple of other girls will come along and grab off both of them, and you will have neither. How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it."

"Well now, suppose I tell you that I am going to start

in by grabbing one of the two, how would you feel? That would be fair enough, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would be fair enough," I answered, "and I would feel all right about it so long as you didn't grab off Tommy."

Whereupon Frances turned upon me like a flash. "There!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "Doesn't that settle the whole thing for you? That's the way to reach a decision. Or put both of them in danger, in a fire, and see which one you automatically reach out to save first. Or else, why not decide on Robert? As soon as you have made the decision you can't stand it, and so you know that you want Tommy. So, when you think I might take Tommy, you see that you want him. And so, it's settled."



## Problem



# Should *it* Be?

"It is nothing of the kind. Frances, though you are a mighty smart girl. All that you have settled is what I have already known for a long time. My feelings are all for Tommy. But I don't trust my feelings. My head tells me that Robert is the better man, and that I should marry him. So there you are. I am still just where I was before."

"He who hesitates is lost, but is eventually found!" said Dad, laughing when I repeated what Frances said. "You do a little watchful waiting, Girlie. If you were so darn sure that you cared enough for this young whipper-snapper to marry him you would not be debating the point. You would marry him in spite of the——"

"Yes, that's what I feel like sometimes."

"That's what you don't feel like, entirely, or you would

do it. Maybe after you hesitate long enough you will lose them both voluntarily, and pick up some bird who is as handsome as Tommy and as solid as Robert. When you have lived as long as I have, my girl, you will see the wisdom of giving old Father Time a chance. Lay off, hold out, just give the thing time, Mary, and it will work out all right."

Well, I am trying hard to give Father Time a chance, but the problem is here, now, and Tom and Robert are both urging me, and I just can't help worrying over the whole business.

Tommy is the dearest boy in the world. He is handsome, a good dancer—oh, such a dancer!—a good mixer, a good talker, a good story teller, and always popular. Father says he is a good comedian. Well, he is funny!

Tommy can take me out when I am blue, and josh about all kinds of things until I am all good natured again, and I want to hang on his arm, and pick specks of lint off his coat, and button it or unbutton it, and all that. Tommy surely is one nice kid—and when I say that, my brother Wilbur chimes in, "A nice kid, in his way, sure. But how much does he weigh?"

AND, really, that's the trouble. Father says he is a nice playmate for me now, at the age of twenty-three, but that no green girl can tell what kind of man is going to satisfy her mind or her all-around requirements in a husband when she is forty. You can see that the family is all for Robert. However, to go back to my brother, Wilbur admits frankly that Tommy is a good scout, and that he hasn't anything against him, in particular, but what will I do with him after I get him, or what will Tommy do with me? Will Tommy ever settle down to serious business, or will he always be just a nice fellow? I don't know. And sometimes I feel the lack of that sense of security with which I look upon a possible marriage with Robert.

But now I ask you—why don't I just naturally want to call him Bobbie? I call him Bob sometimes, usually Robert. He is not handsome. He has big raw bones all over his face, and a serious look in his eye. You wouldn't dare go over and sit down on his lap. I wonder if you wouldn't hesitate to do it even if you were married to him. Of course one soon gets used to his face, until he no longer seems homely, and especially since he has a lot of dignity. Everybody respects him. He seems to have a lot of strength underneath, or something like that. He is dependable; you feel that he is like the Rock of Gibraltar. Tom, Dick, and Harry do not slap him on the back. Yet I saw Father with one hand on Robert's shoulder the other day, when they had been talking after our Sunday dinner, and Robert looked very human and amiable.

You see, Robert is just about the opposite of Tommy. He is not a good dancer, though he learned to dance because he wanted to please me. He is not a mixer, that is, he seems to give the impression that he doesn't care to mix "with every poor fish that happens to be physically nearby," as Wilbur once put it. Yes, Robert has friends, and he can talk when he wants to, and people listen when he talks. Father says that he is made of the right stuff, and since he has gone into law he will also go into politics, and then he will finally be Governor or get into the Senate.

Even Mother, while she thinks Tommy is a nice boy and enjoys talking with him, believes that Robert is the man for me to marry, if any. And my own judgment tells me the same thing. Yet, I do not feel quite ready to say yes, and to turn my back upon poor Tommy and upon all other men, and belong to Robert, and live with Robert, and for Robert, and share his life, and take care

of him when he is sick and be the mother of his children perhaps—I do not feel quite ready to accept all that, which Mother says is the thing I must look forward to when I think of marrying a man. Now, don't think that I dislike Robert. I must admit that I like him. I admire his strength and his mind. I respect him, and I feel that he is a man whom I can lean on, if ever a time comes when I need a strong arm to cling to. But I am not so sure that I like him enough to be his wife.

On the other hand, the things that Mother says I must think of in marrying a man make me hesitate about saying yes to Tommy. I love the feeling of his arms around me, and he has a wonderfully endearing way about him when he kisses me good-night, but the next morning when I am at my work, busy with duty and not romance, I find myself wondering whether I would really be satisfied to shut out the rest of the world of men and concentrate myself upon just little Tommy—good-natured, happy little Tommy (though he is not bodily little; I just like to speak of him that way!), to live with him and for him, even though he never amounted to anything. And then I see that he is not big, in the sense that Father and Robert are big. He is—well, he is just Tommy, and that's all. And when I get to thinking of things in this strain I feel that the man I marry must absolutely be a big man, a man who can do big things—a man I can look up to and respect.

And right here I find myself playing with an old romantic fancy of my girlhood about the ideal man that some day I hoped to meet, my "Prince Charming," I suppose one might call him; the sort of an ideal that every girl has tucked away somewhere in the back of her mind, of a man who is strong and brave and clever and capable, respected by all men and at the same time handsome

and charming, a wonderful lover. Then I see where my ideal and Tommy clash. Sometimes I think that it isn't Robert that Tommy has as a rival so much as this dream man, this romantic ideal man.

But of course Robert is not this ideal man either, for Robert is only Robert, with his big, honest "mug," and his serious ways. He is not the romantic hero that any director would choose for the leading man in a movie. He doesn't look it. And yet, so far as strength and brains and dependability go, I suppose that Robert is nearer my ideal man than Tommy. I respect Robert. But as for Tommy—?

That was one of the questions that Doctor Greene asked me. Did I have as much respect for Tommy? Dr. Greene is our family physician.

"I suppose there will come a time," said Doctor Greene to Mother, one evening when he was at the house, when Mother will lose her daughter?"

"No, I don't see it that way," replied Mother. "Some day I may acquire a full-grown son. But I don't know which of the two it is going to be. [Turn to page 109]

## What is YOUR Problem?

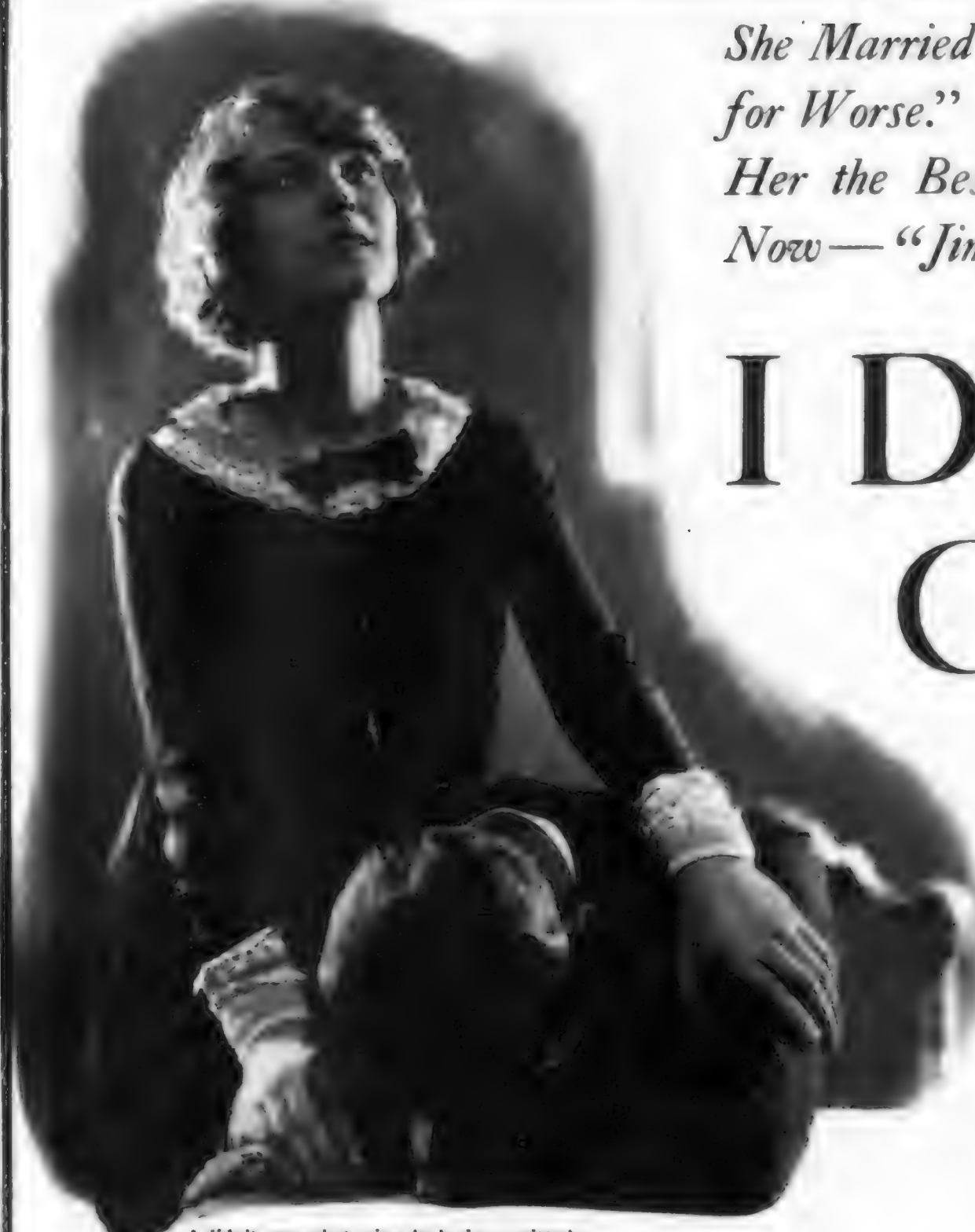
*You have had something in the back of your mind bothering you for a long time.*

*What is it?*

*Perhaps a thousand other folks are worried about the same thing.*

*We are publishing somebody's big problem every month. I wonder if it wouldn't make you feel better to write yours.*

*We will pay \$50 for every problem story of not more than 2,000 words, accepted for publication.*



*She Married Jim "for Better,  
for Worse." He Had Shown  
Her the Best of Life, But  
Now—"Jim," She Said—*

# I Don't Care

*What  
You've  
Done*

I didn't care what crime he had committed.  
He was my husband.

**W**HEN I married, my only regret was that I could not carry on our family name. In the light of events that have occurred since my wedding day, I realize now that I was then quite a little snob. But there was ample excuse for it.

For more than a century the Durbartons, of which I was one, had been known for the honesty and honor of their men and the virtue of their women. Always, one of the Durbartons had been a banker. My father was one. And, though times might be most depressing and people might worry a little about the other financial institutions, the Durbarton bank, standing, "like the Rock of Gibraltar," at the intersection of two of the busiest streets in our little upper New York state town, seemed to give guarantee that honesty would always triumph and the money of depositors would be safe.

I would no more think of doing anything dishonest than I would of going naked into the streets. It never occurred to me that a Durbarton could be dishonest. It

was one of those things beyond the realm of possibility.

My father introduced me to my future husband in our own home. He was one of the most fascinating men I had ever met, tall, slender, and immaculate of dress and manner.

He had come to look over our town as a possible site for a factory. At the moment our eyes met, I knew that I would marry him. I foresaw it in the delighted look that came into his eyes when he first saw me, and in the way my heart went out to him.

Jim Leston was in town for more than a week, sizing up the town's possibilities, and all the time he was under the guidance of my father.

The honest, plodding, middle-aged banker bathed in the brilliance of his personality. As my father's guest, Jim Leston was introduced at the Chamber of Commerce, the Bankers' Association, and the Country Club, and he showed himself worthy of the honor.

He played a good game of golf, a better game of



comes, an indifferent game of bridge, and talked charmingly of business, world politics, or the relation of the perfect flapper to motherhood.

There is no doubt that we were attracted to each other by the law of opposites, for I am not a brilliant person and what beauty I have is more a matter of good health, youth, and eternal vigilance than of fairy gifts.

As I have told you, my heart went out to him on sight. At any time he could have had me for the asking. But he did not realize this. Instead he set about an elaborate campaign to win me and this made him all the more dear to me.

MEANWHILE, he was very busy studying conditions and the result was disappointing. Our town did not meet the requirements of his project. If he had ever said the word, I am sure he could have raised any amount of money he desired. But he never said it. A telegram called him back to New York.

Our leave-taking occurred in the presence of the family, but Jim Leston made no effort to conceal his feelings. He held my hand and looked earnestly into my eyes. He was diffident but intent. His love for me was so obvious that I was amused. He promised earnestly that he would see me again as soon as possible. From New York he sent me messages by telephone and telegraph, and gifts of flowers and candy. One of his frequent visits resulted in the inevitable proposal.

Jim disappointed the family by his embarrassed request for a quiet wedding. They wanted to parade this new and brilliant acquisition. We spent six months abroad on our honeymoon, in London, Paris and the Riviera. He proved himself the perfect lover, and a man of infinite possibilities. I resolved that if we had a son we would call him Jim Durbarton Leston. I wanted to preserve the family name within the orbit of a brilliant planet. My two first years of married life passed so quickly I hardly kept track of time.

"Jim," I said one morning, "I'm tired of hotel life. I want a home of my own."

We had just finished breakfast in our expensive suite. The hint of spring in the air gave me a longing for the country.

Jim looked thoughtfully out the window at Central Park clothing herself in her annual suit of Lincoln green and cherry blossom pink. He gathered me in his arms.

"I WAS thinking of that, dear," he said. "It's time we settled down." He stared into the distance. "And I think we're about ready. I am on the verge of making a clean-up. Then we'll rest up and while we are resting we will buy that house."

I was so delighted that he warned me.

"I wouldn't get too excited about it yet," he admonished. "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, you know. But all my plans seem perfected. This might be a good time for you to go home on a visit."

"Tired of me, Jim?"

"You know better than that. But the closing of this deal will take all my time and I don't want to slight you."

"Oh, I know, Jim," I said, swiftly penitent and I kissed him. "I think mother will be glad to see me."

This visit home was no new thing. Several times during our married life I had gone away so that Jim could give all his time to his projects.

Whenever he was on the verge of completing a deal, he was nervous, sometimes even irritable and under a great strain.

"Come back in a week, if I don't wire," Jim suggested as he kissed me good-by. "But I think that before the week is out you will get a telegram ordering you back here. Honey, I can't be long without you. You're everything in the world to me. Every minute I spend at business is spent for you. I want you to be comfortable and happy. I want you to have the best of everything. I want you to be the best-dressed, the most beautiful, and the happiest woman in the world."

I knew he really meant what he said. I was constantly being surprised with his little presents. My jewel box was nearly full of gems so costly that I often scolded him for extravagance. Yes, I was sure I had a perfect husband.

At dinner that night, I listened willingly to the family's opinion of Jim Leston.

"A husband like him is a rare thing these days," my mother said.

"A darned good tennis player," added my brother.

"A brilliant business man," my father said. "I'd like to take him in the bank with me as a partner. He would attract a lot of clients to us with his personality. But I

"He said, 'The bulls are wise. They are closing in.' What does it mean, Jim?"



suppose he's making too much money promoting to be interested in a small town bank like ours."

"Yes," continued my father thoughtfully. "promoters make big money. An honest promoter has no limit to what he can make. The trouble is there are so many

dishonest men in that line of business that it hurts everything for the honest man."

"Well, the dishonest ones don't seem to bother Jim very much," I said. "He always gets what he goes after."

"The Durbarton name and Jim Leston's capacity for making money." My father was dreaming of the combination.

"Jim might be able to furnish some of the honesty, too, father," I laughed.

"Of course, dear. But he really wouldn't have to. Our name and honesty are synonymous in the minds of people."

"In a hundred years there is no record of a Durbarton even being tempted to take what did not belong to him. Even in cases when a man would have been within his rights, like foreclosing a mortgage, or shaving a note, not one of them ever took advantage of a legal technicality to break a moral principle. I tell you it's something to be proud of."

AND I was proud of it. Whenever I read in the papers of a thief making a big haul, or a trusted cashier being caught speculating I always felt unutterable scorn and an absence of pity for the wretch, and coldly wished that he would get the extreme penalty of the law.

On the third day of my visit, Dad, at the table, chuckled over the misfortune of a small-town banker who had informed the police that he had been swindled out of sixty thousand dollars by two smooth confidence men in New York the day before.

The story was as old as horse racing and almost as old as human gullibility.

The banker had met one of the men in the lobby of one of the exclusive hotels. Conversation revealed the fact that the banker's new friend was very much interested in horse racing and had just won ten thousand dollars on a race.

Intrigued by his new acquaintance's success, the banker asked his methods. After a short hesitation, the friend told him that he had another friend who was a telegraph operator on one of the newspapers, who got the results before they reached the pool rooms. Armed with this information the gambler placed his bets on the horse that had already won the race. Then all he had to do was to collect. So the banker placed a bet.

He won for three days and his bets got bigger all the time. The day before he had wagered the sixty thousand dollars, placing the money with his new-found friend to lay the wager when the name of the winning horse came in.

When the friend had failed to show up, the banker went in search of him. When he failed to find him he went to the pool room. It had also disappeared with his sixty thousand dollars. The banker went to the police.

"Now there," Dad pointed out, "is an example of what comes from dishonesty. It's very possible that all the money that banker lost was his own. But he would never have lost it, if he was not trying to get money by dishonest means. Now he has lost his money and his prestige. People are not going to entrust their money in a bank run by a man who reveals a character like that."

I agreed with Dad. I felt no sorrow for the swindled banker. He got just what he deserved. I yawned and wished the police luck. I was becoming bored with my visit and lonely for Jim.

It probably annoyed him that these two smooth thieves should have been able to fleece the banker.



As Dad had said, the activities of dishonest men made it all the harder for honest promoters to get along. He even may have had business dealings with the victim.

That night I received an urgent wire from Jim.

"Deal completed," it read; "come home at once. Need you here?"

I caught an early train for the city next morning.

WHEN I knocked at the door of our suite, no one answered. I heard a furtive noise and then everything was silent. I knocked again more sharply and this time, after a long pause, I heard Jim's voice.

"Who is there?"

"Why, it is I, Jim," I called. "Let me in."

The key turned in the lock and Jim stood before me. He was haggard and there were circles of sleeplessness under his eyes. But he greeted me effusively and affectionately.

"Why, dear, I didn't expect you so early," he said. "I'll order breakfast." He walked toward the phone and then hesitated. With an obvious effort he picked up the receiver and asked for the dining room.

He was a different man. Uncertainty had replaced his usual swiftness and sureness of movement. He was preoccupied, and his hands trembled slightly.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I demanded as he hung up the receiver.

"Why, nothing. Why?"

The telephone rang and as I watched Jim, I saw his face whiten and his eyes widen. The man was in a funk.

"Answer the phone, will you, Hon?" he begged. "I'm a little under the weather."

More puzzled than ever I picked up the receiver. A man's agitated voice demanded "Mr. Leston." Jim shook his head when I looked toward him and I told the man he was not available and asked if there was a message.

"Yes," the man said. "Is this Mrs. Leston?"

I said it was.

"Tell Jim the bulls are wise. They're closin' in."

The receiver clicked.

"What did he say?" Jim asked anxiously.

"He said, 'The bulls are wise. They're closing in.' What does it mean, Jim?"

"God!" He looked about him wildly, like a trapped animal.

"What is it, Jim?"

He braced himself with an effort and a semblance of the old charming smile came back as he shrugged his shoulders and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Sheila," he said. "I have something to tell you."

His old manner was upon him. He was the man of the world, master of himself, courtly, thinking of his wife. There were lines of pain about his mouth. A nameless dread came over me.

"Sheila, the police are after me."

I heard the words but I did not comprehend them.

"I don't understand," I said. "Why should the police want you?"

"Well," He moistened his lips and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "A man I was mixed up with in a deal made a complaint against me."

In a flash I knew the whole story. "Was it an old banker, whom you inveigled into betting on a horse race?" I asked.

JIM'S mouth dropped. "Yes," he admitted. "How did you know?"

I sat there in the chair staring at him. My husband was a thief—a thief—a thief! The word kept ringing in my ears, bringing with its repetition the slow dawning of the terrible meaning of all this. Such a thing had been so far out of my experience, even out of my imagination. As the enormity of Jim's crime came to me a bitter anger grew in my heart. This man had the temerity, the lack of decency to marry me, to blacken [Turn to page 126]



... I pointed out to the banker that he was just as crooked as the man who took his money.







I was horrified; suddenly he wasn't the Brad I knew at all, but a stranger.

# What Have I Done?

*The Conclusion of a Gripping Story  
Wherein a Girl Masters Herself.*

## *What Has Already Happened:*

**M**Y BUSY life had come to a sudden break, and for the first time I began to analyze it with as much interest as a lawyer reviews his case.

I had married the wrong man. I loved Bradley Thayer, and Bradley Thayer loved me. Just because he felt that I wouldn't know how to live without the luxuries of my home-life, and that it would be years before he could expect any such inducements, he had married Marian Lane, who held at her command sufficient means for a wonderful start for the two.

Donald Bellows, the man I married, could never understand why—with his prospects as a young surgeon and his love for me—I wasn't satisfied to settle down to

the tune of a frying pan and a dust cloth, and wait. Because I didn't love him enough to have a baby, he had tried to revenge himself by drinking—a habit he had broken when we married.

This gave me an excuse to clear out. I managed to get to California, where my Aunt Sue was spending the winter.

In the meantime, Brad and Marian had not made a go of things. I suspected it when I saw in a newspaper that she had gone to Paris and he had come West.

After I had learned that he wasn't so very far from me, it was easy to arrange our meeting at a tea dance.

\* \* \* \* \*

All the next week Brad and I were together from morning till night. We swam and drove and danced together, and spent long hours just sitting and talking, or not talking at all. I never told him much about my life with Donald—somehow, I couldn't. But he talked a lot about Marian. He said that they had led a cat-and-dog life, that they had quarreled constantly, and that when at last she twitted him of using her money to create his own success, and not marrying her for anything else, he had told her that everything was at an end between them, and that he never wanted to see her again.

She had gone off to Paris then, and he had come West.

"I don't see how I happened to marry her, Nina," he said to me. "I didn't love her, of course—I loved you. When I heard that you were marrying Donald Bellows, it broke my heart. Yet I didn't feel that I could have done anything but just what I did do. Marian was madly in love with me, and when I told her that I liked her as a good pal, but didn't love her, she said that didn't make any difference."

"I did need her money. Without it I couldn't have done anything. You wouldn't have wanted me as just a failure. Oh, I know that you were a brick to stick to Don the way you did and keep house for him when he had so little money, and all that—but I couldn't ask it of you."

That made me angry.

"Don didn't ask it of me either," I said. "It was because I wanted to save as much as possible that we didn't have a servant."

"You were a brick, anyway," he went on. "But it hurt me terribly to think of your working as you did; why, one day I passed you on the street—you didn't see me—and you looked so thin and shabby that it made my heart ache. I wanted to snatch you off in my arms and carry you off to some Paradise like this one, and just take care of you."

I didn't want his pity. I hated to think that he'd ever been in a position to pity me. For a moment I was furious at him. But those last words of his got me. He'd wanted to take care of me—and I still wanted so desperately to be taken care of! To have someone watch over me, and make things easy, and never give me reason to worry. Oh, that would be Heaven! I wouldn't ask any more!

"YOU can take care of me now," I said a moment later, wanting to change the turn the conversation had taken, "by calling off that long walk that we were going to take tomorrow. I don't feel like walking."

"Then let's start for the Keiths' house-party at their bungalow a little early," he suggested. "I'll drive you down, instead of going on the train as we'd planned. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"I always like being with you, Brad," I answered, and he took my hands in his and kissed them both, over and over.

But that wasn't quite true. I didn't always like being with him because I didn't always feel well enough to do the things he liked. I couldn't seem to get accustomed to the California air. I still felt limp and useless—I, who had always been so awfully healthy and loved all kinds of sports so much! I couldn't understand it. I said nothing to Aunt Sue because I knew that she'd fuss



"Nina, how do you happen to be here?" His voice thrilled me. I had forgotten how wonderful he was.

over me and make me stay home and take care of myself, and I didn't want to do that.

Brad had talked to me about getting a divorce from Donald, of course, but I'd sort of shied away from the idea. The next afternoon he brought the subject up again.

"You know, you wouldn't have to get a divorce," he

said. "You're not eighteen yet, so you could have your marriage annulled. Why don't you do that?"

I hadn't known that I could do such a thing, but he explained that I could, and suggested that I write to Donald about it at once. "Not that he'll probably object," I said, and Brad agreed that probably Don wouldn't, but that it would be just as well to let him know about it beforehand.

So I sat down that very evening before I dressed for dinner and wrote to Don, telling him about seeing Brad again and finding that I loved him still. I started to write "as much as ever," but stopped; curiously enough, I didn't care for Brad as much as ever, because the thought of Don was with me so much. I asked Donald if he cared if I had our marriage annulled, since I really wanted to do it, as that seemed simpler than getting a divorce in New York State, and I hadn't lived long enough

it was. I had learned not to urge him to do anything he didn't want to.

Billy Keith had had the bright idea of taking a lot of people down to Tia Juana to the races; we were to start that afternoon, and stop overnight at Coronado, then go on down into Mexico the next day. Brad was to take me in his roadster. I wanted to find out something about what time he wanted to start and all that, but he didn't seem to want to talk about anything. Finally he said that he'd come for me at four; the others were starting before that, but some business matters had come up that required his attention; in his car we could easily overtake them.

Aunt Sue got home just before I started. She didn't like the idea of my going at all, but I wouldn't let her persuade me to stay home.

"But, Nina," she said, "here it is barely a month since you left Donald, and you're rushing around with Bradley Thayer so much that everyone is talking about you; do you think that's wise?"

"Not wise, but nice, Aunt Sue," I answered, and rushed out to the terrace to watch for Brad. I couldn't bear the thought of having anyone find fault with me.

**H**E WAS himself again when he came for me, gay and charming and so thoughtful of me. We went whizzing along, and I snuggled down into the seat with my arm pressing against him, and sang to myself, I was so happy. I just wanted to sit still and be carried along like that and not think of anything.

But things didn't go on that way for awfully long. The car began to wheeze and puff and finally it stopped altogether. Brad jumped out and lifted the hood and looked at the engine; he did a lot of things to it and tried to start it, but it simply refused.

He fussed and fussed with it. The sun had set and it was beginning to get dark. I was cold by that time, and

tired. Finally he got it started, but it didn't go very well.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Nina," he said. "There's a gorgeous hotel near here, the most beautiful place imaginable—it's built like a palace in Persia. We'll hobble along that far, and have dinner while the car is put into commission again. How'd you like that?"

I told him I'd love it. So we went on slowly, till we came to the hotel, and I just lost my mind over its beauty. It stood there with the mountains rising up behind it, like a fairy palace. It was the most beautiful place I'd ever seen.

"Oh, I wish I could stay here forever," I exclaimed. And Brad said, "You can, if you want to."

We had dinner, though I didn't feel like eating anything. I was tired out, and my legs felt cramped from sitting in the car, and I felt, as usual, that I'd just like to sit still. We were just finishing our coffee and cigarettes when the mechanic who was working on the car sent word to Brad that he'd like to speak to him.

Brad went away, and came back to say that the car was simply done for; some part or other had broken, and they'd have to send back to Los Angeles for another one.

"We might hire a car somewhere and drive on to Coronado," Brad suggested. "We could make it if we drove at a pretty good clip." [Turn to page 111]



anywhere else to get one. Then I had to wait for an answer.

He didn't answer my letter. I wrote to him again, and he sent just a note, telling me he didn't care what I did and that he never wanted to hear of me again. That hurt dreadfully; I felt that I had done everything I could for Don and he hadn't appreciated it. I went to Brad with that letter; I couldn't help crying over it.

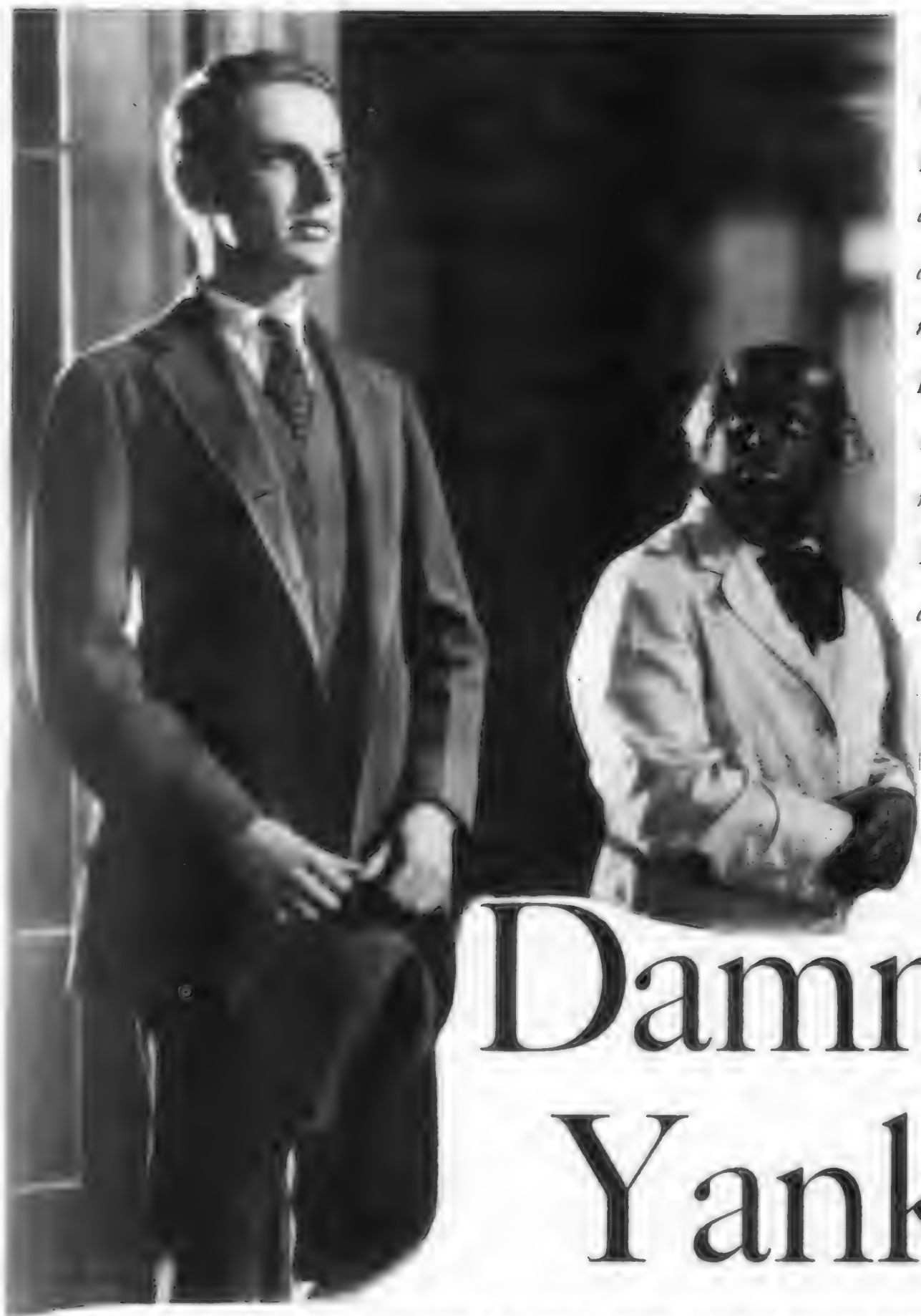
"Don't you care, sweetheart; everything's going to be all right now," he said. "You're not ever going to want to hear of him again, either. I'm going to take care of you from now on. As soon as Marian gets her divorce we'll be married, and then we can laugh at the whole world."

**W**E WENT about together more than ever then, if it were possible. I depended on Brad absolutely. I didn't want him out of my sight. I needed him so much.

Aunt Sue had gone to San Francisco for a week or so, and Uncle Dan never paid much attention to what I did, so Brad was at the house all day long—till late in the evening. We didn't care about having anyone else around. To me it was like some wonderful dream.

Then one morning, when he came over, he was awfully grumpy. I could see that he had something on his mind, but that he didn't seem to feel inclined to tell me what





*Through Long  
Generations of  
Pendletons, Oak-  
acres Had Stood  
as a Proud Monu-  
ment of the Family  
Pride—But Now  
Fate Took Com-  
mand and  
Brought With it  
a Man Named  
Smith!*

# *The* Damned Yankee

WITH the first breath of Fall tingling in his sensitive nostrils, Major had carried me deep into the jasmine-scented mystery of our Georgia mountains, the flair and fire of a once famous racing sire often flashing in his eager pace. But now, as I reined him in to take the gray-pillared entrance to Oakacres, he showed signs of age. Although I was very anxious to be home, I did not have the heart to press him up the long, torturous, blue-stoned stretch.

However, thoroughbred that he was, Major seemed to sense my anxiety. I had reluctantly left a haggard and worn-looking father behind. In a bursting gallop Major made the upgrade, stopping foam-flecked and

winded before the white majesty of a great house. Aleck, the stable-boy, handed me down as he had been handing ladies from their saddles for years.

"Is Father about?" I asked hurriedly.

"Cunel Pendleton's inside, Mis' Shirley," he said.

Unimpeded by skirts, for I always rode in breeches and puttees, I flew up the wide steps and across the vast veranda. A sort of premonition gripped me as I opened the door. For a fleeting moment I paused. There in the amber dimness of the solemn hall of Oakacres with its memoirs of a traditional past, and with the oil canvases of proud Georgia generations looking down at him, stood Father. His tall, slender figure seemed bowed from a



... forget that his youth was appealing to mine. I remembered only that he had come out of the North to drive a knife through our hearts.

gone after four generations of Pendletons having owned it!" His voice had shrunk to a hoarse whisper.

"Oakacres going to a man named Smith—a damned Yankee million—" the rest of the word choked in Father's tightening throat. In that moment it seemed as if the very pictures on the walls were closing in upon us to keep the world beyond our doors from hearing a Pendleton admit such a thing.

"Daddy—Daddy," I begged, my arms around his shaking shoulders while my ears refused to believe what seemed incredible sacrilege.

But Father did not hear my entreaty. He had fainted in my arms.

Later when we brought him around in his four-poster bed he motioned everybody out of the room except Old Zach, our butler, and myself.

"You're as much a Pendleton as any of us, Zach. You've got to hear this thing. It's this Zach," and he went on to repeat the tragic story.

"Gawd hab mussy on yuh, Cunnel, for sayin' sech a sinful thing," interrupted the grey darkey, falling on his knees. "Oakacres jus' kaint be took from us, suh. Hit kaint!" he sobbed, wringing his big black hands.

"It's going to be taken from us, Zach. We can't stop them. Why, damn it all, boy, don't you know if there was a chance to keep

blow. His chin drooped upon his chest, and he was twisting his hands in a gesture of utter despair and misery.

"Father!" I cried, aghast at the broken picture he made.

Slowly he raised his agonized face to me. It was whiter than his hair and beard. Even the deepening shadows of the hour could not veil the drawn pallor of his fine face. But, it was the pain in his eyes that stabbed me most of all.

"Those Yankee wolves in Wall Street! They—they've knifed us, Shirley," he moaned. "I had to mortgage Oakacres. God help us, girl; it's gone now! Oakacres

it I'd do so with my pistols—"

"Old Zach's shot gun's primed an' oiled suh. Hit'll hold back a reg'ment," cut in the agitated butler.

But Father, drawn and white on his bed, only shook his head and looked up at me in a way that drove daggers through my heart. However, Old Zach would not take this for an answer.

"Hit'll mean drivin' this angel out, too," pointing at me. "Lawdy Mussy, suh, look at her. She's jus' lak de Missus wuz—tall and slim, wid hair lak gold, an' eyes lak deep blue mystery watah. She wuz born to stay in Oakacres . . . Cunnel what's de mattah? Don't look at me lak dat. Gawd, Mis' Shirley, hits killin' him!

Look!"

Father's face was a writhing mask of pain. Two rings of red stained his cheeks. Then I knew that his body as well as his soul was in throes. I phoned for Doctor Hampton, who came and gave him a hyperdermic.

Outside the sick room he told me that I'd have to make my father want to live, for his heart was broken as well as his health. He told me that I could not break; that I must be a Pendleton now or never, like my grandfather had been at Gettysburg when he was shot four times but never stayed down.

"Maybe your fiancé, Berkley Long, could help you in this dark hour Shirley," suggested the physician softly. "They say he and his mother have quite a bit of ready cash, considering the times."

I SHOOK my head despairingly. When Berkley and I started going together two years before, Mrs. Long had let me know that there was bitterness in her heart for me. First of all, she was one of those mothers who hated the girl her son loved because marriage meant losing him. But, Mrs. Long disliked me for still another reason. Coming into our country as a stranger from Boston, she hated the Pendletons for what she called "their disgusting pride."

Keenly aware of her feelings I knew she would not let Berkley help me. And, knowing how he usually bowed to her will, I did not expect him to cross her for my sake. I could not explain all of this to Doctor Hampton, so I merely said I was certain the Longs were not really

in a position to help us out of our difficulties.

"Too bad child; too bad," he murmured, squeezing my hand.

Long after he had driven away I remained standing on the veranda in the amber glory of dying day. The sky was autumn gold, and all of Georgia's russet countryside was waiting for the gray and purple shadows to rush out of the Blue Ridge foothills and shroud the pines, the oaks, and the fields of golden rod.

O H, BERKLEY! "Hurry to me," I pleaded, feeling weak and needful of a man's comfort and strong arms. "Maybe you will help us after all!" My throat became choked for a moment, during which the trees seemed to be lifting their limbs up to me in utter beseechment: "My oaks! My pines! My country!" I sobbed now, something breaking inside of me. "Dear God! You can't let them take my fields; my woods; my Oakacres with its memories of Mother. Please—" I begged into the gloaming.

My limbs trembling, I went inside and sat down to a dinner I did not touch. While I was at the table, Berkley came to me. Crushed and bruised by what had befallen us, I sobbed out the truth.

"How much is needed, dear?" he asked.

"Twenty-five thousand." I looked up through my tears with hope flaring momentarily in my heart. Was Berkley going to try to help us? But his next words dashed down this hope, and somehow for the first time I wondered if he really put his mother above the love he had so often declared for me.

"I wish I could help you, Shirley. It's too bad dear," was all he said.

Later, when I left him on the porch, I went up to Father, feeling as if I had leaned on strength that had in some way failed me when I needed it most.



My enemy! My father's enemy! . . .  
Not once did he deign to look at me.



There was fleeting pain in my breast on account of this feeling. For I hated to admit that the man I loved could have failed me.

"It's not his fault," I cried to myself. Surely Berkley understands what this means. His father was a Georgian like Dad. He'd help me if he could. It's that mother of his," I finished, convincing myself of what I wanted to believe.

\* \* \* \*

The raw, gray ghost of the damp, leaden November day stalked us as we waited in the drawing room of Oakacres for the dread moment when our Pendleton pride must make a last stand with its back to the wall. The enemy was due any moment now. He had wired that he was motoring from Atlanta, expecting to arrive at eleven. Already Dexter S. Smith was late in spite of the fact that the heirloom clock on the mantelpiece had seemed loath to reach the hour of our doom.

Suddenly Father stiffened at the sound of a car roaring up the drive. Seeming more white and drawn than ever in his formal clothes, he stood with his back to the cheerless fire, much, I thought, as Lee must have stood at Appomattox before the coming of Grant. Veiled and hatted, I sat in a deep old England-built chair.

Old Zach waited in the hall, now stripped bare of its flags and swords; bereft of its proud pictured generations. He had remained to share the last heart-breaking moment of his people: to save a white Pendleton the humiliation of letting the enemy in. The sound of a door opening froze my heart. Presently there were steps in the great hall. Shuffling, unsteady steps followed by clean-cut, steady ones. For one fleeting moment I glanced admiringly at Father standing like a soldier whose heart did not admit surrender. Then I turned.

A tall man whose shoulders seemed to fill the wide door stood there, somewhat checked and taken back by the hostility of our glances. Like a suddenly demoralized boy he shifted from one foot to the other, twisting his soft, gray hat with embarrassed hands. There was a moment of strained awkward silence. In that span of time my woman's eyes told me that the man was handsome. Quite the best-looking man I had ever seen! But my embittered heart said that he was my enemy, and that no enemy could find favor in my eyes. So, I forgot that he was a blonde, young god; forgot that his youth was appealing to mine through blue, wistful eyes for some little sign to help him go on. I remembered only that he had come out of the North to drive a knife through our hearts.

"I—I am Dexter Smith," he said at last. Father would never have spoken first.

"I am Colonel Pendleton, suh," answered my father stiffly, failing to see the man's outstretched hand.



I thought Berkley would explode. "What? The whole county is talking about you and this man—for your night together . . ."

"You've come, I believe, suh, to take over Oakacres by grace of—of foreclosure on my paper."

"Yes, Colonel," he answered quietly. "I—I'm sorry—"

"Sorry!" thundered Father, his feelings bursting through at last. "What in hell are you sorry for, suh? Not for us! The Pendletons of Georgia need no man's sympathy. The place is yours by law. In that desk," he continued, his voice still high-pitched as he pointed a whip-like hand at the Colonial desk, "you'll find inventory of everything that goes to you with Oakacres. There's no more need of talk between us. Good-day, suh!" Offering me his arm, we swept out of the room, leaving the young man standing like a statue.

OLD Zach held the front door open for us, then fell in behind as we walked down the wide steps of Oakacres in the damp pelting rain. A great car loomed at us through the wet, gray veil, forcing us to pass around it in order to reach the Ford that Daddy had saved, along with my Major, out of the havoc wrought by Fate.

Aunt Hetty, Zach's wife, was waiting in the sedan. The ride to our new abode, a small rented cottage three

miles below Oakacres, was made in silence. Father looked at the cottage before entering, as a man might look upon his grave. Standing there in the dripping cold November gray, he was only an old man, broken and spent.

All that long dreary afternoon he sat in one of Oakacres' rescued chairs, staring vacant-eyed into the fire. It was not until our meagre supper was over that he spoke a word.

**I**F HE brings a wife to Oakacres—and she dares change a thing I'll—"

"Gawd ferbid sich a thing, Massa," moaned Aunt Hetty on her way from the tiny room with dishes.

"Don't fret yo'sef 'bout that, Cunnel. He nor she ain't goin' to tech a thing in Oakacres. De hants won't let 'em. I've seen 'em in the halls, an' heered 'em in the rooms. Yoah pa an' all them other Pendletons from de Bible down—they'll not let no Yankee hands tech a thing, sah," said Old Zach in a trembling voice.

High on Sabre Mountain I pulled Major in, dismounted, and walked him over to the clearing of storm-furrowed stone. My heart was heavy, and my soul seemed chained down there in the valley where Father and I lived everyday in the shadow of our loss. Poor Daddy! He was wasting away more each day. But, he tried bravely to carry on. Only the night before I had remarked to Berkley how much Father had gone down since we left Oakacres.

"But he's getting old, Shirley," Berkley had reminded me.

Now, sitting atop Sabre Mountain, I remembered my shock and my hurt at his easily spoken words. I remembered, too, the scene that had followed when Berkley Long told me he had been to a gay party at Oakacres. I had refused Mr. Smith's invitation point-blank, and to know that Berkley went without me was like being wounded.

"I wish you hadn't gone, dear. That man might just as well have stabbed us to the heart as what he did. I cannot stand the thought of anyone close to me accepting his hospitality," I had said.

This had incensed Berkley Long very much. There had been more barbed words between us. All of which came back to me now, only to be broken by the sound of hoofbeats from behind.

Through the screen of trees and brush I saw a horse and rider. The horse was Foambreast from the Oakacres' stable, and the man was Dexter Smith. I turned away at sight of him, stiffening as Father had done two weeks before at the sound of an opening door. Now the hoofbeats ceased! Would the man dare to stop and speak?

The self-asked question shot my shoulders high in air. I clenched my fists at the very thought until my knuckles showed white. All was quiet for many seconds. Then once again there was the clatter of hoofbeats, as if

Foambreast had been suddenly urged into a flash of speed. I did not turn from the vista of my country beyond Sabre Mountain until the horse's hoof beats were muffled in the purpling distances of Sabre's highest peak.

The early December night came upon me swiftly as I sat there on the mountain-top, deep in my thoughts of the broken past and a future which seemed shorn of all that might have been.

The sharp, stinging cold of coming evening finally drove me from my seat. I called Major but he did not answer. Nor was his dark form to be seen through the deepening shadows. Somewhat alarmed at the thought that he had strayed off, I began calling loudly. But only the echo of my own voice answered from the darkening mountain.

I ran along the uptrail calling him. Still no answer. Already the cold dark had gathered around me, bringing with it that unmistakable feeling of snow. Thoroughly

frightened at the prospects of being caught on Sabre Mountain in a storm, I flew along the trail calling frantically for Major. In my search I wandered off the hoof-beaten path still crying my horse's name aloud. When the first white flakes began to flurry down between the wraith-like trees I realized I had been going around in circles, and that I was lost with a Blue Ridge storm swirling down around me.

The snow pelted down thicker and faster as a high moaning wind drove it through the naked trees. The ground, now dangerously slippery underfoot, made it necessary to move very cautiously for fear I might slide down the steep sides of Sabre. At last, after an hour of walking and calling, while the snow and sleet, such as few people believe ever visit the mountains of North Georgia, piled deeper and deeper, my limbs grew deadly tired, and my throat ached

from the violent use I had made of it. Only my nerve was left.

"Major!" I called in desperation, sending my voice through the white storm with a last burst of strength.

An echo came back to mock me. I clung to a young tree for support as the mockery rang through my ears. And then, as if by magic, a cry sounded through the night that was not an echo. It was a man's voice, strong and high-pitched.

"Help!—Here—" I called, false strength returning to my throat.

**S**OON there was a heavy crashing sound through the brush and woods. A man and horse were almost upon me before I saw them in the flaky dark. The next moment Dexter Smith towered above me.

"My horse strayed away and I got lost when the storm came up," I found strength to say.

"Oh! you're Miss—Miss Pendleton!" he said through the gloom as if surprised.

"Yes," I answered. "Are we far from the trail?"

"Only about fifty yards," he said. [Turn to page 114]

## You and I!

*There are several ways to run a magazine. One is to print it for the public to read, to maintain an austere dignity and to run on a set policy.*

*But the SMART SET way is different. Our readers are our partners. Your letters guide our policies. Every month we read them carefully. It is our magazine. Yours and Mine.*

*We will give \$25 for the best letter about the April issue and \$5 each for the five next best letters. Contest closes April 15th. Prizes will be awarded May 1st. The editors will be the judges.*

# *"Finds" in Film- Land*


NEIL BRIDGES, a new  
comer at Hollywood, is  
attracting favorable com-  
ments on dramatic roles.





*CLARA BOW has the wistful part of the secret-heart of a boy who goes to the death-house, in the new Schulberg picture, "Capital Punishment."*





*ALBERTA VAUGHN*  
is at her best in "The  
Pace Makers," a  
comedy-drama pic-  
ture, showing how a  
girl aided her small-  
town beau in working  
his way through  
college.

*Byronne Wilson*

*DOROTHY MACKALL*  
in her new picture, "The  
Bridge of Sighs," goes to  
prison as a thief. Her  
lover is shanghaied—and  
when he returns, is  
strangely silent.

*Paramount*





# The Tides

## AT

# Fisherman's Cove

*The Sea Is a Jealous  
Mistress. Sooner or Later  
She Claims Her  
Own. The Men Know.  
The Women Know.  
Both Accept. It's Just Life!*



And "Pal" he  
has always  
been.

**F**OR men must work and women must weep." I have always thought the writer of those words must have gleaned his information from some such place as Daly's Landing. That isn't the map's name for it, but it sounds like it, and it's near enough.

A sagging cluster of stilt-built shanties on the rock-bound coast of—does it matter where?

A squalid fishing village. The stench of fish heavy in the air. The men squatting on the beach at their eternal net-mending, or out on the open sea on their fishing trips. The women, leather-faced as the men, watching and waiting, their faces strained with the hopeless resignation bitterly learned in Daly's Landing.

For the sea is a jealous mistress. Sooner or later she claims as her own the men who filch their living from her perilous depths. The men know. The women know. It's just life—life as it is in all the Daly's Landings.

And this was the place in which Fate ordained that I should be born and then exist for the first eighteen years of my life.

Father's cabin sprawled just far enough back to escape the creeping tide. And sometimes it didn't escape.

One night stands out clear in my memory, etched with indelible fingers on my childish brain. For on this night Daly's Landing taught me its first lesson.

It was a stormy night. The waves, mountain high, beat on shore and rocks with sullen angry crash. The wind shrieked like a mad thing, driving the rain before it in blinding sheets. But the lashing, creeping tide was to my childish mind the greatest terror of all. It crawled up—up—nearer with each wave, till it licked the floor of the cabin like a hungry beast greedy for its prey.

The oil lamp on the rickety table flickered strange shadows over Mother's white-drawn face. I can still



In all our companionship there had been no hint of love.

feel the passionate clutch of her thin arms as she clasped me against her sunken breast, shading my eyes from the lurid darts of lightning that ripped apart the inky blackness of the sky.

It was not till the boom of the gun and the cry of "Boat on the rocks!" came to us out of the beat of the storm; till I heard my mother's shuddering moan, that I remembered my brother Roger, several years older than I, was somewhere out in that shrieking tempest.

**T**HEN came a grave-faced fisherman. And I learned the menace of Fisherman's Cove and the jagged line of rocks that stretched far out under the swirling foam. For it was *The Nancy*, my brother's boat, that was dashing herself to death on the hidden reefs of Fisherman's Cove.

Only a few days later they took Mother away, and left with me the memory of her loving arms and hungry kisses, and a mound in the unkept cemetery at the back of the huts.

Child that I was, only eight, I clenched my fists in futile rebellion and hatred of this Daly's Landing that had snatched my mother and brother away from me.

From that moment my fate hung over me, a dark, menacing thing waiting the chance to strike. I was like a child afraid of the dark; in shuddering terror of something, I knew not what. Only I felt that Daly's Landing would sometime, somehow, break me, as it had my mother and scores of fisher-women before me.

Through the years, that should have been girlhood years, that loathing fear never lessened. The smell of the fish sickened me. The thunder of the waves on Fisherman's Cove filled me with shuddering terror. Many a time, during those years, I huddled on the beach with the group of white-lipped women, and watched a boat pounded to death on that lurking grave-yard.

Father was hard and cruel like the sea he served. He had little time for me. Just so I got his meals on time.

Like many fishermen he held an intolerant harshness toward the women folk, and I, being his daughter, got an extra allowance. Perhaps, after all, these fishermen were not greatly to be blamed. They lived a hard life, full of peril and quick death, and never was one known to cringe in the face of any danger. But the life of the sea left them little of softness.

In Father's code it was women's one business in life to marry and have children. There was no excuse for revolt. No expiation for moral frailty! Fisher-women must be virtuous. Being virtuous meant marrying the first man that asked them, for fear there might not be a second, and bear children.

Love? That didn't seem to take any part in the game. At least it didn't in Father's plan for me, or he could never have forced me to marry old Pierre La Blanc.

At this time I was seventeen. He was twice my age—not old, as years count, for men. But Daly's Landing called him "Old Pierre." He owned a line of fishing smacks and, according to the standard of the village, was "well fixed." Daly's Landing also whispered, behind its hands, that Old Pierre was brutally cruel.

**I** WAS willing to give him the benefit of the doubt on the cruelty charge, till the day I saw him kicking a starving dog to death. Then I knew the whispers were true.

I love animals. Every stray dog and cat in Daly's Landing seemed by some strange instinct to know it, till at times our shanty assumed the appearance of a well advertised cat-and-dog hospital.

Rage scorched me, when I saw Pierre La Blanc's brutal kicks. I raced down the beach in a tempest of fury. Pierre La Blanc did not see me, so intent he was

on his amusement. I made the last few steps in a sliding leap; snatched the cringing dog from under the heavy brutal boot, narrowly escaping a vicious kick myself. Old Pierre gave an astonished grunt.

"You big, cowardly brute," I flared up at him, "I wish I was a man. I'd give you a taste of boot-leather!"

Old Pierre thrust his hands in his pockets and threw back his head in a roar of mirth. That laugh was as brutal as his crafty eyes, and thick lips. I could see the yellow fangs that served him as teeth. The sight sickened me. The dog in my arms, I turned to go. But I didn't get far.

Pierre's dirty hands clamped down on my shoulders. He whirled me facing him, then leaned over me.

"So—it is the little Corinne." The yellow teeth showed in a beastly smirk.

"Take your hands off me," I ordered.

"Not so fast, little one," he leered, and drew me closer.

I tried desperately to beat his hands loose. I sought to wedge the dog between us that his fishy shirt and unclean body should not touch me.

"You little cat, eh? Pierre like that," he mocked, as his breath fanned my face.

A terror was aching in my heart—terror of those seeking hands; terror of that smirking face. My clutch on the dog weakened. He fell to the beach, licking my feet. At last I knew the uselessness of struggling in that



It was Pal at my side . . . A low growl rumbled in his throat.





After all, I couldn't see Pierre torn to threads before my eyes.

bear-like grip, and could only flame back my scorn by flashing eyes and taut-drawn body.

I still wore my hair in curls. Pierre drew curl at a time through his fingers, his evil eyes leering into mine.

"It shines like gold in the sun," he simpered. "You know what Pierre feels? All of you, from your hair like gold to your toe without shoe, Pierre wants!" He held me tight with one hand. The other crept over my shoulders, touched the bare skin of my throat. Then I knew why I feared, and my very heart turned cold.

**I** STRUGGLED furiously. "Let me go, Pierre La Blanc. I'll tell my father!" I threatened.

Again Pierre roared with laughter. "Tell your pa! You think he cares? I'm the one to tell Father!" he chuckled

as though the idea amused him, while his eyes feasted on my form. I felt as though he were stripping me of my clothes, piece at a time; that I stood naked before him.

In a passion of rage and fear I set my teeth hard in the great hairy hand that dared deface my body. I felt the taste of blood in my mouth and clenched tighter. Pierre cursed.

"You pay for that. See!" Then he kissed me—not once but many times, till I was faint with loathing him. Then he let me go, so suddenly that I almost fell.

"Sometimes Pierre kiss as much as he want," he told me, with a pleased chuckle, but I paid no heed then to the words.

I remembered to snatch up the dog still crawling at

my feet, before I flew down the beach, racing with all my strength. Never did I pause or glance behind, till I had shut and bolted the door of the shanty against the peril that menaced me.

I dropped prone on the floor, my body shaking with shuddering sobs. I felt as though I had been rolled in pitch; that never again could I feel clean.

THE dog licked my face and whined, telling me, I think, that he understood. That was when I named him "Pal." And "Pal" he has always been. He is stretched now, as I write this, in the warmth of the fire, dreaming no doubt of battles and victories, for he twitches and whines as he snoozes.

Father told me that night, while I was frying the bacon for our evening meal, that Pierre La Blanc wanted to marry me—and Father had given his consent.

I stood still—shocked into numbness at the horror of it.

The bacon sputtered, curled, and burnt into a crisp. Father, for once, forgot to storm at my sinful wastefulness. He would have had to face me if he stormed. And I felt he didn't want to face me just then. He kept his back very carefully turned toward me, as he expounded on my "good fortune."

A feeling of nausea swept through me. That was to be my life! Pierre La Blanc's woman! Jake Dressler, the man God had made my father, had done this thing. At last I found my voice.

"You don't—you just can't—mean it, Father?" I hoped, uselessly.

"Mean it! Of course I mean it." He was very intent on rescuing the bacon. "And let me tell you, you're a mighty lucky girl," he blustered on. "He loves you."

Now he did face me. And at once the gleam in his eyes fascinated me. I couldn't pull my gaze away. It was as crafty and cruel as the lust in Pierre's. "Why, look here. He gave me one-fourth interest in smacks. Don't that prove he loves you?"

I thought I was choking.

"Oh—" I gasped at last. "So that's it! It's the fourth interest in his line of fishing smacks that bought me."

Rage poured like molten lava through my veins. I stepped close to him. I felt that instant, even though he was my father, I could choke the breath out of that great corded throat. "Listen, Father," I realized I was whispering, "you've never done much to make me love you. But you never before have made me hate you. Just as sure as you do this thing I'll never call you Father!"

Then I crept out to the little mound in the cemetery. Pal came thrusting his nose into my hand in that loving way a faithful dog shows; I wrapped my arms around his neck. He was my only friend in Daly's Landing—the only one who cared.

I thought dully that my child's premonition was right. Daly's Landing had got me—was crushing me between walls built of the greed of my father and the lust of Pierre La Blanc. I knew I could no more turn my father's will than I could hold back the creeping tide with the palm of my hand.

Remember this wasn't a modern city. This was Daly's Landing—a fishing village of perhaps five-hundred souls. Not one amongst them could, or cared to, lift a hand in my defense. I was doomed to the bidding of a people who were resigned to their lot.

SO IT came that just three days from the morning I had defied Pierre La Blanc on the beach, I stood by his side before a minister. In a whisper that choked in my throat I promised to "love, honor and obey till death us do part." That promise I gave to Old Pierre La Blanc, and still the world moved on. In Daly's Landing there was no breaking of that law. I was Pierre La Blanc's woman!

Father bent as though to kiss me. The look in my eyes must have stopped him. I would have struck him full in the face had he dared. He muttered something that had to do with "being lucky" and turned away, well satisfied with the bargain.

And Pierre, his eyes aglint with that feasting look that made me hope I might die, took me to his cabin.

I knew little, except in a vague way, of life and marriage. How could it be otherwise, when Daly's Landing had taken my mother when I was still a child, and left me with a father who could sell me for one-fourth interest in a line of fishing smacks? My only companions had been fisher-women; and they, as fisher-women have done for generations past, as they will do for generations to come, locked their secrets behind closely shut lips, and let life and Old Pierre La Blanc have their way with me.

I don't want to say much about the next six months. It seemed

as though my very soul had shriveled and died.

"Now you pay for that bite. Now you pay," Old Pierre would mock, and I, saturated as I was, with the standards of Daly's Landing, ate my heart out in silence. I breathed and walked, sometimes I talked; I may have smiled, but I wasn't living. The [Turn to page 106]



"Shot! Why no, dear. The sea got him. I thought you knew."



*What This Happened Before.*

**B**IG BEND, an isolated and buckshot-law-abiding section of Florida, claimed me for its own. I never knew why Dad kept me, a motherless, neglected, un-schooled girl in that forsaken country.

I failed to persuade Seth Spurlock, who thought worthily of me, to go with me to a civilized place to live. About this time, the *Hildegard* brought Bob Bradd to our landing. He said he was from the East, on a hunting trip. He was crazy about me and, in my state of mind, easily persuaded me to run away to the city with him.

Our plan for me was to disguise in Dad's clothes and meet him at the landing one night worked well until I was attacked in the dark woods by the meanest man in the Bend. Trigger Finger Simmons—who had expected my departure. In the struggle that followed, Seth Spurlock came to my rescue and left the bad man almost dead. Then forcing his company with me to the dock, he saw a stranger in the distance—Bob. I knew. Without hesitation, he raised his gun, aimed and—

**I**T WAS my hand that ruined Seth Spurlock's aim and saved the stranger from two loads of buckshot. I knocked the gun skywards just in the nick of time.

"Seth," I panted, "I didn't let you kill Trigger back there when he tried to hurt me. Why should I let you shoot up a man that hasn't touched us? Look! He's running."

"He's gone now. We've got to hurry. You can't come another step unless you let me carry that gun, Seth."

For a moment I was afraid he was going to refuse. But finally he handed the weapon over and we started.

"Don't come all the way down to the dock with me," I begged, as we came into view of the white boat.

"Good-by, Seth."

"Nan, you got any money? I—I'm not going to see you go away to strangers in clothes like this, without some money."

"I've got a little, Seth," I lied, in the belief that I would find Bob on the boat. If I didn't, there wasn't any telling what I would do.

"Take this, gal," he said, shoving a bill into my hand; "it'll get you back to the Big Bend if you ever feel like coming home. And—Nan," his voice faltered, then went on huskily, "remember, I'll always be waiting and hoping you'll come back sometime. If—if the world out there don't treat you right, come back. Promise, Nan?"

It was such an empty sort of promise to give. But I told him I would come back if things went wrong.



# *of* the Big Bend

*Part Two of One of the Most Fascinating  
True Stories of Florida Ever Written*

Then I kissed him, brushing my tears away on Pa's shirtsleeve. One last look at Seth Spurlock and I started for the boat, my heart feeling as if it would burst through my side; my breath sticking down in my throat like a trapped flame.

If it hadn't been night I believe I wouldn't have had nerve enough to cross that gang-plank. There were so many strange men, both white and colored, standing around. A few women, one holding a baby, were on the dock. Everybody was talking and hollering, making more noise than I had ever heard folks make before.

OUT of the corner of my eyes I looked for Bob Bradd, but he was not to be seen anywhere. But I figured he must be on the boat. I sneaked along the lower deck and found a good hiding-place behind some turpentine barrels. The steamer blew a last farewell whistle and the engine began to puff and snort.

Looking over the barrels I saw that we were moving away from the dock. I cannot tell you the exact feelings I had as the *Hildegard* turned about and headed for the world that I had dreamed about so long and hard. Both glad and scared!

All that long night I was cramped in my hiding place. But I was afraid to move. I did not want to be seen and maybe put off the steamer. Now and then I dozed off to sleep, but pains in my stiffening limbs kept waking me up.

When the first grey streaks of dawn spread through the sky, I crawled out of my hiding-place. We were too far from the Big Bend for them to send me back now.

The rising sun spread a golden light across land and water as I stood in the bow of the boat waiting to catch a first glimpse of what was a new world to me. Far ahead I saw smoke curling against the sky. Buildings came into view like shadows against the horizon.



Oh, Bob! Everything's so wonderful—so much better than I ever dreamed it could be.



Time and time again I forced myself up to the door where I stood like a ghost

I caught my breath, realizing that at last I was to enter fairyland. The steamer seemed to pick up speed. Soon we were passing other boats. Whistles were blowing, and there was a throb of life in the very air.

"Nan——"

I turned at the whisper of my name. Bob Bradd was standing behind me, a look of utter surprise in his dark eyes. I was so glad to see him that I nearly threw my arms around him. But he put his finger to his lips warningly. Then I remembered, too, that I was dressed like a man, with a big sun hat to cover my long golden hair.

"I thought for a minute last night you had played me false, Nan. That Big Bend man with you was mighty quick with his gun. Out of ammunition, I was helpless——"

"I ruined his aim. He found out I was going, and insisted on coming with me. Oh! I was frightened at every step we took towards you. I—I guess I should have stayed back. You might have been killed——"

"Well, I wasn't, dear. So we'll forget it."

A man came up near us and for the moment we kept still. When he walked away, Bob shoved some money at me. "You go to a store and buy some clothes as soon as you get to this town. They'll let you change in the store. When you're ready, go down to the railroad station and wait there for me."

"ARE we going to ride on a train?" I asked. I had seen an engine and cars only once since Dad brought me to the Big Bend. That had been long ago when we drove the team nine miles to the tracks to get a box of books for Dad.

"Yes. We are going away to a big city—to Jacksonville——"

"But, isn't this a big city?" I pointed to the red brick stores and painted houses along the shore.

"No, only a little town," answered Bob.

"I wish—oh, I'm so happy—so glad to get away from the Big Bend, and to be with you."

"Wait until you turn back to a girl again. You're a boy now, you know," he replied, laughing quietly.

Pressing the money tightly in my hands, I half-ran up the gang-plank when the *Hildegarde* tied up at the wharf. Bob had told me to go on ahead without him and buy my clothes. But my pace slowed down the minute I came to the head of the gang-way, and I found myself looking into a lot of strange faces—faces that were so different from those I was used to seeing. Horses and carts—automobiles, which I vaguely remembered from my earlier days—and folks were going and coming on the dock.

Confused and bewildered, I turned one way and then the other. For one tiny moment I was sorry I had left the security of the Big Bend, but this regret passed quickly away in the thought that Bob would soon be with me. Caught in a current of people, I was swept off the dock and soon found myself on a wide road. On each side, buildings were growing as close to each other as our pines grew in the Big Bend. I couldn't take my eyes off these buildings and the automobiles.

But, most of all, I was fascinated by the dresses of the girls who passed me, and the silk stockings that they wore. A warm, trembly thrill passed through me as I thought of the clothes I was going to buy—the silk dress and a pretty red hat—and the gleaming stockings that would make me like the girls I kept staring at as I walked on, looking for a window with dresses.

At last, like a person in a trance, I stopped in front of a great big window that was filled with dresses far prettier than any I had ever dreamed about. Eagerly I started for the open door, but suddenly embarrassment overcame me. I had never bought anything in my life! Here I was starting out to buy a frock, when I was dressed up in the clothes of a backwoods Florida cracker.—blue jeans and shirt!

"Did you wish to get something?"

This question made me feel panicky. I think I would have turned and fled from the doorway if a pretty girl with red ribbons in her black hair hadn't walked up to me in the meantime. There was something warm and friendly about her.

**I**—"I wanted to get one of those dresses in there," I began.

"Oh!" she drawled out. "What size and kind does your sister want?"

"It's for me. Not for my sister. I haven't got any," I said, twisting my hands nervously.

The girl with the red hair-ribbons gave me a swift strange look as if she didn't believe me.

"I—I'm a girl," I confessed timidly, feeling that my face was in flames.

"A girl!" she repeated. "Of course! I might have known from your hands. Suppose you come upstairs with me." I followed her, my eyes bulging at all of the things I saw in the store. The girl picked out three dresses.

"I want some silk stockings," I told her, anxious to see how they would look on my legs.

"You'll want some lingerie too, won't you?" she asked.

I said yes, not at all sure of what she meant. But when she came back with several [Turn to page 123]



The whole world seemed suddenly to grow dark and quiet.



*Life is Like a Mountain  
Brook. It Plunges  
Through Rapids and Over  
Falls Carrying You,  
Like a Bit of Driftwood  
Being Crushed and  
Bruised at Every Turn, Until  
You Float at Last  
On the Peaceful Bosom of  
the River.*

# *I Got* What I Wanted

PEOPLE have envied me what I possessed—beauty, money, luxury, a good-looking husband.

Only one thing I had that the world didn't know of—a breaking heart.

It's hard to tell this—for I believed in marriage. I do yet, but—

I believed that God meant one man for one woman—and that divorce was a sin.

My father and mother loved one another with a love that grew deeper and tenderer with years. When my mother died, the light went out of my father's eyes. He lived only in memories. His heart was up on that lonely hillside where she lay.

Can you wonder, with such an example, that I believed in marriage?

It's not easy—knowing George Maxwell as I know him—to explain my girlish folly. It seems to me now that I ought to have known better . . .

Yet he was strangely attractive to me, that day when he and Pete Jonnard, his lodge-keeper, rode up to my father's Adirondack cottage. There was a storm thun-

dering and echoing to and fro among the mountains; the sky was dark, and a few big rain-drops had spattered down.

"My name's Maxwell," he told my father. "I've got a place up the road a mile or so. Mind if we come in till the rain's past?"

He was big and pink and hearty from good living, with a man-of-the-world air. I saw his very blue eyes light up when he saw me. It seemed to me he tried hard to make himself agreeable. His eyes paid me all sorts of compliments.

The other man—Jonnard—kept silent. He was only a sort of servant, it seemed. But his keen, dark eyes missed nothing. They made me vaguely uneasy.

That was the beginning. George Maxwell made us promise to come up to his place. We did. Its magnificence took my breath away. There were hardwood floors, and great rugs, and beautiful pictures.

I was an ignorant and unsophisticated country-girl. I began to dream wonderful dreams. Yet, at first, they seemed impossible.





"You're trying to get something on your wife, so that you can marry another woman! Isn't that so?"

clung to him. My heart was desolate. I had to have some one to love . . .

We were married quietly, a week after my father's funeral.

I went to George, hoping for tenderness—sympathy—peace.

And I thought of marriage as a holy sacrament!

Holy! Sacred! I had married a brute!

**W**HAT was there of holiness in that fierce, burning passion of his that seemed to sear my soul—that left me unnerved and humiliated?

I can't write of this—I can't! Only women who have been married to such a man could understand . . . God grant they are few!

One thing I know: a woman who marries a man like George Maxwell must either die of bitterness and shame, or she must become cold and hard and indifferent.

George reproached me. He said: "You're the most beautiful woman in the world, Claire—and the coldest! What have you for a heart—an icicle?"

I am trying to be fair to him. I suppose he loved me, in his own way. But it was a love of the body, not of the soul.

And I hated him with a hatred that hour by hour, and day by day, grew bitterer and more intense.

How can a woman do other than hate a man who crushes all the good and tender things in her nature? I shrank from my husband's kisses; he could not come near me without making me shudder.

Of course, he wasn't slow to notice it. He would say to me angrily:

"What do you want? I've played fair. You've got all that money can buy you. In Heaven's name, what's wrong with you?"

Sometimes I even felt sorry for him. It wasn't really his fault that he was a coarse brute. Nature had made him like that.

I thought that perhaps when we went to New York

But George came down almost every day. He made friends with my father: he flattered me until I saw myself already as a great lady—his wife. He was really in love with me. Even I could see that!

I knew nothing of the realities of love. I had no mother to tell me. I knew that when George looked at me, it gave me a queer, breathless feeling. Was that love?

**C**LAIRE," he said one day, "I'm wild about you. I've never felt this way about a woman before. If you'll marry me I'll give you everything you ask for! You love me, don't you?"

"I—I don't know," I whispered. "I think I do——"

He crushed me in his arms, and covered my lips with burning kisses.

Then I felt frightened. I had not known that love was like that!

A month later, my father died suddenly. I said to George:

"Now I'm alone in the world—except for you." I

my feeling toward him might change. I had beautiful clothes, servants, a car of my own, a splendid house.

Yet there wasn't a working-woman I passed in the streets whom I wouldn't have changed places with!

I was bound with golden chains to a man I loathed. There seemed no possible escape, except death!

What made it worse was that he was still in love with me—as much as a man of his sort could love any one. He seemed proud of me, and liked to be seen in my company.

**Y**ET my coldness at first piqued, then infuriated him. He tried in every way to win my love—and failed. Little by little I saw his passion change to violent dislike. I saw the veins in his forehead swell, while he cried:

"I'm your husband, Claire. Everything you have, I've given you! Well, I'm going to make you love me if I have to half-kill you!"

Oh, the horrible mockery of that word "love"—when such a man as George Maxwell uses it!

But he could not conquer my spirit! In time, he grew tired of the task. He became sullen and bitter and silent. I knew then that he had ended by hating me almost as much as I hated him!

It was then that he began to have affairs with other women. He did not conceal them from me. He flaunted them. And, what's more, I did not care! I was even glad. It meant that I was, for the time at least, a little more free from his persecutions.

But none of these affairs lasted. George said to me one day:

"It's the city that has changed you, Claire. We're going back to the Adirondacks. Maybe you'll pay some attention to me then."

At first I was glad. It was the country I loved. I knew that George could not spend all his time there, as his business in the city required his attention. Perhaps I would have a little freedom.

I soon found out my mistake. At my husband's lodge—a palace in the wilderness—I was almost a prisoner. I found myself constantly under the eyes of Pete Jonnard. I could not even stroll in the woods, without being followed.

"What do you mean?" I asked the man angrily. "You are spying on me!"

He grinned. "Mr. Maxwell's orders. He tells me to keep an eye on you. So I do. Sorry, ma'am!"

Yet, even Pete Jonnard's vigilance could not avert what happened. I was at home one afternoon. Only Marie, my faithful little French maid, was in the house when a gentleman called.

He gave his name as Edward Ridgeley.

"I am a near neighbor, Mrs. Maxwell," he said. "I had hoped to meet your husband . . ."

He was handsome—tall and distinguished-looking, with kind, wise eyes that seemed to see everything at a glance. They thrilled me—those eyes. As I sat and chatted with him it seemed to me that they were reading my soul. It was as though I had always known him.

"I hope you'll come over—with your husband—to my place some day, Mrs. Maxwell," he said, upon leaving. "I feel that we should be friends!"

For a long time after he had gone, I sat there dreamily, hearing his quiet, cultivated voice—seeing the understanding and sympathy in those eyes of his.

When George came back from the city he was furious. "I hear you had a gentleman-caller," he sneered. "I suppose you were very sweet—to him! You can hardly give me a civil word!"

I winced. But I could not answer his brutal taunts. In my heart I felt a curious little thrill of fear.

I could conquer everything else. But I was not sure that I could conquer my own heart. I scarcely knew Edward Ridgeley—yet I felt that he was one man who could give me the tenderness and love that I craved. And so, I was afraid. To my husband I said:

"Let's go back to the city! I'm bored to death here!"

He was willing enough. After we returned, I soon found out why. There was a motion-picture actress, very beautiful, whose acquaintance he had made. Her name

I knew nothing of the realities of love. I had no mother to tell me . . .







"I cannot endure to see a woman—a delicate, good woman—treated in this way . . ."

well, I'll call her Irene Holly. Evidently she had infatuated my husband. A change came over him. He no longer tried to make me care for him. Instead, he treated me with cool contempt. Once he said:

"Claire, maybe we're not suited to one another! How about a divorce?"

I looked at him quietly. "Why?" I asked. "So that you can marry Miss Holly?"

**H**IS face grew very red. "What's that to you?" he snarled.

"Nothing. Except that I wondered—if—can't your money buy her?"

"You devil!" For a moment I thought he was going to strike me. Then his manner changed, and he said, "See here, Claire! I do want to marry Irene! But—she's very careful! She won't listen to me unless I'm free—and not only that: she won't marry me if I'm divorced, except on the one condition that I'm proved to be the innocent party. Do you see? Now I'll give you a fortune if you'll set me free—give me cause for divorce . . ."

I turned upon him in fury. "You mean to smirch my own good name so that you can marry another woman! No! A thousand times no!"

"By Heavens, I'll make you!" he cried.

"You can't!"

His face grew scarlet. "I'll show you I can. You don't know half the things I can do. Will you obey me?"

"No," I said proudly, "I won't. Go ahead. Let's see what your money can do!"

He hesitated for a moment, then he said, "All right. We're going back to the Adirondacks tomorrow!"

We went. I had no idea what he had in mind. But I knew that he could not bring suit for divorce, unless I gave him cause to. And I didn't intend to do that! But I didn't know my husband—yet.

To my surprise, George didn't stay at the lodge. Almost at once, he returned to New York. I was alone, except for the servants. Yet I had the feeling that I was constantly being spied upon. My little maid, Marie, warned me:

"Madame!" she said. "Be careful—very careful! They all spy on you. Your husband offered me money to find you out in something wrong. I refused—for I love you, Madame! But they are all your enemies!"

"Marie!" I cried quickly, "I want you to promise me something. Do not let me go anywhere out of your sight! I must not talk to any one—must not see any one—unless you are there. Do you understand?"

**S**HE seemed puzzled. But she answered, "I understand, Madame."

The next day I was out in the garden when I saw a man come quickly up the driveway toward me. It was Edward Ridgeley. He seemed pale and agitated. Seeing me, he bowed and said:

"Mrs. Maxwell, may I speak to you—alone?"

I motioned to Mary to step [Turn to page 88]



## The Telephone

### "The Funniest

"Your mother? Is she here?"

"Now, Ned, I am in a hurry. Put Mother on right away and stop your kidding."

"I am not Ned; I wish I were. Who is Ned? Are you sure your mother is here?"

"Well, she was half an hour ago. Now please let me speak to her."

"Well, if you will tell me your name and what cell she occupies I will get her. This is the county jail."

\* \* \* \* \*

**I** AM an operator in the colored district at 135th Street, and if I were to publish all the funny things I hear, say, I'd make Octavus Cohen look like cheap imitation.

One dame I know, who is lady's maid and who keeps them all guessing, has a heavy lover who earns his meal ticket by riding on the Pullman trains as porter. Well, this is the conversation I heard between him and his girl:

"Hello, this you, Lavendar?"

"Yah, that's me."

"Say, I jis won eighty-five bucks in a crap game. Will you ma'y me?"

"Sho' will. Say, who is dis talkin'?"

\* \* \* \* \*

**I** OPERATED a switch-board where, every morning at ten o'clock, a certain broker called a married woman. He always waited until he was sure the dame's husband was out. One morning he called and was just in the midst of telling her that she was the cat's eyebrows when a male voice listened in.

"What do you mean by talking to another man's wife," the voice thundered.

The broker, scared out of a year's growth, hung up in a hurry.

As soon as he was sure the broker had left the telephone, the stranger said:

"Say, cutie, I am not your husband but you certainly look good to me. What about lunch at the Plaza today? I will meet you at the Fifth Avenue entrance. Now do not pass me by even if I am wearing a gardenia in my buttonhole."

And I hope to die if she didn't take him up on it

\* \* \* \* \*

**B**EFORE I came to New York I used to work in a small town in Illinois where you can call everybody by his first name. There was an awfully pretty girl, who went to college in the East. I was pretty sweet on her brother Ned, so everytime that telephone rang you can bet I got an earful. One day she called up from down-town, and I guess I was so fussed I gave her the wrong number. This conversation followed:

"Hello, hello, I want to speak to Mother."

**I** NEVER was one of those nuts that go crazy over the movies, but I have a lot of girl friends who would rather see Valentino than to eat. I also know a lot of swell society people that get the same kick out of the sheik that my girl friends do.

I heard one of these girls, whose papa makes money in Wall Street, and who never had to earn a dime in her life, say to another girl friend over the telephone:

"O, Mabel, I am so excited I can hardly talk. Guess who I saw—Richard Barthelmess, and he spoke to me, too."

"O, you don't say, Imogene. He really spoke to you? What did he say?"

"He said, 'Pardon me, may I pass?'"

\* \* \* \* \*

**I** AM the head operator of an exchange in Wall Street, and as my calls are very often from agitated speculators, who telephone their brokers for information, I sometimes wait to hear if they get the proper connections. One morning a voice with a Jewish accent said:

"Give me Broad 9045."

He did not get it within the first two seconds, so he became impatient, juggling the receiver up and down to attract my attention. Finally I heard him say:

"Ikcie, Ikcie. Ikcie, say, I telephoned to tell you I am as honest as you are any day."

Like making no reply, the voice said again:

"I tell you, Ike, I am as honest as you are any day, you d— thief."

# Girl Tells Story I Know"

I HAVE to laugh every time I think of what happened to Lord M—, an English fortune-hunter. He was making love to two girls, who live in the swell place where I am employed. He would telephone to each of them and pay compliments and kid them along. Neither girl knew that she had a rival. One girl was the daughter of one of New York's wealthiest men, and lived in a gorgeous suite with many servants and much style. The other girl lived in one room and helped pay her rent by doing some special work for the hotel. One morning he called up Miss X—, the heiress, in a great hurry.

I was getting pretty well fed up on his lordship's deceit, and so I plugged in the wrong number, giving him little Miss Y—.

"Darling," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"Oh, Bertie," she said, "what is it, tell me, what is it?"

"Will you—er, will you marry me?"

"I certainly will," she answered with an alacrity that surprised even the slow thinking Bertie. "When?"

"As soon as your father consents, Mildred."

"Mildred? Why, this is Doris."

Say, that goof got so excited and worried that he spilled the beans himself, with the consequence that both girls gave him the air.

Old Mr. X—never knew how I saved his Millie from a fortune-hunter, and you bet I would not have told now, but I am married and I don't have to worry about my job.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALL of us telephone girls meet smart-Alecs who think because we work for a living that we will fall for their gaff. We had two smarties staying at our hotel who never failed to say something cute when they telephoned. Their suite happened to be on the court, and one night they telephoned and asked me if I had any opera glasses for rent. I asked them to wait a minute. Then I called up two show-girls who had a room across the court and told them to pull their shades down. That done, I called up the busy little jollier and said:

"Why, certainly we have opera glasses. Do you want a pair?"

He slammed down the receiver and replied:

"I won't need them now."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE funniest thing I ever heard was when I was working in Albany. A newcomer to the town, who was putting on all the dog the law allowed, called up his girl to ask her to go to a reception that night with him.

"It will be an awful bore, darling," he said, "but the old cat, Mrs. D—, is so important that we cannot afford to miss going to her reception."

Not getting any answer, he said:

"What do you say, sweetheart?"

"I say," answered the voice, "you cannot afford to come to my party. I am Mrs D—, and I shall not permit my butler to let you in my house."



I USED to be a telephone operator in the hotel where David Griffith lived. I never meant to listen in to the conversation, but he had a Japanese chauffeur who was so funny when he was on the telephone I made it my business to get everything coming my way.

Mr. Griffith went South to make a picture and he took the Jap along as his valet. They returned home, and the Jap telephoned the next morning for his usual instructions.

"Good morning, Hiaya, how are you this morning?"

"I very fine, Mr. Griffith; I likee go carp fishing again."

Mr. Griffith told him there were no carp outside of Florida, and then asked him if he had caught any carp while on his expedition. He answered that the men he was with had caught three. Mr. Griffith then asked Hiaya to describe a carp to him, and this is what the Jap said:

"Carp? Him a fish with a face like a sardine—only bigger."

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course we operators always get the blame when a party gets the wrong number, but here's one case where I wasn't at fault.

"Hello! Give me Hemlock 274."

Click, click, and a br-r-r-r!

"Hemlock 274."

"Say, I want a box for two."

"Why, we have no boxes for two."

"Say, what kind of a theatre is that, anyway?"

"This ain't a theatre; this is an undertaker."



It was simply a case  
of love at first sight.

# *There Were* Dissatisfied Years

## *Our Marriage* *Story for April*

I WAS beginning to feel that I would never find a man whom I could love enough to marry. I had known many men. My father had a prosperous business, and I had a good education. For years I had been the private secretary for the president of a large commercial house. There had been such big war profits and the firm had made so much money that they had been very generous. I was receiving a good salary, and had received a very large bonus at the end of each year for several years. I had never felt the need of saving much money, having always had my needs amply supplied; therefore, for a number of years, I had spent the greater part of my salary on clothes, amusements, travel, and education.

By the time I was twenty-five, the years I had spent in business disillusioned me about men as heroes. I thought I knew them fully; that as far as dreams and romance in connection with men were concerned, I had written 'Finis.'

Then I met Harry. My married sister, who was several years older than I, had taken a cottage for the season at the seashore. Harry had just a few months previously bought the little drug business in the nearby town, which took all he had saved and a small legacy. It had been his hope for years to have a business of his own. Now he was working night and day. He had not expected the "only girl" to enter his life just at this time; he thought he was through with girls.

It was simply a case of love at first sight.

What's more, Love soon found that he had a difficult situation to handle. I had been accustomed to have men seek my company, entertain me, and take me to places of amusement, but now I found that I must hang around a drug store, everlastingly drinking sodas and eating ice cream, to the detriment of my digestion, if I wished to see Harry.



This was galling, but as we were so deeply in love, the years of romance having long since passed, our case progressed more than it would have under ordinary circumstances, for we had so few hours together.

When my vacation ended, I spent every week-end during the summer and fall at my sister's cottage; when winter came we were engaged.

Of course we wrote long letters to each other, and Harry made a few visits to New York; but as he had to hire a druggist to work for him, this was too expensive for his business to stand.

Harry saw the life to which I had always been accustomed. He knew the profits from his store were not any larger than my salary. A short time after our engagement, without a word to me, he sold out, losing

several thousand dollars. He said he could not make it pay; however, the man who bought the business, a married man, became very prosperous. Harry took a position as a salesman for a drug house, and we were married.

It was easy to see that Harry would not make a success as a salesman. His one ambition had been to have his own business, and it was the only work for which he was really fitted. He said he had sold out [Turn to page 82]

*What was it that  
happened one night  
at midnight—that  
you can't forget?*

*See the contest  
announcement in  
this issue, page 118.*



# After 200 years, the perfect powder

*Now, after centuries, a totally new and different principle brings beautifying qualities never before known in complexion powder*

In fancy every woman has visualized the perfect complexion powder, fine as evening mist on meadows, soft as summer clouds, petal-like in smoothness, and scented as delicately as springtime in some orchard lane.

Every woman has sought such a powder, keenly, persistently—for powder is the final beauty touch, and makes or mars loveliness after all else is done to care for the skin. Now the ceaseless quest is ended.

*"The stuff that dreams are made of" now come true in this different powder*

Our search to create the perfect powder was as persistent and tireless as your search to find it.

For hundreds of years powders had been much the same. The principal base used was rice. But we felt there could be a more perfect base—and set out to find it.

*Imnumerable tests—then inspiration*

Laboratory experiments were made with various substances—practical beauty tests were essayed on all types of skin. Many highly superior powders

were developed, but not *enough* finer, softer, smoother than some of those already in the shops.

And then like a flash came inspiration—a woman's inspiration, from a totally different tangent:

"What," she asked, "is the one ingredient of all that is the greatest aid to complexion beauty? Isn't there some one thing that is better for the skin than anything else? I am not speaking of powder—I am speaking of beauty. What is that one ingredient? Can we not start with such an ingredient and thus make a perfect powder?"

There could be but one answer to this question:

"Why, *almond*, of course—known and recognized by all beauty specialists and found in practically every authentic beauty formula for lotions and creams."

*Who ever dreamed of face powder with an almond base?*

"Create a powder with an almond base," urged our inspiration, "give it all the beautifying properties that

women desire—the alluring fineness, softness and smoothness that give a true velvet texture to the complexion. And give it in addition, the one element that surpasses all others in its definite benefit to the skin—the soothing, softening, whitening effects of almond."

Thus Princess Pat the *only* powder with an almond base was created—bringing to your skin a wonderful natural beauty such as no other powder has ever given it; bringing a remarkable, even *waterproof* adhering quality, impervious to perspiration or even a plunge in the surf; plus the definite benefits of almond in soothing and refining the pores, preventing "drying out" of the skin, and softening its texture.

*"Olde Ivory"—the new shade in powder—another "Princess Pat" triumph*

In seeking to create a new shade in powder, to blend so perfectly with the skin as to seem in truth a part of it, Olde Ivory, a soft pastel shade between "flesh" and "rachel," was finally devised. We asked 5000 women to try it. The result was beyond our fondest hopes—for the overwhelming majority acclaimed Olde Ivory as the long-sought-for universal shade by day or night. Among 5000 women are all types of skin—*your* type.

**Free—this demonstration packet**

Containing a liberal supply of Princess Pat Powder, the only powder with an almond base.

Princess Pat, Ltd., 2701-9 S. Wells St.  
Dept. 244, Chicago

Entirely FREE! Send sample of Princess Pat Powder. Check shade you desire.

FLESH ☐ Light, blended rose  
WHITE ☐ Pure, snowy white  
OLDE IVORY ☐ Rich, creamy flesh  
BRUNETTE ☐ Warm, gypsy olive

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

(Print Name and Address Plainly)

## Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

## Dissatisfied Years

By HENRIETTA COLEMAN

"Because he had become discouraged. He had no time to spend with me, and there would be so small a return from the business for several years. He talked constantly of how foolish he had been to sell out, harping on the same point that it was because he thought I would never have been content to have him spend so much time at work when I had been accustomed to so much activity and amusement."

After he dragged through a few years as a traveling man, and not long after my second child was born, I offered him no more to help place him in a business of his own. Now, after several years, he has made a success where once he failed. He made a success, handicapped, as some must would think, by a wife who once had been accustomed to have her weekly visit to the beauty parlor, who had expensive clothes and amusements, who had never even thought of doing common household

work. With a smaller amount of capital, and smaller early receipts, and the expense of a family, he has succeeded. He had not asked my advice about his first venture, and honestly admits that he never dreamed I would wear old clothes, scrub, wash, cook and have no amusements at all until we got the business started.

Without a wife and family his expenses had been less, but so had his ambition. He had lost the incentive which kept him everlastingly at it for the sake of his ladies' nature. When he had taken the venture because he married, he felt that he was the only loser; now he was handicapped to make good. He had the comfort of their companionship and sympathy, which he says has helped him over many rough places.

It is my experience that more men make a success, materially, physically, and mentally, after marriage than they do before. Most men need the steady in-

fluence of a home and family, the responsibility of providing for them, whether it is early youth or later in life, to keep them on the job.

Of course, everyone knows of the exceptions to the rule, but I think more wives have helped their husbands become worthwhile citizens than have held them back.

And the woman who knows that her help has been the ladder upon which her husband has climbed to success has a bond of sympathy and understanding which, I believe, will mean a closer companionship for the rest of their lives.

Conversely, a woman who comes into a man's life after he has succeeded, who has everything for the asking, who knows nothing of the daily struggle and hard work that makes her life so easy and pleasant, will always take things for granted and then be utterly helpless and unprepared to help him in case of a failure.

## Is Marriage a See-Saw ?

Three Gripping  
Life Stories



Does marriage bring success? Does it? You just let your sweet life it does! And happiness, too!

Marriage has meant a paradise right here on old Mother Earth for me, but it has also been the opposite. Life is so complicated with the right one that it must be a hell with the wrong one. But when you find Miss Right! Well, there is a right marriage, and mine is one of them.

I was for women for life when I met them. I'd fully recovered from one or more paper love affairs. You know what I mean. I spent three years in the Marines before I found her.

I had been home a year and had gone with only three girls all during that time—

four times being the longest that I went with either of them.

No more women! unless, of course, I was on a party where it couldn't be helped. I was studying at night for a U.P.A., and didn't have much time to run around, anyway.

But . . . !

It was one of those typical Monday mornings in an office with a force of about a hundred. Some were yawning. Others were busy at the daily tasks.

There was an unusual silence in the accounting room; then, whispers among the boxes. I looked up and there she was. Striding would be the correct word, but possibly not the proper word to use under the circumstances and conditions. But in

way, there she was, striding among the desks on her way to the chief's office.

"She'll never get the job," I passed on, in an actor's whisper, because she's too good looking." Seemingly and carried by unanimous vote.

This office had the reputation of having the homeliest bunch of girls of any place in the city, bar none and without exception.

The boss wasn't in at the time, and I'll venture to say that every fellow in the accounting department found some excuse to pass the door of the ante-room where she was sitting.

I held out until the last, but couldn't resist the temptation any longer. I wasn't quite prepared for the sight that greeted

[Continued on page 56]



# Thousands Have Banished Gray Hair with this Clean, Colorless Liquid

*The Original Shade Quickly Returns*



Is gray hair to become a thing of the past? Is the time coming when anyone can easily avoid the appearance of age which grayness brings? Thousands and thousands of men and women who have used the clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak would gladly answer "yes." These people have seen their hair change from gray to its original shade, surely and quickly. They have thus seen their youthful looks return. No wonder that many of them have written letter after letter in praise of Kolor-Bak. If everybody who is turning gray would do as these thousands of people have done—simply use this remarkable liquid—we would see very few gray heads anywhere.



## Take Years from Your Appearance This Easy Way

It seems almost unbelievable that a liquid, having no color in itself, can cause the former shade to return to gray hair. However, we have the most convincing proof of the amazing properties of Kolor-Bak in the reports which have been coming for several years from people who freely relate their experiences with it. These reports form a flood of evidence that in Kolor-Bak we have found the way not only to get rid of grayness, but to give the hair the uniformity of shade so essential to a natural appearance.

To appear young is to have such a tremendous advantage in both social and business life that nobody wants to show even a trace of gray, and of course everyone wants to restore his or her "own shade." Ask the woman who has seen the triumph of younger looking rivals; ask the man who, prematurely gray, has been refused advancement or even employment because regarded as "too old"—ask them what grayness means, and you will realize the joy which this remarkable liquid brings to those to whom gray hair has come.

Scientists will tell you that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

But no matter what the cause of the grayness, it is amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used. It is the most satisfactory substitute for the natural pigmentation. It makes no difference what the original shade was—

brown, black, red, blond—this clean, colorless liquid will restore it.

You not only see the former shade return, but you find also that the hair has not a "dyed look," nor does it appear streaked or faded. It takes on new "life," lustre and softness.

### Used by Thousands

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for hair of every color.

From everywhere come words like these:

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"It restored the natural shade to my hair."

"My hair began to return to its original shade in a few days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now same as in youth."

"My hair, which was all gray, is now a nice brown again."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"Kolor-Bak restored the former shade

to my hair. It has also removed the dandruff from my little girl's head."

### For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original shade to the hair and give it the

beauty it had in youth—it banishes dandruff and keeps the pores of the scalp from becoming clogged with scurf and scale. It stops falling of the hair and promotes a strong, healthy growth. It also brings comfort, not only by giving cleanliness, but by stopping itching of the scalp.

Kolor-Bak gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—makes it clean and makes it feel clean. It is not sticky, greasy, mussy or unpleasant to use. It is just a clean, colorless liquid

which contains ingredients known to be beneficial to hair and scalp. It is as easy to use as water.

### Ask Your Dealer for Kolor-Bak

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere always have it in stock. You do not need to furnish a sample of your hair or to make tests to obtain a solution of the right strength. The one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If it does not bring the desired result, your money will be instantly refunded.

### My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original shade. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak."

(A Typical Letter)

# Kolor-Bak

*Banishes Gray Hair*

**Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee**



## Fame and Glory

came to me, through these beauty aids

By Edna Wallace Hopper

**I** HAVE always been a beauty aid, and the first I used was the White Youth Clay. I had heard so much about it, and I was sure it would make me a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty.

### My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a beauty aid that will make you a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty.

### My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a beauty aid that will make you a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty.

### White Youth Clay

White Youth Clay is a beauty aid that will make you a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty.

### My Hair Youth

My Hair Youth is a beauty aid that will make you a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty.

### My Face Powders

My Face Powders is a beauty aid that will make you a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty. I used it every day, and I was sure it would make me a beauty.

## Your Choice Free

Make sample demand. Mail to: Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 419 E. 14th Street, Chicago, Ill.

White Youth Clay Facial Youth Youth Cream Hair Youth

719 A-SS

## Back to Vienna

(Continued from page 48)

afternoon at four. Herr Monnat conceded to us that his daughter, although young, was mistress of the household, and everyone always did exactly as she wanted them to do.

When Carl and I took our leave of the Monnats it was three o'clock. The hours had sped by with something like their old-time freedom. I was more nearly interested in Amelia than I had been in any other girl for months and months. She possessed some intangible psychic force that thrilled me. But it was not love.

She came the next day at the appointed hour. There was about her an air of suppressed excitement that fascinated me. It was not nervousness. Rather it was a capacity for intense enjoyment, inhibited by training.

**A**S I watched her, exhibiting her compositions with a manner half timid and yet passionately eager, I likened her to a huge red rose set in a tiny white porcelain cup. "The extreme of contrast," I thought. "It is incandescent." Her costume too was like that. It was a deep rich red brocade with white collar and cuffs of costly white lace.

Her temperament showed in her compositions, which were indelicate fragments of indeterminate harmonies, high-lighted here and there.

"I shall be heart-broken if you tell me I can not be a composer," she confided. There was in her tone a combination of hope and despairing doubt. It was as though she knew the futility of her dreams and was stretching out appealing hands to me to save her.

"I cannot settle down and live as other women do in my home and in society," she went on. In her eagerness she leaned toward me as we sat on the divan by the reading table, the manuscript of her little attempts before us. "Father wants me to marry and make my home with him you know," again that quivering mouth held my gaze "but I can't. Oh, I can't live like that. It is so so." She paused, searching her mind for a fitting word and rushed: "so insensate."

A sudden madness seized me. I wanted to crush her against my breast, to stop the quivering of her red mouth with the pressure of my lips upon it. It was in-artistic, wasteful, irrelevant. I told myself, that a thing so lovely should be subject to the petty whims and regulations of a conventional life.

She mistook my silence for adverse criticism of her work. Her face paled and the quivering of her lips increased.

"Oh, you do not want to tell me that I have not the talent to become an artist. You—you don't want to accept me as a pupil?" Her fingers closed over my arm in a tense grasp, but she did not cry as I had thought she would.

"I did not say that, dear child," I reassured her. "You have talent, even perhaps a touch of genius. But—" I hesitated. She anticipated me.

"But you do not think it worth while. You think I am capable only of dilettantism in Art. I understand." Her disappointment was pitiful in its intensity. It only she would cry. I wanted to see sob-rack that girl's frame. But she sat looking at me her eyes dull and hopeless.

"If she would only break that dull cold, inadequate thing in which her rich soul was confined! I wanted to see her rave and storm and suffer. I wanted her to defy my decision, to discredit my judgment, to assert her own right to greatness. If she only would! She might rise to the place of power! Then I, too, would creep

back into that vast area of my former dominion."

She could open the door! I said to myself. I knew it!

But Amelia had relapsed into a resigned silence.

More than ever she seemed to me a huge, exotic flower set in a white porcelain cup. I would break the cup! I would let her out! I would crush the rose until its fragrance filled my senses. She would never be great, but she might make me great. That was her mission. That was why she had come to me, and that should be glory enough for a woman.

I knew women. I knew every type and combination ever created or evolved.

All—all I had found valuable to the right approach. There are some who must be taken by storm, as one would take a fortress. I did not like the type; they had not the courage of their desires.

Then, there is the temperament, common enough it is, that must be won by persistent evidence of one's honorable intentions. There is no passion in them. The kind that is aroused only by coldness and indifference, I had met by the score. I did not like them. They were too masculine in their thought. Amelia, I reflected, was of the type I liked best.

She could never withstand seductiveness, especially where her mind was already saturated with the delusion of hero worship. At a passionately tender touch she must fall into my arms as inevitably as falls a ripened peach at the final determining caress of the sun.

Slowly, sinuously, with my eyes holding hers, I drew her into my arms. My lips sought hers. In my mind was the determination to draw her soul into mine.

Who says that sex is physical cheat-himself. The power of the gods lies in their capacity to love with the combined passion of body, soul and spirit. Mortals may only contact each other's flesh.

Amelia yielded to my arms with a sigh of deep delight that promised unspeakable bliss.

It was not until two hours later that her conventional mind, temporarily submerged, awoke to remorse and self-reproach. Still she did not weep. Her protestations were not convincing, natural though they were. "Why, why," I asked myself, "must she desecrate the memory of the first real moment she has ever lived?" But for that I could have loved her. A great impatience seized me. After all, she was not the stuff of which geniuses are made. She was but a puppet of Time and Convention.

**S**TILL, she must be comforted and her misgivings appeased. She was the only child of the richest man in Vienna.

My family, although superior to hers by right of birth, lacked influence by the vice of its poverty.

"Listen to me, Dear One," I said to her. "We shall be married today, now. The registrar's office is still open. We need no sponsors. We know each other. It is only the stupid who wait for the regular course in such events."

Amelia did as I decided. She was mere clay in my hands.

We were married and took the night train for Brussels, where we wrote her father of our hasty marriage.

Herr Monnat wired his blessing and begged us to return at once. The press of the city teemed with imaginary details of the elopement.

We remained in Brussels a week. It was a week of disillusionment to me. I hardly knew what I had expected of Amelia.

(Continued on page 80)



As soon as the McGowan Curling Cap was put on, the curls came out of the hair. There were no more curls, and I was free to do as I pleased.



After my hair adjusted to the McGowan Curling Cap, I was free to do as I pleased. There were no more curls, and I was free to do as I pleased.



Dad was simply delighted with the new McGowan Curling Cap.



It's not just the hair, but the McGowan Curling Cap that gives you the McGowan Curling Cap.

# Scientist's Daughter Inspires Invention of Remarkable Curling Cap

By Betty Lou Williamson

There were three "Dads" (Dad on Dad) in our family, and dear old Dad always said I was the worst of the lot. But I couldn't help it. My two sisters were grown and safely married before the present craze for bobbed hair and expensive marcelled swept the country, and they didn't have to sink all their pin money in beauty parlors as I was forced to do in order to keep up with the Younger Set.

As I look back now I wonder how I could have been so thoughtless and extravagant. It seems Hard Luck has camped right in Dad's front yard, bringing me reverse after another, and there I was practically supporting a beauty parlors!

Of course Dad in his kindly way would often ask me to "hold down" on my expenses, but I didn't realize how short he was until one day the realization of our condition came to me with startling vividness. I had a good look at my father's suit last before he left for his office and I was shocked to see how dreadfully shabby and threadbare it was.

"My goodness, Dad," I exclaimed with my idyllic naivete, "why don't you get a new suit?"

Poor Dad didn't say a word, but the hurt look on his face told me only. What a blind little fool I had been!

## I awaken from my dream

I didn't go to bed that night. No the next. For weeks I was invited after another was declined until I just became desperate trying to invent new excuses. Then I tried making my own clothes and fixing my hair myself, so that I could take in an occasional dance, but I knew I didn't look as chic as the other girls and I felt that even body did noticed it.

My father didn't say much, but I knew he was doing a lot of thinking about it. He is an inventor and when he sets out to solve a problem he generally succeeds.

A few days later he came home just brimming over with enthusiasm. He called me into his study and began hurriedly unwrapping an odd looking device consisting of an elastic headband to which were sewed six elastic cross

pieces. In a second he had pulled it over his head and I could see at a glance how it worked. Immediately I fastened my hair with the Curling Fluid he had compounded, pulled the cap over my head and pulled out my hair into the little waves as he directed. The elastic cross pieces held these waves in position as the Curling Fluid dried and when I took off the Curling Cap 15 minutes later I could hardly believe my eyes. I had the loveliest marcelled hair!

## "I get back in the swim"

I didn't turn down many invitations after that. With every marcel my new found beauty aid seemed to work better and it was no trouble keeping my hair beautifully marcelled. For a time I kept my secret to myself, but soon it leaked out and my girl friends started begging father to make Curling Caps for them too.

**You no longer have to spend several hours each week—and lots of money—keeping your hair marcelled. With this marvelous new Curling Outfit you can have all the marcelled you want at a cost of about 1c each. Read the details of this remarkable offer.**

All were so well pleased that soon I asked him why he didn't make and sell them on a large scale. After talking it over with a number of manufacturers, he finally selected the McGowan Laboratories to make and market his new invention. His only stipulation was that the price should be fair—little more than enough to cover the expense of making, advertising and selling his wonderful Marceling Outfit—so that every girl who wanted beautifully marcelled hair could easily afford it.

The success of this Curling Outfit is now history. In the few months it has been on the market over 25,000 have been sold. Nearly every woman that buys one tells her friends about it and that brings more orders. One reason for this remarkable success is the low price at which they offer the outfit—only \$2.87, including a generous sized bottle of

Curling Liquid and a specially made Stick for convenience in pulling out the hair. The McGowan Laboratories have certainly carried out their contract to the letter and all of us are happy that Dad's invention—originally intended only for me—has proved such a boon to thousands of other girls who were in the same boat with me. To all who would have beautifully marcelled hair at the minimum of expense I unhesitatingly recommend the McGowan Curling Outfit.

## Try it at our risk

Miss Williamson is so anxious to have every girl and woman try her father's invention that she asked us to make this special offer: we will send you the entire outfit and upon its delivery you simply deposit with the postman the price of \$2.87 plus a few cents postage. Then after using it five days, if you are not simply delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—we will return the outfit and every cent of your money will be refunded without a single question.

## Send no money—Just mail the coupon

Remember you don't risk a penny. You are at no risk. If you are not satisfied, you can return the outfit for a full refund. If you are satisfied, you can keep the outfit for the rest of your life. The McGowan Curling Outfit is the only one of its kind. It is the only one that gives you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improves your hair in every way. It is the only one that is so easy to use and so cheap. It is the only one that is so reliable and so durable. It is the only one that is so perfect and so complete. It is the only one that is so simple and so easy to use. It is the only one that is so perfect and so complete. It is the only one that is so simple and so easy to use.

## COUPON

The McGowan Laboratories  
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 32, Chicago  
Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your McGowan Curling Outfit, including the McGowan Curling Liquid and the McGowan Curling Stick. I agree to deposit \$2.87 upon delivery with the postman. If I am not satisfied with the outfit, I will return it to you and you will refund my money. If I am satisfied, I will keep the outfit and you will refund my money. I agree to this offer and I will keep the outfit for the rest of my life. I agree to this offer and I will keep the outfit for the rest of my life. I agree to this offer and I will keep the outfit for the rest of my life.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
If you are not satisfied, you can return the outfit for a full refund. If you are satisfied, you can keep the outfit for the rest of your life. The McGowan Curling Outfit is the only one of its kind. It is the only one that gives you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improves your hair in every way. It is the only one that is so easy to use and so cheap. It is the only one that is so reliable and so durable. It is the only one that is so perfect and so complete. It is the only one that is so simple and so easy to use.





## WANTED

### Women to Learn a Business of Happiness

**THE** happiest occupation in the world is showing women how to improve their appearance. It brings happiness to them—untold happiness. It brings satisfaction and fortune to you.

### Learn in Few Weeks

You can learn this business of happiness in a few weeks of fascinating work. First we teach you how to improve your own personal appearance. That brings happiness to you. Then you learn how to improve the appearance of others. That brings happiness to them.

### Complete Course—Easy Terms

Complete course in Facial and Scalp Treatment, Shampooing, Manicuring, Marcel, Water and Permanent Waving, Hairdressing, Electrolysis. Attractive surroundings.

### Day and Night Classes

The time is past when women have to be contented with meager earnings just because they are women. In almost every point of the map we have Marinello Shop Owners earning from \$3,000 to \$20,000 a year in a highly respected calling. There are salaried positions are open for trained Marinello graduates than we can fill.

**FREE!** All Cosmetics, Creams, Lotions, etc., are supplied free during full training period. Write for catalog and complete booklet, S. S. 2.

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### Scientific Creams for Home Use

When you buy creams for home use—buy only Marinello scientific creams, the kind used in all of our schools and the best beauty shops. Cost no more—their merit is proven. Sold at any department store, drug store or beauty shop.

**"Marinello Beauty Aids Used All Over the World"**

but in some ways was I had imagined I could so arouse the soul of her that she would rise to Olympian height and lift me up with her. Instead, he sank into irritating paroxysms. She was nothing more than a harp, upon which I played at will. The trembling spark that I felt was the promise of volcanic passion; the great emotions, proved to be nothing more than a shallow reservoir of inhibited desire.

Following my return to Vienna and the usual reception and acknowledgment of our marriage, we took up our life together at my studio. Much to Herr Monnat's displeasure and chagrin, I refused to live in their pretentious mansion, with its regular clock-work regime.

In this, Amelia expressed no choice. She never had a choice in anything. Despite her father's assurance that Amelia had always had her own way, I found her amazingly tractable. Her conscience palled. The door which I had believed she would open to me was now not only closed, it was barred by her presence.

I began to abuse her. I told her I did not love her. I called her stupid, mediocre. I left her for long hours at a time. Many nights I did not come home at all. I hoped she would resent it and assert herself. Surely there was in her, somewhere, the fulfillment of the promise she gave of being an individual—a strong, positive, free, enlightened soul! Surely she could give out something—I hardly knew myself what it was I expected of her—but something there must be in her that could touch me, arouse me, exhilarate me, raise my vibrations to the pitch I sought.

But only a flat surface met my efforts—as a mirror meets one's image. It was unendurable.

I left her. My chance came when I was offered a contract for a concert tour. I went to France, England, America.

Financially, my tour was a success, thanks to extravagant press-agenting. Artistically, none knew better than I what a failure I was. There was no thrill, no vibration in my touch. There was wonderful technique, but alas! there was no hint of genius.

For some time Amelia wrote me. She was living with her father. She had not told him all the truth of my cruelty. But he surmised enough. He had forbidden her to communicate with me. I did not answer her letters. Finally they ceased.

**AND**, like the lash of a whip in the hands of a cruel master, her silence began to torture me. It came to me at last that I loved her.

The darkness that had obscured my intellectual grasp of things, lifted. I realized that it was I who had failed in the experiment I had precipitated. I had overwhelmed her with the force of my will. I had hypnotized her into submission to me. I had robbed her of her mental freedom to feel and to act.

I wrote, begging Amelia to come to me. I promised everything. I received no answer to my outpourings. I tried to break my contract, but in vain. I had to endure my punishment to the end.

At length I was free. I hastened back to Vienna. I arrived as dusk was enveloping the city. In a fever of apprehension, despair, hope, and expectation, I drove straight from the station to Herr Monnat's residence. The place looked like a mausoleum. The shutters were closed. In one window there burned a fitful light. I recognized it as the light from the huge fireplace in the library. It was autumn and the evenings were chilly.

As I mounted the steps a deadly anxiety seized me. My heart contracted with a pain so poignant that it shut out my breath.

[Continued from page 27]

I almost fell across the threshold, when the door opened gently to my frantic pulling of the bell.

Fritz, the butler, looked at me as though I were a ghost. He motioned me to the left, where a door stood ajar.

I entered the room. It was the library. Accidentally, I sat down in the chair which was drawn up in front of the burning logs and waited.

I had not asked for my wife. Fritz had not spoken. But he had come to call her. At least she would not refuse to see me.

**P**RESENTLY I heard footsteps, slow, hesitating footsteps—like those of a very old person or a person very weak and ill. "Amelia, ah! that was it!" She had been too ill to write me, and her father wouldn't.

I sprang up and faced Herr Monnat.

He came forward into the room. I saw that he had aged terribly. He walked with a cane, and his face was thin and haggard. In his eyes there was a look of helpless resignation a look that did not change when he saw me.

He sank into an armchair and motioned me to resume my seat.

"Amelia, my wife," I faltered. "I must see her at once. I must." I started toward the door.

Herr Monnat made a despairing gesture with his left hand and shook his head.

"Amelia is dead," he said.

"Dead?" I repeated. "Dead—dead?"

Herr Monnat nodded. "She died—three months ago of a broken heart. Your letters came too late." His voice was a colorless monotone.

"I can not even curse you. She made me promise I would not. She asked me to tell you—that she would always love you."

"She said—to tell you—she would be—better able to help when her soul had found freedom."

Herr Monnat's voice trailed away into silence. I sank on my knees at his feet and buried my face in my hands.

"Try to forgive me," I said, and Amelia's father placed his hand on my head. He did not speak.

I fled from the house and sought refuge in my studio—the place where Amelia had first come to me. Now there was in it nothing of hers—nothing to remind me that she had ever been there—nothing except the power of memory. I threw myself on the couch in an agony of remorse—and longing. At last, when it was too late, my emotions had resumed their normal function. How I wanted her! How it seemed to me that I must—I would—reach out and touch her slender body as it reposed beside me. But empty space mocked my groping hands.

The white cup I had longed to break so that the richness of her soul might be poured out had been shattered—and she had gone with it into nothingness.

Far into the night my Gethsemane lasted. It seemed to me that the capacity for suffering which I had lost with my inspiration, had returned to me multiplied a hundred fold.

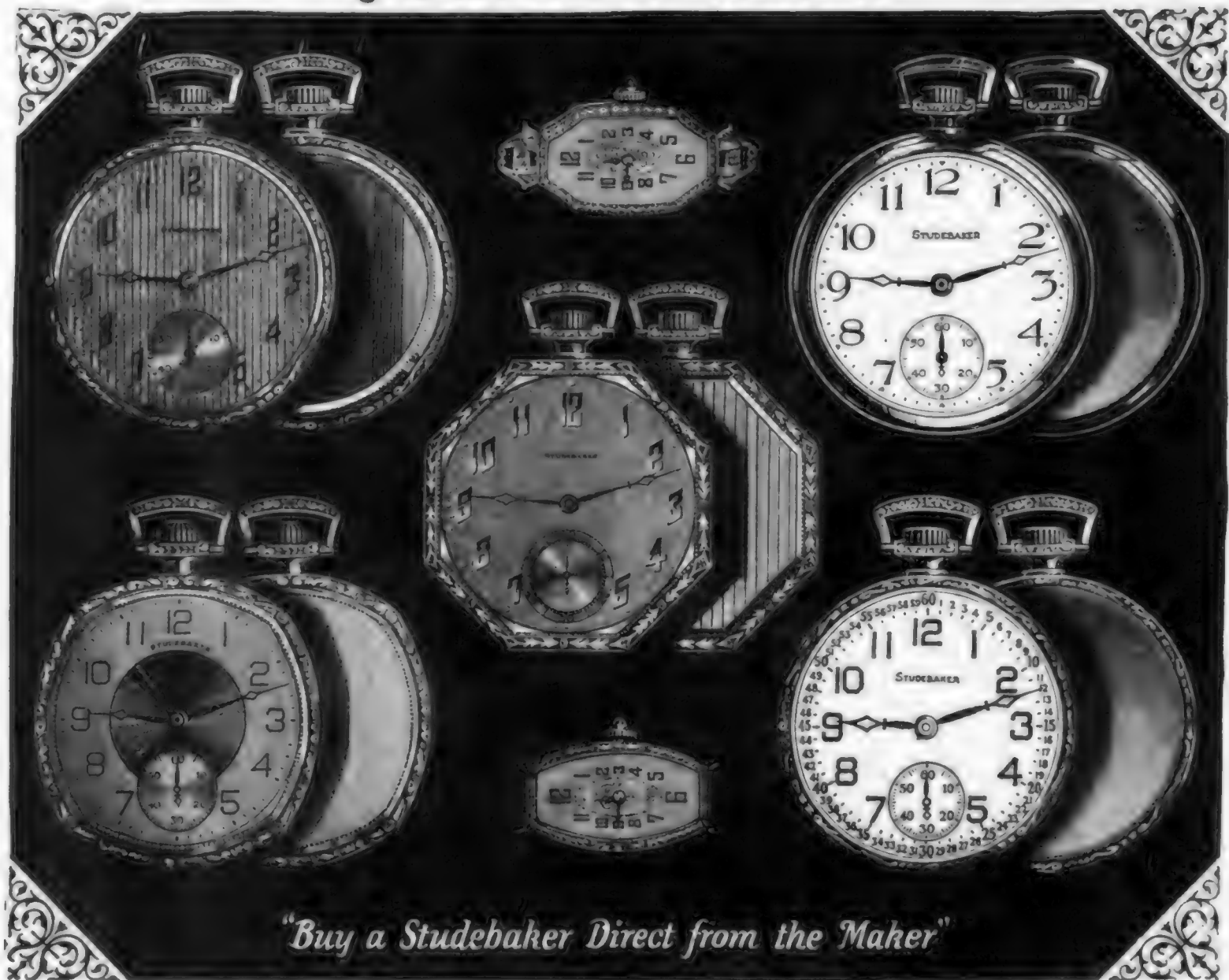
At length a great calm settled upon me. It was as though I were being lulled to rest in the folds of a fleecy cloud. My spirits rose—invigorated—exultant, filled to the brim with a joy too deep for expression.

A vision came to me in scene spread out before me as if an invisible hand had pulled aside a curtain, permitting me to look into a vast area of space. I was not asleep. My body seemed as light as thistle-down and I floated in the delicious softness

[Continued on page 28]

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[Continued from page 8]

the other that upheld me, until I came to a great dome-like structure.

"A house not built by hands!" was my thought.

The wide door opened softly. Amelia stood on the threshold—Amelia, radiantly lovely, against a background of iridescent light that resolved itself finally into soul-reviving harmonies. As my eyes became accustomed to the scene, I saw in the distance the forms of the old masters—Raphael, Botticelli, Michelangelo, and—Chopin—my best beloved master—Chopin!

My Amelia—my wife—in such celestial company!

I looked at her beautiful face. It was wreathed in happy smiles.

"See," she said, "I have opened the door for you. It shall never be closed again!" She motioned me to my instrument standing like an accusing sentinel in the corner of my studio.

"Trust me. Believe—and work," she said, and waved adieu.

That is why I am sometimes called "mad." I know that the door stands open for me and the harmonies I transcribe come straight from the Place of the Masters, bearing the stamp of the divine whose genius I love the best. I know, too, that my wife—my Amelia—will keep the door open for me until the end.

## I Got What I Wanted

[Continued from page 77]

back. Then I looked at him for a moment.

I hope—I wonder if you'll pardon my impertinence—but I just had to come! It's because I think of you as a friend . . ."

"What in the world do you mean?" I cried.

"I mean," he said very quietly, "that I have heard reports that you are being mistreated; that you are virtually a prisoner here; that your husband beats you . . ."

"What right have you to say these things?" I interrupted. "Who has told you?"

"Your servants. Particularly a man named Jonnard. He is talking of it everywhere. You ask me what right I have! It is because I cannot endure to see a woman—a delicate, good woman—treated in this way, and because I want to be your friend . . ."

"I thank you," I said, "but you can be my friend in only one way. That is—by not speaking to me—by not seeing me."

"But why?" he cried in bewilderment. "Since I want to help you . . ."

"Because," I said quietly, "my husband has spies everywhere. I am watched even now. Can't you see? He wants a divorce—and wants to put the blame on me."

I saw his expression change. "I understand—now. You may trust me—to do the best I can!"

AND he was gone. I turned just in time to see Pete Jonnard's cruel, crafty eyes watching me. I called Marie, who stood near.

"You won't desert me?" I implored. "You'll swear that you were here all the time—that you saw everything?"

"Yes, Madame," she said. I knew that I could trust her. But all the same, I was frightened. I felt as though I were in a net—and that it was being drawn tighter, tighter around me.

After all, was it worth the trouble to struggle? I knew that I loved Edward Ridgeley. I knew, too, from the look in his eyes, from the tone of his voice, that he cared for me.

How easy it would be—just to drift with the current; to let this love in my heart carry me wherever it would!

But I knew in my heart that I couldn't do it. I hated my husband—yet I could not be untrue to him. He wanted me to; he had sworn that he would use all the power of his money to divorce me.

"Well, let him!" I thought defiantly. "If he can!"

Yet, I was bitterly unhappy. The house was like a lonely prison. I thought of freedom as a convict does. If I could only be free!

Days passed. Late one afternoon Pete Jonnard brought me a letter. His insolent

black eyes glittered as he handed it to me. I opened it. It read:

IF YOU WISH ME TO HELP YOU, COME WITH THE MAN WHO BRINGS THIS, ASK NO QUESTIONS—JUST TRUST ME. I AM YOUR FRIEND. "EDWARD RIDGELEY"

The page blurred before my eyes. What did it mean? I could not even guess. Was it a trap? It seemed like one. I looked at Jonnard.

"Who gave you this?"

"Mr. Ridgeley—the man you talked to in the garden one day."

"Do you know what is in it?" I asked. He smiled.

"Yes. He told me. I am to take you to the—somewhere. Madame, you do not trust me. But I am your friend also. I wish to help you. Will you come with me?"

I hesitated, then I said, "Yes. I will go with you."

I saw an unholy triumph in his black eyes. But even then I did not hesitate. He was my enemy, I knew. Nevertheless, Edward Ridgeley was my friend! I did not question. He had sent for me—I would go!

It was dark when we left the house. Jonnard did not speak. He walked rapidly, with the silent tread of a woodman. We reached a small but very pretty house set in the deepest part of the woods. There was a light, but the blinds were drawn shut. Jonnard knocked, and the door opened.

Edward Ridgeley stood before me. He smiled.

"Please come in," he said.

"Me—I stay out here," said Jonnard, chuckling.

I entered. The room was bright and cheerful, and furnished in perfect taste.

Edward Ridgeley locked the door.

I stood facing the man I loved—the man I knew loved me!

THEN I suddenly felt fear—a fear of my own weakness. For I had sworn to be true to a husband I hated! Could I keep that promise?

"Why did you ask me to come here?" I whispered. "Don't you see that it is the very thing that may ruin me?"

He smiled very gently. "Please sit down—no, not there—here! And do not talk. Just wait. I want to see what happens."

Wondering, I took the chair he indicated. There was no sound, except the vague sighing of the lonesome forest outside. Minutes passed, seeming hours. I had a curious feeling, as though unseen eyes were watching . . .

Suddenly there was a furious pounding at the door. "Open this door!"



It was my husband's voice. My heart missed a beat. I looked at Edward Ridgeley. He smiled gently. Then he crossed the room and opened the door.

George—my husband—and Pete Jonnard rushed in. "There she is!" cried Jonnard. "Now you see for yourself, Mist' Maxwell!"

I had not moved. George stood looking at me with a cruel expression in his eyes.

"Well," he said at last, "I did it, didn't I? Trapped right in your lover's house! Money *will* do things, after all, won't it?"

He turned to Edward Ridgeley, who had seated himself at the table, and had, as though absent-mindedly, opened a drawer in it.

"So you thought Jonnard was a good messenger for your amours, did you? You didn't know I sent him to you just for that, did you?" my husband sneered. "You're pretty easy, I'd say—to fall for it like that!"

"Just what do you mean by 'amours'—Mr. Maxwell?" asked Edward Ridgeley, in his soft, drawing voice.

Maxwell and Jonnard both stared. In Edward Ridgeley's hands was a revolver. My husband's voice wasn't so steady when he answered.

"Well, when a woman is locked up with a man—in his house—"

"Better sit down," suggested the other. "Over here. And you," to Jonnard, "sit over there!"

"No! I'll be damned if I do . . ." began Jonnard. Edward Ridgeley lifted the revolver, and repeated quietly:

"Sit down there!"

Jonnard sat down suddenly. His sallow face was grayish. But my husband cried angrily:

"What's the idea, Ridgeley? Think you can bluff us? We've got the goods on you! You can't scare me—or change the facts, either—"

**I** WANT the truth," was the quiet answer. "You're trying to get something on your wife, so that you can marry another woman? Isn't that so?"

"Well, I got it," said George. "If being here together—alone— isn't enough, I'd like to know what is!"

"Never mind that. Is it true that you want to marry another woman?"

George wriggled. The revolver was pointing straight at him.

"Turn that thing the other way!" he gasped.

"I want an answer—an honest answer! Is that the truth?"

"Yes, it is!" cried my husband. "And I'm going to! So what are you going to do about it?"

"And to 'get her' you set spies everywhere. You even had this man come to me with a story that would make any man's blood boil—the story of what you have done to her! You got this man Jonnard to suggest sending for her to come here so that you could trap her. Isn't that the truth?"

"Well—that's about it," said my husband, chuckling. "I *did* trap her here—alone with you! And I'm going to get a divorce . . . I'll have my witness—he's right here! Jonnard has been waiting outside the door . . . He will tell the truth—never fear! You can't prove a thing! But—"

"I think—" and Edward Ridgeley spoke in a different voice—"that I can prove what I want to! Gentlemen! You may come out now!"

A door opened, and two men came in, one elderly. I recognized him instantly as Judge West—one of my father's old friends; and the other, a young man—a stranger to me. The revolver had disappeared.

"What's this—a frame up?" spluttered



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my husband, seeing that he was cornered. "Frame-up is a dangerous game," said Edward Ridgeley. "Two can play at it." He smiled coolly. "Gentlemen, you heard Mr. Maxwell's admissions, didn't you?"

"I've heard enough," said old Judge West. "to convince me that if anybody is entitled to a divorce, it's Claire here, and not her husband!"

"Yes—but how about the fact that they were here together, with the door locked?" cried my husband. "You can't deny that."

"Don't you tell me my business, young man!" said Judge West sharply. "I've been in that room—with my eye to the keyhole—all the time she's been in this house. And I saw her sit down in that chair when she came in, and she hasn't moved once. Go ahead and try to get a divorce! I'll do a little testifying myself, in that case. If little Claire here wants to apply for her freedom in this county, she'll get justice. I can warrant you that! Come on, Phil—" to his companion. "I guess they won't need us any more—tonight. Next time, young fellow—" ad-

ressing my husband again—"you better be sure you've got everybody bought up! Otherwise, you're going to find that your money isn't going to do you a mite of good—not in my court, anyhow!"

Three months later I was granted an absolute decree of divorce in Judge West's court. The suit wasn't even contested. I was allowed substantial alimony, but I refused it. I couldn't take George's money. I wanted only freedom—with honor—and I had found it!

"But why did you do it?" I asked Edward. "I was almost a stranger to you."

In his eyes I read the answer. "From the first moment," he said. "I knew that I loved you! Claire! I know I can't give you all the luxuries he gave you, but—"

"Luxury!" I said bitterly. "The only things money can buy are the things that don't matter! The things that do haven't any price—"

But his arms were around me. I knew then that I had found what I wanted—the joy that was above all price—at last!

## That Kind!

[Continued from page 28]

"If she does not love you already, she will when she knows you better."

On the following Sunday evening, he came to take me for a ride. He had an old Ford that, by dint of constant coaxing, could sometimes be made to run. We drove out into the country and then took a little used road through some woods to the river's edge, to watch the sunset. I had brought some lunch. We planned to picnic on the river bank and drive home in the early dusk.

ALL went well until we were ready to start home. Then the car refused to move. Neil worked over it until too dark to see. "It's no use, honey. I don't know what is the matter with it."

"But, Neil, what will we do?"

He looked about, puzzled.

"I don't know. We might walk to the nearest house."

In these shoes? I was wearing my patent-leather slippers, with paper soles and very high heels. We decided that I should sit in the car while he walked to a farmhouse and phoned for help.

Telephone Mother, too, Neil. Then she won't be anxious about me. And do hurry back," I called after him. He was gone a long time, and I was beginning to be frightened. The night was so still and it was so lonesome there by the river. At last he came, when I was about ready to start out myself.

"These folks around here don't have telephones," he grumbled. "The nearest one is three miles away. I sent a boy on a horse to phone, and I came back to you. Hadn't we better go to the house and wait? It's only about three-quarters of a mile."

"I couldn't walk one-quarter in these silly shoes and in the dark. Let's wait here. It won't be long." So he climbed in beside me.

There is supposed to be a Providence that looks after fools. But Providence must have been looking the other way that night. It was hours before help came. We were absolutely alone, and wildly in love. What wonder is it that our resistance was broken down? I say "our" advisedly. Neil was no more to blame than I.

Before the car came from town, the reaction had set in and I was crying frantically.

"Vi, darling, don't cry so." Neil held me close and tried to comfort me. "You

know I love you. We will be married soon."

But I freed myself from his arms. "We can't wait here any longer. Neil, let's go." So we left the car and stumbled along the rough roads out to the highway, where we met the car from town. They had missed the way. We went on home, without trying to fix the Ford. At our door, Neil hesitated.

"You love me, don't you? And you know that I love you?"

I stood on the step above him, looking down into those dear eyes, so filled with shame and anxiety now.

"Yes, dear," I answered both questions and held his head against my shoulder, roughing his hair and revelling in the clustering curls that clung, like live things, to my fingers.

I had recovered my composure when I went into the house. Mother was not asleep. She looked at me questioningly. I was glad that the light was dim.

"What happened, Leah?"

"Something went wrong with the car. Did they phone you?"

"Yes, but I have been anxious about you. It's very late. What is the matter? Have you and Neil quarreled?"

At least I could answer the second question truthfully. "No, Mother. I'm just tired. We waited a long time and then started to walk." I showed her my dusty shoes, scratched from the rough road, and a long tear in my stocking. That took her attention from my tell-tale face, and she sent me to bed immediately.

SHE was not fooled. As days passed, I knew she was wondering and watching me, although she asked no questions. For I was changed. I knew it and tried to keep from showing it, but the effort fell flat.

They say that when a person wrongs another, he immediately begins to dislike the injured one. I didn't at that time consider myself wronged. But Neil must have felt guilty, for he did not come to see me as often as he had been coming. There was no change in his manner when he did come, though. He was tender and sweet, and I loved him more than ever, if possible. There was no thought in my mind of blaming him for what had happened any more than I blamed myself. We still talked of marrying "some day" but no definite time was mentioned.



And then I knew that a definite time must be settled upon. Neil was out of town at the time and was not expected back for ten days. I was nearly frantic at the delay. It seemed as if I could not live through the long, long days, and the still longer nights. I couldn't eat and I couldn't sleep. Mother was seriously alarmed.

"Leah, my child, you must tell me what is wrong. Are you sick? You had better see Dr. Forbes."

As that was the very last thing I wanted to do, I stalled for time.

"I don't feel very well, Mother, but it is nothing serious. I'll be better soon."

"But you are losing flesh and you look so white. I just know we should consult Dr. Forbes."

"I'll be all right, Mother. It must be the heat as much as anything else. Wait a few days, and if I don't get to feeling better, we will call him." And so the matter rested.

Neil was to reach town on a night train. The next morning, I called him by telephone. His mother answered. There was disapproval in her voice as she told me that he had gone to work. Before this I had called him occasionally, and she was always displeased. Once she even told me that if Neil wanted to talk to me, he would call me. That hurt, and when I told him about it he said not to mind—that his mother was a little peculiar sometimes but that she did not mean anything by it. With his arms about me, it was easy to forget the hurt. But this time the censure in her voice, together with the fact that Neil had not called me as I expected him to, cut to the quick. I decided to wait in the hope that he would soon phone. All that morning, I waited in vain. I was sick with disappointment every time the telephone rang and another voice than his reached me. At noon, I could stand it no longer. Choosing a moment when Mother was out doors, I called him at his work.

NEIL, this is Leah. Are you coming out tonight?"

"Why—er—yes, I guess so," was the rather hesitant answer. "Why?"

"Oh, you must come. I just have to see you."

There was quick concern in his voice then.

"What is the matter, Vi?"

"I can't tell you over the phone. But you will come, won't you? Come early."

He promised, and I hung up the receiver with a feeling of relief. My lover was coming and all would be made right.

I dressed carefully that night, wearing again the orchid dress that he liked. Mother was at a neighbors when he came. I took him into the living room, instead of out to the porch, as was the custom while it was so hot. Closing the door, I leaned against it, trying to summon my courage for the task before me. Neil's brown eyes grew tender as he looked at me.

"Such a pale drooping little violet tonight," he murmured, as he drew me into his arms and kissed me. "What is the matter, darling? Are you sick?"

So happy was I in being with him again that there was an odd feeling of almost joy in the closeness of the bond between us. I prolonged the moment of telling, content to be held close and he told how much he had missed me. His reluctance about coming, and his failure to call me were forgotten.

After a time, as we sat side by side on the old davenport, I told him.

"Neil, can we not be married soon? There's a reason why we should be."

Never will I forget the look that came into his eyes. It must have been in mine, too. I knew it was indicative of the way I felt when I first realized the truth. A wild, hopeless, trapped feeling. His face

whitened. He appeared dazed and speechless. "You mean—," he began, and I nodded, unable to say more. He sat still as if stunned for a moment, then jumped up and paced the floor.

"Well, of all the utter fools—," he said bitterly, then stopped and faced me as I sat dumbly watching him. After a long minute, he came to me and dropped down beside me once more.

"I forgive me, Leah darling. I was thinking only of myself. Of course we will be married at once."

I LIKE to remember that his first thought, his first impulse was to do the right thing. It helped me to bear what followed because I understood that he was not wholly to blame. Of course, he was to blame, too. A man twenty-six knows when he is being influenced in the wrong direction. But I fancy it is always a woman's way to make allowances, to try to find excuses when her best beloved fails to measure up to the standard.

As we tried to make plans, he told me that it would be difficult to manage as he had been helping his mother buy a home and had very little saved. We did not settle upon anything definite that night, and I did not see him for several days. When I did, he was changed.

"Leah," he began, "Mother suggests that you go away—to a home somewhere—and stay awhile. She thinks it would be better than marrying right away."

"But Neil," I faltered, "That would mean giving up our—my—oh, I couldn't." "No one need know anything about it. You could say you were going to your sister."

I was stunned by the unexpectedness of it, after I had thought that everything was going to be all right. A little of the rosy glow, through which I had always seen him, began to fade. He had told his mother, after we had agreed to say nothing for the present, and they had planned it all out without considering me.

"Why did you tell your mother, when you cautioned me not to tell mine?"

"I always talk everything over with Mother," he answered, shortly. Then he continued more gently. "It will be all right, Leah. I'll give you the money and no one need ever know. Then, sometime, when I have saved enough, we can be married."

"Neil," I said, firmly, "there is only one right thing to do, and that is to marry now. Two wrongs don't make a right. I'll not add desertion to my other sin."

We discussed the question at length, but it was still left unsettled. A day or so later, he came to me with another idea that his mother had put into his head. He hesitated about telling it, but it came out at length.

MOTHER says that you—er—she thinks it may be a—a—a trap," he stammered. It was hard for me to understand his meaning at first.

"You mean," I gasped, "that you feel—that your mother thinks I am putting the blame of another's deed upon you?"

He nodded, refusing to meet my eyes.

"But Neil!" I grasped him by the shoulders, forcing him to look at me. "You don't believe that. You know you don't."

"How do I know?" he answered, sullenly.

It was the hardest blow of all. I wanted to die. Neil continued to urge me to go away, again offering to pay my expenses.

"You will do that, while you think that I am tricking you?" I asked quietly.

"Yes," thinking I was going to consent. "I'll do that in memory—of everything."

Slowly, I shook my head.

"No, I'll never do it. Never. If you feel that way about it, I have only this to say. You know, down in your heart you

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know, the truth. I cannot understand a mother like yours. If she is afraid of losing the money you have been giving her—no, let me finish," as he would have interrupted me, "if she is afraid of that, she need not worry. I don't want your money. If she honestly believes in shielding her child at the expense of some other mother's, I can only thank God that I shall never be called upon to consider her in any way."

"You can leave my mother out of this," he broke in angrily.

"And I can leave you out of it, too. Please go. I can bear my burden by myself."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I do not see that what I do concerns you in the least. Please go. I don't ever want to see you again."

I couldn't bring myself to tell my mother, although I could see that she knew something was terribly wrong. Then gossip began to rear its ugly head. I sensed averted eyes, a coolness on the part of my friends, and whispered comments as I passed. So I stayed closer home, seldom appearing on the street, and Mother decided that my unhappiness was caused by a quarrel with Neil. For he came no more to the house.

ONE evening, for the first time in weeks, Evart came to see me. He was driving his father's car and insisted that I go out with him. Mother urged it also, saying that the ride would do me good. I couldn't get out of it. Evart was looking very grim as we drove out into the country, and I knew what was coming. He stopped the car and faced me.

"Leah, what is this I hear about you and Neil?" he demanded.

"I don't know, Evart. What have you heard?"

"Mrs. Faraday is telling it. That old vixen."

"Tell me just what she is saying."

He hesitated, then spoke savagely.

"She says that Alderson girl is in trouble and is trying to trap Neil into marrying her. Oh, I could strangle her."

"Yes," I said wearily. "Being the kind of woman she is, she would be very apt to start a story like that."

"What do you mean? You might as well tell me the whole story, Leah. You know I'm your friend. You can trust me."

"Yes, I know it. It's nice to have one real friend. I mean that Neil intended to do the right thing until his mother convinced him that he was being victimized. She didn't even convince him. He knows. But it's easy to believe what one wants to believe, you know." I told him the whole story. "Oh, Evart! You know I'm telling you the truth, don't you?"

His hand closed hard over mine.

"I couldn't know you all these years, girl, and believe anything else. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Does your mother know?"

"I can't tell her. I've tried, but I just can't."

"You must do it, Leah. That old cat has started gossip all over this town. She is sure to hear it. Besides, she will know what is best to do. We'll go back and get it over with."

"Not tonight. Let me wait till tomorrow."

"You've waited too long as it is. Come on. I'll help you through it if you want me to."

But if it had to be done, I could do it best alone. Resolutely, he turned the car about and we drove back home. It was still not quite dark. Mother was sitting on the side step as we drove up. Only one look at her stricken face made me know that it was not necessary to tell her. She already knew it.

Evart went in with me and in the dimly lighted living room, I told the whole wretched story over again. Mother was heart-broken but she was a real sport. She held me close and never uttered one word of reproach. When I told her about Mrs. Faraday's attitude, she voiced her only criticism.

"God forgive her! I cannot understand such a mother."

She didn't even say harsh things about Neil. Never a woman more charitable and understanding than my mother!

"The thing to do," broke in Evart, "is for them to be married at once. Neil must be made to come across."

"Do you think I could endure that?" I cried. "How can I marry a man who has to be forced into it?"

"That would be very well if you had only yourself to consider. But you haven't." His voice was almost harsh in its decisiveness.

"He is right, dear," said my mother. "It is the only way. The little one has a right to a name."

They talked me into consenting.

"That is all right," I reminded them. "But what about Neil? He will never do it."

"Oh, yes he will," said Evart grimly. "I can promise you that. I'll go get him now, and you can talk it over."

Evart was gone about an hour, and when he returned Neil was with him. It was years before I learned what took place during that hour. Evart found Neil at home, called him outside and stated his errand. Of course Neil refused, disclaiming responsibility.

"That is neither here nor there. You and Leah Alderson are going to be married tomorrow."

"You are just a fool, Graham, if you think you can bully me into doing anything like that."

"It isn't a question of bullying. You will do as I say, and do it tomorrow. I won't shoot you, because you are not worth what the consequences of killing you might be. But I'll horsewhip you publicly, in the main street of this town, and the whole town will know why. You know I can do it, too. Come on now. We are going to the house to make arrangements, and you're going to be decent about it, too."

Sulkily, Neil went with him.

"You can make me marry her, but you can't make me live with her," he muttered.

"That is for you two to decide between you," Evart replied calmly.

So they came into our little living room. Neil was flushed and angry. Evart was cool and determined.

LEAH, Neil thinks it would be best for you to be married at once. We can all go over to Hartwell tomorrow. How about it?"

Miserably, I looked at Neil, hoping for some sign of manhood. I couldn't speak. Mother turned to Neil, speaking quietly.

"You are reluctant, Neil. Surely you will be happier in doing the right thing."

"It is very convenient, Mrs. Alderson, to blame this thing on me. I am helpless to prevent that." He spoke coldly, but I noticed that he did not meet my mother's steady gaze. "I will give your daughter my name, but it may as well be understood that I have no intention of living with her, or fathering her child." He hesitated, then went on. "Of course, if I could be sure that there had never been anyone else."

I saw Evart leap forward, but I never heard the end of Neil's cruel statement. The next thing I knew, Mother was undressing me. Evart and Neil were gone.

They came for us early the next morning. Neil's lip was bruised and swollen. Mother had not told me that a blow from

[Continued on page 94]

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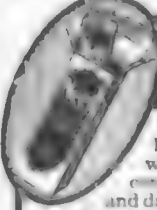
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Evart's hat had silenced the terrible thing he was saying. I learned later that the boys had spent the night together at Evart's insistence. He was afraid Neil would run away.

We drove to Hartwell, a distance of about fifty miles. It was the nearest county seat.

It seemed to me that I never could endure the formality of marriage to Neil. I had loved him so madly, and dreamed such dreams of what my marriage to him would mean, that the stark cold reality benumbed me. The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace. I refused to enter into such a false arrangement before a minister of God, and when Neil placed his ring on my finger it seemed as though an icy hand was clutching my heart and freezing it.

When we reached home again, Evart drove on and Mother went immediately into the house, leaving Neil alone with me on the vine-covered porch where we had spent so many happy hours. It was almost dark. In mute anguish I waited for him to speak. He must have found it difficult. I think I never loved him more than I did at that moment. As he hesitated, I humbled myself to plead with him—plead for our lost love and happiness.

"Neil, in your heart you know the truth. You know I love you. And you did love me. We could be so happy if you would only be honest with yourself."

There was indecision in his eyes. The cleft in his chin deepened. I knew he loved me. But whether it was injured pride at having been coerced, or his mother's disapproval, I could not tell. At that moment when I thought he was going to yield, he drew back, folded his arms across his breast, and looked at me with hate in his eyes.

"Everything considered, it was not so difficult for you to give yourself to me," he began with deliberate malice. "You were certainly a changed girl after your six months in the city last spring. It is easy to surmise what might have happened there, in the face of what has happened since. What I have done is more than you could expect from most men. I have fulfilled any obligation that I might have in giving you my name. I wish you joy of it. You need expect nothing more. Goodnight." And so he left me.

I WAS too wretched to live as I went into the house and dragged myself upstairs to my room. Neil could not possibly have found words to hurt me more. Of course I was changed, but my visit to the city had nothing to do with it. Others had

noticed and remarked about it, too. How could anyone know that the change in me dated from the moment Neil met me with Evart on the street, the day of my return, and asked me if I would be busy that night? My previous anxiety and grief were nothing to the utter desolation that racked me when Neil deliberately read, into the beauty of my love for him, evidence of recurrent unchastity.

Mother had left us alone, hoping we might come to some understanding. As I tumbled up the stairs, she met me at the top without a word, understanding the hopelessness of it all. Tenderly, as if I were a little child, she waited upon me, helping me to bed, bathing my head and bringing me a cup of tea and a bit of toast. Day was breaking when she finally left me and I was able to forget my misery in sleep.

I thank God, on my bended knees, for my mother. I believe that in my wretchedness I would have destroyed myself rather than face the future, had it not been for her. Quiet and unfaltering, she pointed the way. It was days before I found the courage to leave my bed. It was weeks before I ventured out of the house. I wanted to run away, but she talked me out of it.

"You gain nothing by running away from trouble. It seems the easiest way out, at the moment. I have found that it is usually the wrong way. Stay right here and live down your mistake, dear. Our friends will have far more respect for you. They will understand what you are doing, and after a while it will not be so hard."

It was wise counsel and I knew it. But it nearly killed me to follow it.

GOSSIP ran its course. Mrs. Faraday, in her indignation over Neil's marriage, was convinced that my indiscretion was due to the time I spent in the city, and that her boy had been victimized. She deliberately spread that story. Of course I had known that Neil's words to me along this line had been due to his mother's suggestions. Oh, but it was bitter to have old friends avoid me; to see the significant glances and hear the whisperings. I was known throughout the town as "that Alderson girl."

"I always knew she was that kind," I heard a woman, whom I had known all my life, say. "You can usually tell."

The phrase stayed in my mind. I could not get rid of it. "That kind—that kind." I heard it in the ticking of the clock, in the whir of the sewing machine, and even in the click of my heels on the floor.

[To be continued]

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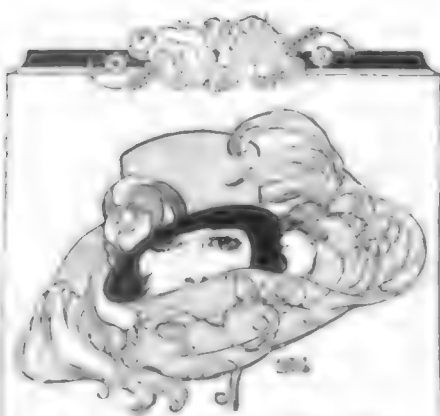
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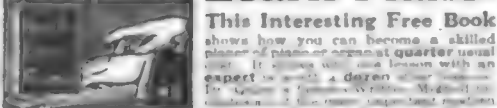
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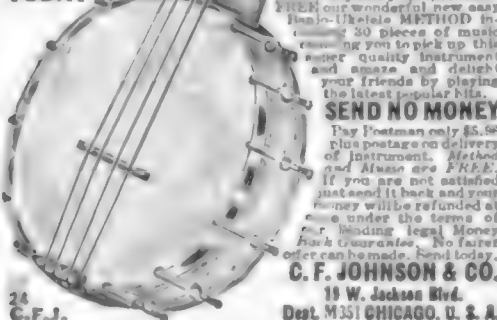
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## Is Marriage a See-Saw?

[Continued from page 82]

There she sat, as unconcerned as the Queen of Sheba, disfiguring all the blotters on the desk.

A half hour later she 'strolled' out of the office, just as she had come in. Only one thing was different. She gave us a cold, glary once-over as she went out. I didn't give a darn whether I met with her approval or not.

The next morning the office had practically settled down to the routine of the day, having forgotten the 'applicant' of the day before. It had happened so many times and the good looking ones never came back.

The noise was awful. Typewriters, adding machines and, to complete the climax, I was grinding away on a calculating machine.

"Well!" If someone had struck me with an icy towel, the shock wouldn't have been any greater. I looked up and there stood the Queen of Sheba.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered. All the boys had their ears 'pricked' up to hear what was coming next.

"Absolutely unnecessary," flapped the icy towel. "I am here to take Miss Coleman's place while she is on her vacation."

**MISS COLEMAN** did figures and typing for the accounting department of which I was in charge. It was plain to be seen that we were going to need our overcoats around Miss Harman unless she thawed out considerably.

Ruth had been at the office about a week when I woke up to the fact that I was thinking more about her at night time than I was about the studies. She never spoke to me at the office except when absolutely necessary. She ignored the other boys and refused to mingle with the girls. She was different from any other office girl I had ever seen. She just didn't belong in an office, and it was plain to be seen that she hadn't been educated to be banged around in the business world. She was one of the most efficient girls that office ever had—yet, she didn't belong.

Sometimes I would find myself wishing that she would smile, but she never did. Just a shadow of one sometimes with that funny expression in her eyes. If eyes could speak, I think hers would have said, "Don't you wish you knew what I am thinking about you?"

She was mysterious, tantalizing. The manager called her a 'vamp' and a 'flapper.' Then she would be cold and icy again; then I would begin to wonder if her heart was cold like that, too.

For days I had been trying to figure out a system whereby I could find out where she lived and possibly her telephone number. Every idea I considered always died before it ever materialized.

I don't know until this day how it all happened, but one Friday morning I just out and asked her—point blank—what her telephone number was. Much to my surprise she told me—point blank. I made up some weak excuse why I wanted to know, but she told me afterwards that she knew then I was lying.

After that I found a little courage to go on. But I had a hard time convincing her that it was quite all right for two people who worked in the same office to go out together. Finally I did partially convince her, but she would not, absolutely would not, promise when I could see her. I had hopes galore.

At last the memorial night came. Never did Romeo look forward to 'his' night with more enthusiasm than I did. I had passed by her house several times to make sure

that I wouldn't lose any time finding it when the eventful night did come.

She met me at the door with the most wonderful smile that I had ever seen. Actually was human after all! That was shock number one. But when I asked her where she wanted to go, I think that I received the biggest shock of my life time.

"Please, if it is just the same to you—" she hesitated, as if debating whether to go on or not, "oh, I'm so tired of being grown-up, let's—let's go down and play that we are kids again—just for tonight."

I fell in love with Ruth that night and I knew that there never was and never would be another woman for me. The days that followed were full of dreams for me, but I never mentioned them to Ruth. I was glad when it came time to go to work and was sorry when it came time to quit. We had made a little code of our own to use around the office. So far as the office knew, she was still the "mystery girl," but to me she was the most wonderful girl in the world. I never believed until I actually knew Ruth that two such absolutely distinct characters could be housed in one body, sharing the same soul, sharing the same heart. At the office, she was a woman of the world. At home, in the cozy surroundings of her little apartment, she was just a little child.

I knew that she was very popular in her set. I had met some of her friends, who were from the most prominent families in the city. I was in the middle class, depending on my salary for a livelihood. But she had promised to see me once a week, and the rest of the nights I was to study.

I knew that her friends brought her to the office and called for her. But always, after that first night, I seemed to think of her as my girl. I was jealous. I'll admit it, but I was also determined not to let her know it. More than once I have had murder in my heart when I would hear the cashier talking very confidentially to her. I knew that he liked her, and, what was worse, he was in a position to get married and take care of her.

I was making far more than the average boy of my age, but I wasn't satisfied. My older brother had married too young. I had made up my mind that I wouldn't make the same mistake. I would stay single until I was fifty years old, if I didn't have a home all paid for and wasn't making at least three hundred dollars a month. That was my goal and I wouldn't back up.

Miss Coleman came back and, even though the manager offered to raise Ruth's salary, Ruth left the office. She didn't have to work. It seems fate was just kind and sent her down there for the month while Miss Coleman was away.

**IT WAS** just about the time that Ruth left the office that my sister-in-law went to a neighboring city and left my brother and me to batch. One night Ruth called me at the office just about five and told me to pick up Jane and for the three of us to come on over to her place for dinner. I had a date with her that night and later the four of us would go out together.

I had often heard her speak of Don, but I had never met him. He was at her house for dinner that night, and was going to have a little game after we left.

We four had a very good time that night, but for some reason I couldn't get Don out of my mind. After we had taken the girls home and my brother and I were on our way home, he suddenly burst in on my line of thought with a bombshell something like this:

"Young man, you had better watch your



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*Happy now but how long will it last?*

*Statistics tell us that there is one divorce for every nine marriages. An appalling situation! But what is the real cause for so many divorces? See "Safe Counsel," page 85.*

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*How long must we be slaves to Prudery?*

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back." I never saw him so serious. I asked him why, and he said, "On account of Don."

My husband came to the front with all its pent up fury. So that was it! It was Don who brought her to work and called for her! It was Don she went out with on the other six nights during the week! Something inside me seemed to break. Maybe—maybe—oh, it couldn't be, but maybe she was going to marry Don.

No matter I helped with her. Sam was equal to the one I fought with myself that night. On one side was Ruth and love, and on the other my pride. I had set my goal and I wouldn't back down now. I wouldn't! I wouldn't! If Ruth would wait I would surely make good. But if she wouldn't wait, then there would be no use in trying to reach that goal.

Besides all this was the torturing thought that Ruth was independent. I wouldn't use my wife's money and I didn't want it to be necessary for her to have to use her money for the things that she had been used to.

The next time that I saw Ruth I told her of my love, but I didn't ask her to be my wife. I wanted to. How I had to hate my tongue to keep from asking her the one question that meant happiness or emptiness in the future.

She confessed her love for me. She told me that she and Don were to have been married when she left the office, but that they weren't ever, ever going to be married now. Still, I did not speak what was in my heart.

For the next four or five weeks I saw Ruth about three times a week. One night while we were sitting in the car at the gate before she went into the house she suddenly turned to me, and with a half

[Continued on page 122]

half whisper, she told me that we couldn't go on the way we were and that she was leaving the next morning for New York City.

The world went black. My dreams melted. My air clothes fell at my feet. She was going to leave me! In the morning! The heart tells us things that the mind doesn't like to listen to, much less believe, and my heart told me that even though she loved me, she would never come back. I must keep her. I must hold her while I had her.

Let me tell you, right then and there I forgot all about the good—the home and the salary. All I thought of, all I wanted, was Ruth and love. What good would the home do me, what good would any thing do me—if I didn't have Ruth?

She didn't go away the next day nor the next. We had several stormy battles about the money question, but Ruth always came out victorious. Wasn't it going to be our house? Well then, why couldn't she help furnish her own home? Ye gods! If a fellow's pride ever died a miserable death, mine did.

I bought the house and Ruth bought the furniture. Of course, we had to buy it on the installment plan. But it was home—our house of hearts!

I was sick for nearly three months just after we were married, and many is the time that I wished I could have spared her the misery of those months. But did she grumble? Never! I was the coward, the cad—I was the one who had been afraid to take a chance in the beginning. I had wanted to wait until—until what? Until it was too late! I wanted to sacrifice love, Ruth, everything—but I did wake up in time. Yet, I have often wondered, would I have wakened up in time, if she hadn't

## Balance

**F**OUR years ago, after a wid-who-oo of seven years—in which time I'd climbed from a ten-a-week job to a twenty-four-hundred-a-year position—I married a man whose wife had died after they had been married twenty-three years. I was then thirty-six, the man ten years older. He had a good-size farm, nicely well-stocked with Jersey cattle, fine horses, and teams to run it. The rest of the improvements were mediocre. He owed two thousand dollars personal indebtedness, and had a farm loan debt of twelve hundred dollars. The house, a bare shell, with only the barest necessities within, was scarcely half finished.

My husband had two children, a son, fourteen, and a daughter, nine—both as utterly untrained as it is possible for human beings of that age to be.

I had always lived well, dressed well, had yearly trips, attended lectures and shows, and had other amusements such as middle class people in the large cities enjoy. We always had a well furnished home with all the necessities and many of the present-day luxuries—as far from the poverty which held sway in my husband's home as the poles are apart. I met him in a city, far from his home. His mind was keen and alert, and he seemed to be a man of fine qualities. I knew his people, who lived very much like I did, and I was finally brought to marry him.

He promised to sell his farm and move anywhere I wanted to go, but that year a bad slump in farm commodities of our locality brought a panic from which he could not extricate himself with anything left. So it became an endurance test for me.

I had brought my own fine old mahogany furniture with me, and reserved enough other belongings to make the home livable. In that first fervor of new married life my husband almost finished the house, and almost finished he left it to take up other things, many of which were far less important. Thus I soon found that this was his way of doing things.

But he had undoubted ability, and his enthusiasm of starting a new task before the old one was done would, I hoped, last if he could turn his efforts to one certain thing, and not the hodge-podge that farming was for him.

That first year was such torture to me that I wonder I lived. Everything was different. I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, about farm life; very little about housework, as carried on under such conditions. I was, however, a good cook, having a horror of slipshod methods in the home.

**I** NEVER let go of the idea that my new family should be taught that neatness and methodical ways would pay. But at what a cost I carried on! Frayed nerves, sick body, fatigue to the breaking point, to teach only the most common decencies of life! Mothering those children of such uncouth habits, I could hardly believe that they could be the children of their father, who, no matter what other faults he had, was always neat. Or the social amenities of life, he seemed equally ignorant with the children; however, he was more eager to take up new ways, or the old ones of his younger days.

After a year in which financial aid

seemed to be as far from us as ever. I persuaded my husband to go into a business which I knew was destined to grow rapidly into big money. A man, whom I knew to be a drifter and ne'er-do-well, happened to inherit some money, and was advised to open this business, the only one of its kind in the entire country. He urged my husband to join him.

Loath to act upon any suggestion from me, my husband refused for a time to do so, and not until I made my pleas so strong that he had no other excuse did he consider it. The crops had again failed, and he was not working. He had no means of tiding over the winter any better than the one before. Finally he went down to look the proposition over. He sneered at it for a time, then his unbounded enthusiasm took hold again and made him see great possibilities in it.

THEN the wanderlust seized the present owner of the business, and he offered it to my husband for less than one-sixth of what he had offered him a partnership at first. I was wild to take advantage of his offer. My husband, never caring to take a chance at anything and too conservative to spend a dime to buy a dollar, said that he could not raise the necessary money. But I went to work—planned and talked and urged and argued. Finally, after I'd sold some cattle which my husband had declared could not be given away, we raised the money. The business was ours. At least, I thought it was ours, but it proved to be just my husband's.

It paid from the very first, big. That winter I kept the books, wrote all business letters, and helped make up orders. I coached my husband in business usage, along with social, and gradually he came out of that outer coating of awkwardness. He was a deep reader and had a keen mind, but was moss-grown and at variance with social mannerisms.

He always refused to adopt any idea of mine until he thought that I'd forgotten that I'd made it, and then he would bring it out as original. I'd praise his ingenuity and he would act upon the advice, but he has never once said, "Think that's a good idea"—never one time.

Soon he told me that he did not need me to keep the books—that he preferred doing it himself—and with that he refused me permission to go over them. A little later he also took charge of the letter writing, and I was excluded from all knowledge of the business. I have known where he lost many hundreds of dollars by departing from the advice I'd given him in the early stages of the business, but he has never once in his life acknowledged that he was wrong.

I HAVE made money of my own in various ways. I've paid men to finish the house. I even papered some of it myself. I've filled in our yard by hauling dirt in wheelbarrow loads from the woods so that a lawn-mower can be used on it.

I have learned to make the best butter sold here; I also sell other things from the place, but it is all made by my own hands and without effort on the part of any other member of the family. I do all my own work, save the laundry; I have no allowance for dress or household expenses; I order anything I want in the grocery line; I set a good table; but if I want more money than I can earn, I have to ask my husband for it and tell him what I want it for, and just how much I can get along on.

His son works for him and draws a good salary.

My husband has banked twelve thousand dollars this year, and owes not a dime to anyone.

# She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!

*Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months*



Departing an 'Ugly Duckling'

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling'—became a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments? I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles—and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I knew were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin structure instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the facial contours and the wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to revitalize it—and so on.

"I was elated even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan. I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone; just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a 'head' on a magazine cover.

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town

and marking the covers 'This is me.' I knew they would doubt that the portrait was mine—or else accuse the artist of using a vivid imagination. So I made my old home a visit. Wouldn't you have done the same? And I gloated some, too, as folks were forced to admit that the face on the cover was Gertrude Follis. My 'new' face has since been used for many illustrations. But I'll never feel prouder or be more thrilled than that day at the station when my father hesitated as I emerged from the train—came forward and stammered, 'As I live, it's true!'

The methods with which Miss Follis obtained such remarkable results in cultivating personal attractiveness are available to anybody, anywhere.

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Photo of Miss Follis Taken 6 Months Ago



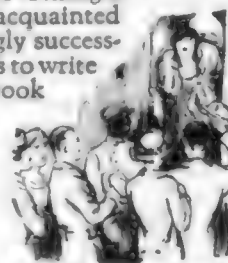
Artists Acknowledge Her Beauty of Face



ness, how to rejuvenate sagging tissues, and enhance one's looks in many ways. She tells how to do it—what to use. Her name is Lucille Young,

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**Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 146, Chicago**

The girl is now a member of the high school body and takes her place with other students, as though she had never been the uncouth, dumpy, badly-mannered child whom I first knew.

All the family have at last been brought to know that right living pays, and have dropped their unseemly wars and habits. The children carelessly allow me the small amount of comfort that were speedily from me, saying that I have been a greater blessing to them than their own parents had been.

**B**UT they show me no real gratitude. The girl refuses to do any unpleasant task, not caring to get her hands rough and forgetting that when I took charge of her that she had rough, red, and totally uncared-for hands, and the son never fails to find fault with the meals or the house-keeping—forgetting, too, that not so long ago he ate from an oil-cloth covered table poorly cooked and poorly served meals.

The business now supports four cars, yet my only chance to get to town is when my friends come out in their cars and take

# I Accept the Challenge

**I** AM not a writer. I've never written more than a few letters in my life.

But the other day, up in my big house on Fifth Avenue, the butler brought in an armful of new magazines. I picked up the November *SMYTH* SET, because I liked the cover. And then I read your appeal to your readers to have their own very private opinions on marriage. You didn't ask for writers—just for a few words from your readers. I decided to accept your challenge. No one will know who I am; there are lots of tired little girls who live in big houses on Fifth Avenue. I feel free to tell you just what has happened to me.

I was a salesgirl in a department store, one you all know well. Morning after morning, I went gaily down to my day's job, hanging to the nearest strap in the subway. Sometimes I got a seat, not because I was a woman, but because my eyes were big and my skin was fresh. All day long I stood on my feet, waiting on customers who were never suited. Hard as it was, I liked it. I liked my own little salary every Saturday night. It wasn't always going to be that small. I was only twenty and my head was full of hope and of dreams.

How I was to get ahead I wasn't quite sure. It doesn't often happen that girls get rushed up to be head buyers, as they write in the stories. Maybe I was to climb up through another's success.

Of course I had dreams about who that father was. Big Tom Tenney, who worked in the order department, had a way of looking at me that would make my heart skip a beat any time. Sometimes he would take me home to my little room way up in the Bronx. We would cook hot dogs over my gas jet, and giggle and—love, although the word had never been spoken between us. Tom had a mother and two sisters to support. Marriage would have to wait for many raises. So we never mentioned the thing that must have been close to us every second we were together. Sometimes it was all I could do to keep my hands out of his dear mop of hair. When the look in his eyes got too much for me, I would send him home.

Always there was work to be done, blessed work, and stretching ahead of me all the great future, wherein anything might happen. What did it matter that my stockings were only near-silk. I was young; I was happy with the mere joy of doing things.

me in, my husband saying in his bold way that I have no business with a car, and that I haven't the ability to run one over these country roads.

My friends praise me for the way I've brought this family into right living. Many of them, not knowing what I suffer from my husband's injustice, say that it should be compensation enough for having given up my mode of life. Maybe it would be, if my husband was fair enough to share with me the credit for what I've done along with the material things, but maybe I'm just not big enough to see it on the right way.

I have helped three people up to a higher plane of life, set their feet into paths of prosperity and their eyes on the finer things; but today I'm a bankrupt in all things—looks, pleasures, and hopes for the future. I often ask myself if this is life—if one must go down in the scale of life to permit another to ascend.

Is life like a giant see-saw where one must of necessity go down to allow another to make the up grade?

And then I ate stepped in. I was run down by a limousine on Fifth Avenue. When I woke up, I was lying in the most gorgeous room I'd ever seen except in the movies. Nurses and maids were everywhere, and I was dressed in a pink satin negligee that would knock your eyes out.

It seems I'd picked the president of a bank to get run over by. He'd taken me right up to his big house on the Avenue, and all the best doctors in New York had had a hand in bringing me back from The Great Beyond. Nothing was too good for me.

Mr. Foster's concern over my recovery flattered me tremendously. I guess he must have been feeling lonely at that time. His wife had just divorced him, and the big empty house depressed him. He wouldn't hear of my going back to my own little room, up in the Bronx. All his house, all his servants were mine to command.

As my strength came slowly back, I began to enjoy all the luxury. Mr. Foster's wealth awed me. He showered me with flowers, books, costly presents. At first I thought it was just to repay me a bit for having nearly made me an invalid for life. But soon I saw the same look in his eyes that Tom's had had. Only Tom's had given me a thrill, while Mr. Foster's filled me with fear.

And then one night, he asked me to marry him.

"You've brought youth and loveliness into this lonely house. Won't you stay with me, dear, always?"

I was swept off my feet. To be mistress of all this wealth, for Mr. Foster was a very big man indeed, was beyond my wildest dreams. I was only twenty and had never had anything. It is no wonder that I lost my head.

That he had picked me out, poor little nobody that I was, filled me with immense gratitude. The overawing personality of a man old enough to be my father, seemed to leave me no choice. I didn't realize the priceless gifts I was giving him, youth, innocence, beauty.

Why didn't I know how far I might have climbed quite unaided? I might have had a career: I might have known the glory and the joy of struggle, of working for all these things I was to accept tamely from his hand. For, completely awed by him, I meekly surrendered my priceless heritage. I became the bride of a man old enough to be my father.



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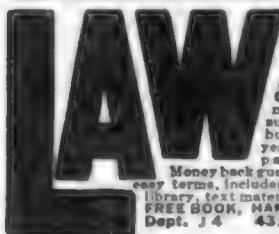
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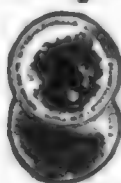


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How the girls at the store must have gasped over my good fortune as they read the accounts in the papers. They didn't dream what it meant to a girl of twenty to learn the mysteries of life, unhallowed by love.

As for Tom, I put him resolutely out of my thoughts. I would be loyal to my husband in thought as well as deed. I looked on my new life as a new job. My husband had married me because I was young and gay. I must remain so. I must make myself a part of his life. I must know about his troubles as well as his enjoyments. I must learn to be something beside a doll-wife.

But I reckoned without my husband. He had no intention of taking me seriously; he got enough of that down-town. All he wanted of me was my youth and laughter. Serious things were for friends of his own years.

I began to feel like a poor little marionette, playing to an audience of one, that often fell asleep right in the midst of my performance. Thoughts of the old evenings with Tom would creep in and I could not keep them out.

How we would have worked and loved together. What fun everything would have been. What joy, just to be alive. I couldn't realize that I had ever felt that way.

Here I was, at twenty, with everything finished. I had everything in the world I wanted by merely asking for it. There was nothing left in the world to strive for, no object ahead. Everything was already accomplished. My husband needed no one's help, let alone mine.

I LEARNED to receive his guests at the few dinners he gave at home. They were terribly dull. I remembered the hot-dogs, sizzling over the gas-jet. Generally my husband entertained at his club while I dined alone in the big house, alone except for thirty servants. How I came to hate servants.

I went to all the theatres; it was all I had to do. My husband's friends were all too old for me and he seemed to resent my preference for their daughters. So I played by myself. My husband's business absorbed his life. I was but a plaything for his idle hours. And he hadn't many idle hours. I was the one who drew those.

I had worked all my life and now I had nothing whatever to do. I couldn't even button my own shoes. Idleness was eating my heart out. I tried to study. I took music lessons. But it was all just to kill time. There was no great object ahead, nothing to work for. I didn't even bother to tell my husband I was studying. I didn't want to bother him with my small affairs.

I had been married two years, the two longest years of my life. I awoke in the morning with the feeling that another day must be gotten through with somehow. My luxury had long ceased to thrill me.

I sat up in my luxurious bed. No one but obsequious maids to talk to. A longing to see the old store seized me. I hadn't been in it since that fatal day I was run over. If I only were getting up to go to work again!

Why not go down and see them all?

I chose my plainest clothes, although everything bespoke wealth. I told my maid I would not want the car. Then I sped down the broad flight of steps, and turned towards the subway.

It had been two years since I had been in the subway. Now it felt like home to me. It was actually a joy to feel human beings rubbing against me. I was tired of the lonely isolation of my limousine.

It was a little after eleven when I got down to the store, and went around to the employees' entrance. Would the doorman remember me?

(Continued on page 119)



## "So you want to get married, eh?"

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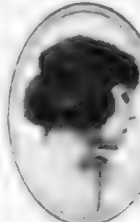
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## All The Law There Was

(Continued from page 57)

in the morning! Yes, that would be just like the old man. For a long time I lay there thinking. It may have been fifteen minutes later that I turned in my blankets and spoke to the old man.

"Adam, would you like to tell me about it?" I asked.

For a long moment the old man kept his silence. Finally there was the sound of wood being thrown on the fire. Then he spoke, a tired old voice that held the finality of fate in its hollow resonance.

"Yes, Johnny, I s'pect I might as well tell yo' 'bout it," he said. "Mebbe it'll do me good to tell somebody. I've kept it to myself so long I reckon it'll be a relief to get it off my mind."

"I killed him, didn't I, Johnny?" he asked suddenly, anxiously.

"Yes, Adam, he's dead," I said.

"I'm glad o' that," the old man went on. "I intended to make a good job o' it. Glad I didn't fail. His name was Jake Anson, Johnny. I hadn't seen him in twenty years."

"To give yo' the whole story I reckon I'll have to go back 'bout that length o' time so's yo'll understand."

"I was livin' in a little town in Wyoming then. Married. One boy. Had a good little business. Wasn't gettin' rich by no means but I was lavin' a li'l something by all the time and the world was a pretty darned nice place to live in. Absolutely satisfied."

"Mebbe I was too damn satisfied. Amy—that was my wife—an' I got married when we was jus' kids. One o' these kid romances you read about, only this one turned out right. She thought the sun rose and set on my hat crown, an' I guess I came 'bout as near worshipin' her—"

For an instant there was a catch in the old man's voice and then he went on steadily. "We never had but the one child—"

Adam, named after me. An' like every other couple that's only got one kid we thought there wasn't nothin' in the world like him. Foolish 'bout him. Probably made too much of him."

"At that I guess he was a pritty good kid. Got into the usual amount o' deviltry an' kid scrapes. Wasn't no better nor no worse than the rest o' the kids in town."

"Then the first thing we knew he was growed up. Only we didn't know it—that was the trouble. He was eighteen an' beginnin' to think he was a man, but to his mother an' me he was still a kid."

"It was jus' the old story. It's happened to a million boys. Some of 'em has come out all right; some has gone to hell. Adam got to thinkin' he was a grown man an' he thought he ought to do things that other men did. Got to runnin' 'round with the wrong crowd—a bunch of young hoodlums that hung 'round town and was connected with all the deviltry that was goin' on. And course his mother and me was blind as bats—never saw what was goin' on at all."

"I s'pect Adam got to runnin' around with women—the wrong sort. And he got to gamblin'. Nothin' serious. Just little games that didn't amount to nothin' in themselves but led to things that did. Adam wasn't bad. Just foolish."

"It was about this time that Jake Anson got hold of him. This man Anson was a damn scoundrel—a drinker, a rounder, a gambler. Wore flashy clothes and had a way with him. I know now that he was back o' every rotten thing that happened in town—only he kept himself out of the lime-light. He was just one of those pups that ought to be hung but never gets ketched at anything so's decent folks will have an excuse to hang them."

"He got to gamblin' with this bunch o' kids, an' Adam commenced to lose money to him. Not much at first: just little sums. But after while they got bigger—more than Adam could afford to lose. Adam gave Anson his I.O.U.'s for amounts he couldn't pay and this gave Anson a hold on him. Then Anson began to put the screws on."

"Then one day the thing happened right out o' a clear sky. I was in the store 'bout two o'clock when hell broke loose out in the street. I went out to see what was the matter an' then not havin' a gun I ducked right back in, for there was a masked gang holdin' up the bank."

"Things like that happened often in them days, but this gang was new at the game an' they picked the wrong bank. When the thing was over, two wounded bandits was ridin' out o' town with a posse at their heels an' three more lay dyin' in the street."

"Johnny," and the old man's voice was strained and harsh, "when they pulled the mask off o' one o' them it was my Adam!"

For several minutes old Adam Ryan sat in bowed silence before he went on. I waited patiently.

WHEN the old man continued, his voice was tired. "I guess you couldn't rightly understand, Johnny, but right then something died in me. I carried Adam home. He wasn't dead yet. Died an hour later in his mother's arms, but not till he had told me the story. Seems he had got in pretty deep with Jack Anson. And then one night Adam had been drinkin'—too much, I guess—and he got in a big game with Anson. Anson took two thousand dollars away from him. Adam couldn't pay and, while he was drunk Anson got him to sign my name to a check for two thousand."

"The next mornin' Adam realized what he'd done. Scared stiff. Went to Jake Anson an' tried to square it. Anson just laughed at him. And then he began to put the screws on hard. Told Adam if he didn't do what he wanted him to do he'd take the check to the bank. Adam knew what that would mean an' he knew it'd kill his mother if she ever found out, so he did as Anson told him to."

"They pulled off several shady deals an' then Anson sprung the big idea. Told Adam if he'd help hold up the bank he'd tear up the check. Adam was scared stiff, but he figured if he could jus' git that check he'd go straight then, so Anson finally scared him into comin' across. Anson had several others in the same fix and he planned the whole thing. Was goin' to take the money an' skip soon's it was safe. But he never took a chance. Not him. Had an alibi all framed for himself."

"I've told yo' the rest, Johnny. I buried the boy an' then a month later I buried Amy. It killed her, Johnny; that man Anson was a murderer if there ever was one."

"He killed my boy an' wife jus' as sure as if he'd shot 'em to death with a gun."

"After I buried my wife I went gunnin' for Jake Anson. But I never could find him. I spent five years on his trail, lookin' for that skunk, but I never did git him. He knew I was huntin' him an' he was too slick. Then I drifted into the valley an' I stuck. It was as good a place as any, an' I didn't have much to live for, anyway."

"You know the rest. Yesterday I met Jake Anson on the street. Wouldn't have knowed him except for a long scar on his forehead where a Mexican knifed him once. I told him who I was an' then I killed him. I'm glad I did. He'd lived too long."

For a time unbroken silence brooded over the little camp in the spruce.



"Adam," I finally asked, "why didn't you have him arrested and let the law take its course?"

"Johnny, as far as Jake Anson was concerned, I was all the law they was. No livin' person but me knew what he'd done. No court on earth would a-convicted him of anythin' just on my say-so. I knew he was guilty as hell, so I made him pay the penalty he should a-paid long ago, and I ain't sorry. I'm ready to pay my share now."

For an hour neither of us spoke. Old Adam sat by the fire smoking, gazing abstractly into the flames. I was doing some mighty hard thinking. Finally I could stand it no longer. Sitting upright I snatched the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Adam Ryan, you damned old fool!" I accused savagely. "What did you come back after me for? You could have got away—easy. No one could ever have caught you. You old idiot, what'd you come after me for?"

Adam Ryan looked up in mild surprise. "Why—why—why, Johnny," he said, "there wasn't nothin' else to do."

His voice carried a half injured tone.

WHEN the morning filtered in through the spruce, the cold was no longer so severe. When the sun was midday, far down the trail that leads from Thread-needle Pass and thence to Valley City, the figure of a lone man plodded along. He walked with a peculiar stilted gait as though his muscles were stiff and lame almost to the point of incapacity.

His face was grotesque. The frost had bitten deep into his cheeks, leaving them blackened and cracked. His lips were swollen. The frost had split them and caked them with dried blood. With charcoal from the campfire he had rimmed his eyes with black to soften the glare from the intense sun, giving him the ludicrous, if savage, aspect of a gargoyle. The eyes themselves were bloodshot and raw.

In the pocket of his shirt he carried a sheriff's badge of office.

I was that man. Adam Ryan was on the other side of the range, safe from pursuit.



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## Autumn Madness

(Continued from page 101)

"I do believe you want to marry,"  
Of course. I was a girl, I think  
my cheeks burned. "Didn't you?"  
No. I can't say I did, exactly. I wanted  
a good time first, but John was so insistent  
I had to marry him.

"My idea of a good time is a home and  
children, a husband who loves me and  
takes care of me," I said proudly.

"So, married. Then a husband it shall  
be."

I think I loved my sister, and I think in  
her own way she was fond of me. She did  
a great deal for me—was always giving  
me presents, helping me dress, showing me  
new ways to comb my hair which was thick  
and long. However, somehow she always  
convinced me that, no matter how expensive  
my gowns were, I looked dowdy. I did  
not possess the clothes which my features  
were irregular. It was next to impossible  
to find a becoming costume. I had too  
much common sense to have become charm-  
ing according to her and should never  
attempt to be witty, as it didn't suit my  
type. She had a cunning little way of  
calling attention to my faults, to my stam-  
bling conversation, always doing it in a  
sacredly sympathetic manner which robbed  
it of a sting.

John, who in those days was a tall,  
handsome, rather ordinary individual, once  
told me not to mind what Grace said;  
that it was just her way. At the time I  
was puzzled as to what he meant. He was  
kindness itself, and made me feel how wel-  
come I was in their home.

I had been installed in my new quarters  
about a week, when Grace gave a party  
for me. She wanted me to meet the young  
people of her set. There was a business  
associate of John's whom she was certain  
I would like. Together we purchased a  
new truck for the occasion, and I dis-  
tinctly remember that although I wanted  
a yellow one, because it gave life to my  
rather sallow skin and made my dark eyes  
and hair more brilliant, Grace insisted that  
I should wear gray.

Her own hair—sleek, heavy, and very  
black—was without a wave, and though  
mine was inclined to curl, I must dress it  
in the same fashion she wore hers.  
Blindly I followed her advice, with the re-  
sult that my head dress was distinctly un-  
becoming, hers most attractive. I don't  
believe she did it deliberately, but when I  
saw her in a canary-colored gown, such as  
I had desired, I felt a momentary bitter-  
ness and in my heart accused her of try-  
ing to make me look "frumpy." Yet, why  
should she wish to shove me into the back-  
ground? She was married, and happy. It  
was to her advantage to help me into matri-  
mony.

JOHN'S friend, Henry Bright, was an ex-  
ceedingly attractive man—traveler, well  
educated, and good looking—but I never  
had the opportunity to see if I could care  
for him, for after introductions he clung  
to Grace's side, hanging upon every word  
she said as though he were her lover. Yet,  
I knew he wasn't.

Once during the evening, as I sat in a  
corner alone, bored, hopelessly, a wall-  
flower, John crossed over to me and seated  
himself beside me. There was an under-  
standing gleam in his kind, gray eyes, and  
a lump rose suddenly in my throat.

"She's a card, isn't she?" he whispered,  
and although he smiled I knew there was  
an ache in his heart. "Grace is always the  
belle, wherever she is. That's what a chap  
gets for carrying off the most fascinating  
girl in the county."

"She can't help it: men are attracted  
to her," I defended.

"Lord love you, I don't mind," he  
answered; "but it's a little rough on the  
other girls."

During the five years which followed  
that party, every gathering was a repeti-  
tion of that night. Yet I don't think that  
Grace consciously did anything to ruin my  
chances of marriage. She was naturally  
so volatile, so full of the joy of living, so  
absolutely sure of herself, that men sur-  
rounded her as bees do honey. I was drab,  
expressionless, a foreordained old maid: it  
was foolish of me to think of marriage.  
As I was not in love with anyone, and still  
young, I felt no resentment; rather, I be-  
gan to see myself as she saw me. I had  
no sex lure, and while a woman may be  
domestic, imbued with maternal instinct,  
those attributes alone are not enough to  
attract men and cause them to desire her.

SOMETIMES her flirtations skirted near  
dangerously thin ice, but she always  
laughingly escaped from overstepping the  
bounds of propriety. John, who continued  
as a faithful watch dog, settled into the  
background, a mere figure-head in her gay  
existence.

I was twenty-five years old when I met  
Herbert Lansing. He was a widower of  
thirty-eight, with a little ten-year-old son.  
Grace and I had gone to the seashore for  
a few weeks, but John, becoming suddenly  
ill, had called her home to him, and for  
once in many years I was left alone.

The day after Grace departed, I met  
Herbert strolling along the beach. Per-  
haps because he was lonesome I attracted  
him. At any rate, from the first day of  
our casual meeting he attached himself to  
me, and became my constant companion.  
And I grew to love him—love him only as  
a woman who has been denied affection all  
her life could love. I knew he cared for  
me and would have asked me to marry him  
if Grace had not returned just at that time.  
Her appearance blasted my hopes, for be-  
fore forty-eight hours had passed I felt  
him cooling toward me, and when we left  
the seashore the words I had hoped to  
hear had never been uttered.

Five years more, ten, and—always the  
same thing. I had become resigned to a  
childless, husbandless existence, while my  
sister, who had both, usurped my chances.  
I realized that though I might never be a  
wife, though no child might ever call me  
mother, I was not loveless. John, good  
plodding John, loved me, and I in return  
loved him! Autumnal love, hopeless, but  
as ardent and consuming as any youthful  
passion.

At first we both refused to recognize it,  
but I knew he cared for me, though no  
word was spoken. And strive as I would,  
I could not keep the light from my eyes,  
the quiver from my voice when in his  
presence.

Grace was totally oblivious to the seeth-  
ing cauldron in her home. Probably had  
she seen any symptoms of my affection for  
her husband, she would have laughed and  
treated it as a joke Fate had played on  
me. Certainly she would never have be-  
lieved that John, having loved her, could  
care for so colorless a person as myself.

I determined to leave the place which  
had been my home for twenty years, feel-  
ing that daily contact with the man I loved  
and who must never be more to me than  
a brother was an agony impossible to en-  
dure; but I had no excuse to offer for my  
departure. To Grace I broached the sub-  
ject of going abroad, and immediately she  
responded, "We will all go."

Day by day I fought the thing which  
gripped me, avoiding John in every pos-  
sible manner, certain that in the end I

could conquer my unholy passion. So long as we were not together, nor spoke a word of love I did not consider myself a sinner. Was mine the blame that wedded love had passed me by and this other was thrust upon me?

Even with middle age, Grace remained as fascinating as before and had her score or more of admirers. Perhaps she realized that youth had vanished and that soon she would be relegated to the "sit by the fire" class; at any rate, she began to grow indiscreet, no longer used me as a chaperon, and made no pretense at desiring John for an escort. Thus it was that many evenings we were left to ourselves in the great, stone house. Usually I went immediately after dinner to my room, fully conscious of his loneliness—and my heart ached for him.

One wintry night I was sitting alone in my little boudoir, vainly trying to fasten my mind on the printed pages of a book, when there was a knock on my door, followed by John's entering. He was very pale and shaken-looking, and I saw at once that he had reached the end of the tether.

We faced each other in dead silence, then he caught me by the shoulders, peering into my eyes. "Emily," he said, "Emily!" That was all.

I began to cry, pulling away from him in terror of my own feelings.

"It's no use," he said at last. "I love you, you know it—and I know you love me."

"No! No!" I sobbed.

"Yes. Two people, a man and a woman, thrown together constantly, both lives wrecked through the heartless selfishness of another, who cares for none other than herself, both heart-hungry, weary—how could we help this thing growing?"

"OH, DON'T, don't!" I wailed. What am I going to do now? If you had said nothing we could have gone on all our lives, but—now! Oh, my God! John! What have you done?"

"We couldn't go on," he answered bitterly. "We are human. I have been but an automaton for over twenty years; I've never had a real home, nor a real wife; I've never had the love that was mine by right: I have stood by while she has scattered her affection among so many men that she has none left to give me, nor you either. Then I realized that you were all woman; that you should have had that love which I squandered on her for years; that you should have had a home and children, and I seethed. We may be old, but we've a right to a little of life in the few years we have yet to live! And we're going to have it!"

"She's my sister! My sister, John!" I cried. "If she were anyone else I wouldn't hesitate a second. I'm not afraid of public opinion, but I can't do this to my own flesh and blood!"

He argued, and I wanted him to. I wanted him to convince me that it was right for us to have each other. I recalled everything that Grace had done to me; I blamed her for my drabness, my celibacy, my shattered hopes; I listened to his plans.

We talked for an hour or more before we came to a decision.

We would go away together, leaving a letter telling her the truth. If she divorced him, we would marry; if not, we would go abroad and let come what would.

"It's now or never," John said, as I packed a suitcase in a fever of excitement. "I'll get the car out of the garage and you write her the letter. We'll drive over to Mandeville tonight and catch a train from there."

I wrote several notes and tore them up before I found the satisfactory words—bitter, burning words that scorched the

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paper and justified my step. Then, with John's arm around me, I left the house never to return.

For two hours we drove in silence through snow-drifts, over icy roads, black-shadowed by overhanging trees. The biting cold chilled me to the bone, but my flesh was on fire. I was starting out on my great adventure, and I was gloriously, madly happy.

It was after twelve when we reached our destination, thirty miles away. The town seemed asleep, only an occasional light at the street corners giving any indication of life. Even the hotel was darkened and closed for the night. After we knocked repeatedly, a sleepy-eyed clerk admitted us, and a sleepier bell-boy ushered us to the room which had been assigned to J. H. Burns and wife.

And now I sat in the shabby room alone, waiting to give John my decision—the decision which would rob us both of happiness, and send us back over the road we had traveled.

He knew before I spoke just what I was going to say. For one moment he held me close in his arms, kissed me for the last time, then said slowly, "Maybe you're right, Emily. God knows I hope you are. Perhaps we are too old to battle conventions; perhaps no one has the right to defy man's laws, but you realize that the going back is a million times harder than if we had never come away."

"Yes. If Grace has read our letter, this is farewell forever; if she hasn't, we've a heavy cross to bear."

There was a faint streak of gray in the sky when we drove into the pebbled path which led up to the house, which was in blackness. I felt numb, sodden. Just what would happen when Grace, as an injured wife, confronted us meant little to me. Only a sense of an intolerable ache, an utter hopelessness gripped me. I knew I had done right in returning but there

was no real satisfaction in my sanctity.

John unlocked the door, and I preceded him into the hallway. After a little he switched on the lights, and we removed our coats: then with feet that dragged like they were shackled with irons, I started up the stairs.

At that moment a door opened, and Grace stood revealed by the red glow of a night-lamp. She looked very lovely in a soft blue negligee, her inky hair falling in a black cascade about her shoulders. There was a sleepy smile on her face, young, almost childish.

"My goodness! Where have you two been so long?" she cried with laughing petulance. "I've been home for hours, and worried sick about you!"

I GAVE a sigh of relief. John stammered something about a drive and a punctured tire, then Grace disappeared.

Had she read the letter? Surely not, by her attitude. John was certain she hadn't. The next morning I looked about for it, but it was never found.

I took up my life just as I had left it, and never by word or action did Grace show any indication that she realized what we had tried to do that night.

To this day I am uncertain if she knows or not—but from that night on she ceased to be the butterfly, and though my own life is as barren as before John has found a measure of peace, for he has a wife who stays at home, and apparently desires the society of no other man.

Sometimes I wonder if he still loves me, if he regrets my decision that night at the hotel. But I shall never know. For myself, I am glad I came back, even though many times my eyes fill with tears, and my lips long for the kisses that are not mine.

## Tides at Fisherman's Cove

[Continued from page 69]

days Pierre was home I suffered in a scorching bit of hell. The only thing that made it possible to carry on, was the intervening weeks when he was away.

He was gone at this time. I didn't expect him home for two weeks. In the meantime I tried to forget.

It was the custom of the fisherwomen to gather on the beach to welcome the home-comers. So today, when they stopped at my cabin with the news that the Maxwells boat was due, I joined them—not because of any interest, but to still their quacking tongues.

The boat, now in sight, sailed slowly to anchor. In a few minutes the men were beaching their boats.

It's such little things that changes one's life. A turn to the right when we might have turned to the left, and life is never the same again. So today, I happened to be standing by Mrs. Maxwell.

HER surprised exclamation aroused me to interest. Joe Maxwell was coming up the beach. By his side walked a stranger. They came direct to where we were standing. There followed a slipshod introduction. Brace Gorden. I liked the name. I felt the firm clasp of a steady, strong hand. I met the level gaze of deep, gray eyes. Not one of us. He was a painter, come to get a touch of color for his marine work.

Something new and strange had awakened in my heart. I suddenly noticed the sea was a carpet of blue, covered by myriads of dancing jewels. I felt the soft touch of salt laden air on my cheeks. The sun

hung in an azure sky, dotted with soft fleecy clouds.

For the first time in my life I felt that there might be something in the world besides hate and passion and brutality. I did not know—then—that what I felt was love.

All the time Brace Gorden's grave eyes never left my face. He was speaking, small commonplace things, in a deep rich voice. And I listened, mute. It seemed the natural thing for him to fall into step with me as I walked back to the cabin. I had the strange feeling that in some other place, in some other life, Brace Gorden and I had walked before, just as we walked today.

He paused at the door of the cabin, held my hand again a moment as he said good-by.

"I'll see you again soon," he told me, and my heart beat fast.

"Yes," was all I could find to say. Through the window I watched his big, broad-shouldered form swing down the walk; then I remembered. How dare I let my heart beat so fiercely, because of the handclasp and the voice of another man. Was I not Pierre La Blanc's woman?

Then my numb submission died. Revolt, fierce, burning-like vitrol surged through my veins. I had no thought of being untrue to Pierre. All I asked was just a little happiness. I had my woman's right to that.

I talked it all over with Pal. He wagged his tail, licked my hand, chased madly in a circle after nothing at all, barked fool-



ishly at the same thing, and at last quite convinced me that he fully agreed with everything I said.

So I slipped the wedding ring from my finger—the better to forget. Then I tied it to a string and fastened it around my neck, where it lay cold against my breast—this I did, lest I should forget. But of one thing I was sure. Whatever might be the penalty I should have to endure, for two weeks I was going to be happy!

And I was happy. Brace Gorden and I were constantly together. We climbed the bluff at Fisherman's Cove. I forgot my fear of the place, because his hand guided me. We put on our bathing suits and raced hand in hand down the beach laughing like children as the tide whirled around us. We dug for clams, made a camp fire on the beach and baked them. When the setting sun drove us home we scampered back aglow and content.

He brought me books, and in the evenings we read, side by side at the table, in the oil lamp's uncertain light. After he had gone I would stay up very late, pouring over the books and dreaming.

In all this companionship there had been no hint of love. I did not pause to question if we loved, or what might happen if we did. It was just a bit of heaven flung into my life by some pitying angel, and I snatched it hungrily, not questioning what the outcome might be.

It was not till the morning I saw Pierre's boat riding at anchor that life as I must live it came back to me in all its hideousness. Then I knew I loved Brace Gorden; had loved him from the first moment my eyes met his; would always love him—let the future hold what it might. Then I prayed that something might strike me dead before Pierre La Blanc should reach the cabin.

But life is life. Nothing struck me dead. So, after a while I heard his clumsy step on the walk. I snatched up a book and tried to read. I couldn't. The words were little sparks of fire before my eyes. A moment later Pierre stumbled into the room. I looked up.

"Hello, Pierre," I managed, and stopped terrified. That one glance, and my heart sank like lead in my breast. He was in a black, thundering rage. And Pierre La Blanc in a rage was not a pretty thing to look at.

His eyes held that peculiar red tinge that always made a shiver along my spine. I knew before he spoke he had heard of Brace Gorden. Judging others from his own brutality he would place only one construction on our friendship.

The thought of the clean, happy hours with Brace lay bright in my heart. It was like the smirching of something holy to have Pierre La Blanc smear them with his beastly words.

I forced my eyes to meet his with some show of calmness as he stalked across the room. He rocked on his legs as he walked in a rage too great to control.

"Hello, Pierre!" he mimicked. "Get up out of that and kiss me. Do you forget you're my woman?" he ordered.

I clenched my teeth and sat still. Never of my own free will would I kiss that beastly face. My heart pounded madly, but I tried to hold my voice steady.

"I haven't forgotten, Pierre," I admitted. Would to heaven I could!

He jerked the book from my hand, tore it across with one jerk and flung it out of the door. I pressed my hand across my mouth to fight back the cry. To cry out would only make it worse. He stood facing me, his hands twitching. "I've heard about your goings-on. Think a woman of mine can make a huzzy of herself and me not know it?"

In a second I was on my feet, quivering with the rage that seared through me.

"You can't use words like that to me, Pierre La Blanc. I'm not that, and you know it."

He grasped my arms. His fingers dug into my flesh like talons. I clenched my teeth to keep back a cry of pain.

"You lie. I know what you and that liver-faced stranger have been up to. I'll fix him when I'm through with you."

He crushed me in his great, hairy arms and covered my face, throat, and shoulders with vicious kisses. He tore my clothes from me, piece at a time, laughing at my helplessness and shame. After a while he let me go.

"That's one lesson. You've got another comin'," he sneered.

I groped blindly for my clothes and struggled into them. Through a mist of misery I saw Pierre jerk a knotted rope from the wall. I had often wondered what that rope was for. Now, it seemed, I was going to find out. It was, apparently, kept to beat me with. I could hear the sharp intake of Pierre's breath as he slipped the cruel thing through his fingers. How was I to escape?

Something touched my hand. I looked dully down, and a ray of hope ran through me. I knew how to escape.

"I reckon I know how to make you stay home and be decent," Pierre was bragging.

It was Pal at my side. His eyes, gleaming with hate as fierce as my own, fastened on Pierre. A low growl rumbled in his throat. Every hair on his great body bristled.

"I warn you, Pierre. Don't try to beat me with that rope."

"And what's to keep me from it?" he sneered.

I spoke quick and low into Pal's ear. A black streak of muscle and hate and blind fury flew straight at Pierre's throat. For once I saw Pierre La Blanc shake with mortal terror. It was only the quick upfling of his arm that saved him. The sleeve of his slicker ripped away under the slash of Pal's fangs, and Pal crouched for another spring.

**THEY** fought. Two animals! Mad with blood lust! There was blood on Pierre's shirt and rank terror in his eyes when at last he begged me to call off the dog.

After all, I couldn't see Pierre torn to shreds before my eyes. I quieted Pal with the touch of my hand. For a minute the three of us, dog, man and woman, faced each other, panting and tense.

"The next time you can fight it out," I warned Pierre.

And that was the night I went to Brace Gorden.

I waited, lying taut at Pierre's side, till his snores told me it was safe to move. Then I squirmed cautiously to the floor, and slipped into my clothes. I moved dully. Only my brain seemed alive, and that was on fire. I wrapped a few belongings in a bundle, spoke softly to Pal, and together we slid from the cabin.

There was a light in the cabin where Brace Gorden had found lodging. I tapped lightly on the window. In a moment the door opened and Brace stepped into the semi-darkness.

"Brace—" I whispered, "it's Corinne—Brace—I couldn't stand it—I've run away."

"Come in, Corinne." His voice sounded strained. He drew me into the room, carefully shading the window. Then he took both my hands in both his own. "Steady, dear," he cautioned, for I was trembling with terror. "Now, tell me."

I told him, and his lips grew ashen. Then I told him of the rope and Pal. At that his control left him. His arms were around me. His lips on mine. His hands caressed my hair.

"I love you. I love you," he whispered.



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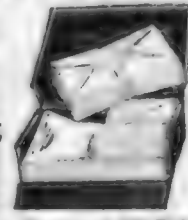
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You're mine, Corinne. I'll never let you go back. It's going to be life together from now, sweetheart."

For the first time in my life, I knew the joy a woman feels when safe in the arms of the man she loves.

Brace and I had lived in our little city flat for three months. We were gloriously, wonderfully happy. The life at Daly's Landing was beginning to seem like a horrible dream from which Brace Gorden's coming had awakened me.

One day while Brace was away, the door bell rang. In stories, one always has a premonition of danger. I had no such feeling. It was the butcher, or the baker, or perhaps some neighbor-woman for a bit of household something.

**I**T WAS none of these. It was my father. And my house of cards went tumbling.

Father was never given to unnecessary explaining. He said what he had to say in very few words.

Pierre would be home the next night. Then he was going to find Brace and kill him. Incidentally, I learned he would also withdraw the one-fourth interest. Father didn't tell me that directly. He tried to make it appear that all his anxiety was for Brace. Pierre had made one concession. He would hold his hand from harming Brace if I would go back to him.

I knew Pierre. He would kill Brace just as he had vowed to do. More, he would take him without warning. Brace would never have a chance.

I loved Brace till I would gladly die for him. But did I love him enough to go back to Pierre for him? That was the question that seared through my mind in one flashing instant. The next instant I had answered it. I knew what I would do. I would kill Pierre La Blanc.

Brace had given me a small automatic. In these days of petty thieving and apartment house marauding it was well to be protected. I made sure it was completely loaded. Six shells—five too many for what I was going to do. I placed it carefully in my traveling bag, and joined Father.

"You're a lucky girl to have a man good enough to take you back," he informed me, and took me straight to Pierre's cabin.

The day was darkened by driving clouds. Black, thunder-filled banks that piled and shifted, and piled again! Great combers crashed, and the water over Fisherman's Cove was a whirling death-pit of lashing foam. A low distant roar grew louder and nearer, till with the shriek of a thousand demons the hurricane swept down on coast and sea.

Then came the sucking tide under the cabin. I remembered that other night when as a child, I had trembled in Mother's arms. But this day I had no protecting arms to comfort me. I did not tremble. I was stonily, deadly quiet.

The tide crept fiercer and higher. It clutched and pulled at the cabin's insecure foundations till the place rocked and groaned like a creature in pain. Never had there been such a storm. It seemed as if

every element in ocean, sky, and land had combined in their fury to beat the life out of Daly's Landing.

And this day Pierre was coming home. I didn't think of danger to Pierre on the seething reef or the pounding sea. I had a vague feeling that the sea would never get Pierre. That was to be left to me. I sat, the automatic clutched in my hand. Just a flash as he came in the door, and it would be over, only I wanted him to know it was I—his woman—who was at last claiming payment.

I saw, in a dull kind of wonder, that the tide had reached the threshold of the cabin. Now it had crawled inside, was licking around the legs of the bed. A few more waves, a little higher, and it would reach across the cabin. I could hear the slush—slush—as it slapped against the walls. I hoped it would hold back till I had done that which I came to do, then—it didn't matter.

Then almost before my dazed mind could grasp it, Pierre strode in the door. He had fought his way through the sea, as I had known he would. At first he didn't see me, crouched in the corner, waiting. He stamped across the cabin to the window, stood cursing at the creeping tide.

I stood. Not a nerve quivered. I leveled my revolver. I could have struck so easily from the back. That would have been Pierre's way. But it wasn't mine. Then I spoke his name.

He turned swiftly, stood snarling. The tide rose another inch, wrapped around his stubby legs.

"I've come back to kill you, Pierre. Like you would kill the man I love," I remembered telling him.

Pierre's eyes seemed glued on that leveled gun. His face was ashy with terror, as it was that other day when Pal tore at him.

But I couldn't shoot him. It wasn't in me. Then came a deafening crash, a roar; it seemed as though all the water in the sea came crashing through the cabin wall. The timbers of the shack began to give way. I saw Pierre's body whirl and seep out with the tide, through the place where the wall had been.

**I**KNEW the water was tearing at my skirts. I saw another face in the doorway, and dimly wondered how Brace could have found me so quickly. Even as I went under and the water grew salt in my throat I felt a peace steal through me, for I knew Brace would be safe.

Brace Gorden's kisses pulled me back to consciousness, as the strength of his arms had carried me to safety.

He was holding me close when he told me Pierre's body had been found on the beach.

"Shot?" I trembled, trying to remember.

"Shot! Why no, dear. The sea got him. I thought you knew."

And now it's many years later. And our little flat rings with children's voices. And Pal dreams in the fire's glow.

We are happy! Happy!

## To Choose Smart Set Girls.

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## Which One?

[Continued from page 18]

Mary cannot make up her mind which." Doctor Greene raised his eyebrows. "Well, well, not every girl can take her pick."

"On the contrary, Doctor Greene," said Mother, "women always pick out their husbands and marry them, though the men don't know it."

"Ah ha!" exclaimed Doctor Greene, gleefully. "Now I will be able to tell Mrs. Greene whose fault it is." And we all laughed.

"Perhaps, Mary," added Mother, as an inspiration, "Doctor Greene can help you."

"Yes, oh yes," said the Doctor, "I have an excellent reputation for picking out good husbands for my patients. I would suggest the tall, dark one, Mary."

"No you wouldn't," I replied quickly, "because that's just the one I think I want. You would pick out the other one. I'll tell you—it's this way."

So we sat down on the settee, opposite the fireplace, and I told Doctor Greene all about it—that I respected Robert, but loved Tommy.

"Are you sure just how much you love Tommy?" he asked.

"Well, a girl knows how she feels."

"Not necessarily—not always. Do you think there can be any big love without respect?"

That had me guessing, but I said, "Oh, it isn't quite like that. It isn't that I disrespect him, or have any contempt for him. Only I haven't the big respect for him that I have for Robert."

"I see," said Dr. Greene thoughtfully. "Of course you have some respect for Tommy. But do you think it would endure the strain of married life? It takes a pretty solid man to stand up to that test. Marriage is a very trying proposition, Mary."

"I know that," I said. "I've seen it. That is—well, I've had my eyes open." Mother had left the room.

"However, there may be one or two things you have not thought of. I wonder if you have thought of the family side of the case?"

"Goodness," I said, "I wouldn't think of that part of it. He might be a fisherman's son, for all that. Besides, I'm not marrying his whole family."

**EXACTLY** what you are doing, Mary," said Dr. Greene, quickly. "That is the one thing you cannot get away from. You will have children. You are going to reproduce his lazy and stupid grandfather, or his industrious grandfather; his sweet and gentle grandmother, or his bitter and nagging grandmother; his steady brother, or his drinking brother, and so on. You see, the particular boy you marry may look good, but if his family is crazy, or if it is brilliant—well, you should think of that."

"For Heaven's sake," I said, "why all that? And yet I know you would stick up for Robert. But one can't marry a man one doesn't love."

"With friendship and respect, one learns to love him, sometimes, Mary," said Dr. Greene. "And as to that, in Europe and other places young people have their mates picked for them by their parents or by others, and it works out just about as happily as it does here, where they pick their own. But that's not the point. You want the right man for a father as well as for a husband. You think you are modern, marrying for love. But to be up-to-date now you must also go by your eugenic conscience."

"My what—?"

"Eugenic conscience—referring to a better race, better children."



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And so now I've got that to worry about, and complicate things. And I've been thinking a lot about it. And there are a couple of bums in Tommy's family.

Now I suppose it looks, from all I have said, that there is only one side to it. Everybody favors Robert. But on the other side is Tommy himself, as well as Aunt Lila.

"Now you listen to me, Honey," says Aunt Lila. "and don't you make any mistake. You marry the man you love, though all the world is against it. The head cannot decide in affairs of the heart. It is your happiness, your life, that you must look out for. Robert may be a fine fellow, but unless you have that feeling about him, that the one thing in the world that you want to do is to marry him, then you have no business to marry him. Besides, it is not fair to Robert to marry him, if you don't love him."

"But this eugenic conscience—" "Well, as to that family stuff," snapped Aunt Lila. "can you imagine having some daughters that looked like Robert, with those big bones in their faces, as homely as a mud fence? How would you like that?"

"Well, I wouldn't," I said. "And I guess that instinct and natural selection have a lot to do with this eugenics, or evolution, or whatever it is," said Aunt Lila. "And love is the instinct that tells you whom to marry. And if you went back as far as William the Conqueror, both Tommy and Robert would have a million ancestors, so I imagine there's not so much to choose between them, at that. Saints and sinners in all families."

"And listen, Honey," Aunt Lila continued, "don't you make the mistake that I did. I married a man that I did not love. He was a good man; I respected him. He has done well. But that doesn't make one happy, if she has married the wrong man. He is interested in his business. I mean nothing to him. It's a lonesome life. I'd die before I'd do it again. Follow your heart, Girlie, whether he has money or not, and you'll be happy."

WELL, I told Mother what Aunt Lila said, and Mother smiled sadly as she shook her head. "It doesn't seem to make much difference, that," she said, "because I married the man that I loved. I was just crazy about your dad. But—well, you know how it is here—one misunderstanding after another. Marrying the man you love won't save you, Mary, if he is the wrong man. You know, Dearie, that I am not anxious to have you married at all, and surely not for a long time yet. Of course you don't know that you are having the best time of your life right now. But when it comes to marrying, you are just as likely to be unhappy with the man you love as with the other. Maybe more so, because you will expect too much. But I'll tell you it will make a difference whether your husband is successful and a man you can be proud of at least, and doesn't keep you poor. Your father has at least done well. Don't you take any chances."

And so there you are. Everybody doing a lot of crepe-hanging about this marriage business. I told Father what Aunt Lila said about the million ancestors if you went back far enough, but he said her argument wouldn't hold water. And as to having homely daughters if I married Robert, he asked me if I would rather have them handsome on the outside of the head or on the inside. Well, you know what he meant.

One thing Aunt Lila asked me: "Can you imagine yourself married to Robert?" "Yes, I can," I said, "and I can imagine being very proud of him." And that of course is one of the things I have always

dreamed that I would insist upon feeling about my husband. I would want to be somebody, as his wife, and people should honor us. I felt highly honored when Robert proposed to me, because everybody thinks so well of him. He was so very respectful. There is nothing "fresh" about Robert. There was none of that passionate, flaming "I love you, I love you, I love you," that Tommy breathed into my ear, as he held me close. Tommy proposed like a movie hero, and he loved me and wanted to marry me in the same breath, until I had to push him away so as not to be eaten up.

But nothing like that about Robert. Some of the girls say he is slow. Well, that is all right, in Robert, and I like him for it. Anyway, he didn't have the nerve to propose to me in person. He said it was because it meant too much to him. Robert wrote his proposal in a letter, and he told me later that he wrote that letter over twenty times, and then was afraid to mail it, until finally he desperately pushed it into a mail box, and then it was gone. Frances says that a man doesn't think much of a girl if he hasn't the nerve to tell her to her face that he loves her, but I guess a fellow only needs to be fresh to do that. I am sure that Robert thinks a lot of me, and I will say frankly that that gives him almost his strongest hold on me. It is pretty hard for a girl to ignore the fact that a man thinks a lot of her; that is bound to get under her skin. And if it doesn't make him actually repugnant to her—which it does sometimes—it is bound to make a big impression, in his favor. That's a point on Bob's side.

I know that Bob would keep on caring for me, for he is the sticking kind. I know how he stuck to the track team, though he wasn't much of a runner to start with. But he kept on year after year until he won the mile championship in college. It was just sticking. He stuck to his studies, and he sticks to his work, and he will stick to me. I can't shake him off, and that makes me a little afraid of him. Sometimes I wonder if he will get me in spite of myself.

And yet—here is where Tommy comes in—I do not have the feeling for Bob that I have for Tommy, the jolly, good-natured dumbbell. My heart just seems to sing when he comes around, and I feel as if I want to pull his hair, or fix his necktie, or tuck in his muffler, or something. And when a girl feels like that, she ought to look out. When I don't see him I think perhaps I will turn him down, but when he comes I am glad I have not—as yet. He may not be a "heavyweight" mentally, as Dad put it, but he is my Tommy. When I am with him I just forget all the troubles and cares of the world. Everything seems to be at peace. I feel as if I could just go to sleep in his arms and be happy. I don't let him see all this, and I push him away, even when I would like to lean my head on him. Somehow, where Tommy is concerned, there is that—I don't know what to call it—a kind of sympathy, a kind of understanding, a feeling that I want to be closer to him. I may be doubtful about him in my distant and sober moments, but when I am with him I feel that I always want to be with him.

Theoretically, Robert seems to be the better choice. He is so strong, so capable, a sort of master of the situation—except in love. And yet that is the only place where Tommy is master. I feel that I could lean on Robert, depend upon him for protection and support. Doctor Greene said, among other things, that after all, a woman wants strength and brains most of all. And I think that is true, and that is why I am still debating about this whole thing. Robert's looks are not against him. I feel that I need him, or some one like him.

On the other hand, poor Tommy seems to need me. I think he would be more or less lost if I should turn him down. Of course he says he could never live without me. Of course any one would know that Robert, no matter how much he cared for a woman, would have the strength to be able to live without her. And when I think about Tommy needing me, why, I just simply can't decide against him.

Dad laughed one day when he said my position was like that of the hungry donkey in the story. The donkey found himself

squarely between two shocks of grain on each side of the road at equal distances and both equally attractive so that he could not decide between them, and stood there in indecision until he starved to death.

Frances says that if I keep on waiting someone else will decide it for me. I am afraid that if that happens, the one I lose will be the one that I will think I want. Well, I think now that I want Tommy. My heart says Tommy; my head says Robert. I don't know which one to marry. Which would you choose?

## What Have I Done?

(Continued from page 55)

I didn't want to drive at a pretty good clip. I wanted to sit and look at the beautiful gardens in the moonlight, and just be comfortable.

When I said so Brad had another suggestion.

"Why don't we stay here, then? They have charming little bungalows, and you could have one of those instead of a suite in the hotel itself. You'd be perfectly comfortable, and early in the morning the car will be fixed and we can go on."

It sounded perfectly wonderful to me. So Brad went off again, and within half an hour my bags and I were installed in the darlingest little house imaginable. It was just perfect. And all the windows opened out on the gardens. It was fairyland!

"Mind if I stay and smoke a cigarette with you; it's awfully early," Brad said, when I'd finished exclaiming over the beauty of the place. "I've got something to talk over with you, and this is a good time to do it."

I wanted to hear it, of course.

"It's about Marian," he told me. "I had a letter from her this morning. She's changed her mind, and doesn't want to get a divorce after all."

I just sat there and stared at him. The ground had been knocked from under me. I had felt that the future was all settled—and now there wasn't any future.

"Somebody out here has written her—evidently they sent the letter by air mail and she wrote me the same way!" he said, taking out her letter. "She writes, 'I hear that you are rushing Nina Royce. Well, have a good time while you can, for I've changed my mind about that divorce, and I'll be with you again very soon now. Tell Nina I'm sorry for her; too bad to upset everything for her again, isn't it?'"

Oh, I was so angry. I could have killed Marian. I just raved around the room and said everything I could think of. Finally I burst into tears, and Brad took me in his arms and held me close to him till I'd stopped crying.

"Don't tire yourself all out, dear," he said. "There's no use. I should have remembered how jealous Marian is, but I couldn't think of anything but being with you."

"But how dare she be sorry for me?" I cried. "Oh, I hate her! I wouldn't have given her the chance to pity me for anything in the world."

"It's cruel that she can do this to us," Brad said. "I can't bear to think of losing you again. Nina, I can't live without you."

I just clung to him and sobbed. But I realized that I was crying with anger at Marian as much as with sorrow at losing him.

"Nina darling, are we going to let Marian separate us?" he asked me suddenly, holding me closer than ever. "She hasn't any right to do it. Let's refuse to let her."

"But you can't divorce her, without any reason," I said.

"No, I can't. But let's not bother about that. Let's not let her come between us. Oh, Nina, I love you so much. You and I are here together now—nothing else matters."

At first I didn't realize what he was trying to say to me. Then suddenly I understood, as he went on. I jumped up and ran across the room.

"Go away this minute!" I cried. "I won't listen to you any more."

"Nina darling, don't be foolish. You know how much I care for you. Nina, listen to me."

I was horrified; suddenly he wasn't the Brad I knew at all, but a stranger.

"I don't want to. I hate you," I cried.

"Oh, you do—yet you're willing enough to marry me, if Marian goes through the farce of getting a divorce in Paris, and you go through the farce of having your marriage annulled. You haven't any more respect for marriage than that—yet you're disgusted when I suggest that we stay here together without bothering about the little formality of being married."

What he said was true, of course. I realized that, as I stood there with the width of the room separating us. After all, the marriage vows as we'd been looking at them weren't binding at all. Just words said over us couldn't hold us, unless we kept those vows in our hearts.

"You're right," I said at last. "I'd still be married to Donald even if I had had my marriage annulled. I'm still his wife."

HE WAS furious then. He had thought that he could taunt me into seeing things his way, and instead he had pushed me further than ever from him. I was determined then that he would go. He ran across the room to me, but I slipped into the bedroom and locked the door. He pounded on it for a few moments, and then went away. And I caught up my small bag and ran down through the gardens to the road, and walked and walked till I came to a railway station.

It was a dreadful trip back. I rode in a day-coach full of noisy people and crying children. But nothing could matter to me but the fact that I had got away from Brad.

I did a lot of thinking on that trip back. I tried to see Brad as he really was; that one little glimpse I'd had of him had shown me a good deal. The scales began to fall away from my eyes. I began to realize that he never had loved me very much, because he had loved himself so much more. By the time the long, tiresome journey was ended I was ready to thank God that I wasn't married to Bradley Thayer. And I wanted to crawl back to Donald on my hands and knees and beg his forgiveness.

I telephoned from the railway station to Aunt Sue, and she came rushing down to get me in her own little car. She wanted



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put me to bed and gave me hot milk, but I wanted nothing but a telegraph blank.

DONALD DRANK, MAY I COME BACK TO SEE AM OTHER.

I sent the message from the railway station before I went home with Auntie. And then I walked the floor till I heard from him. He just wired:

COME AS FAST AS YOU CAN.

When I got off the train and saw Don standing there waiting for me, I cried for joy. But when I saw how thin and shabby he looked, I cried out of pity for him. I couldn't bear to see him looking like that.

"Oh, Don, what have I done to you?" I asked him.

"Nothing, I've done it to myself," he answered, with a smile that broke my heart. "I should have been a man, when you left me, and I was just a fool. I drank my head off. I just let everything go, and tried to drink myself to death. I didn't quite succeed, but I don't believe there's anything here that's worth your coming back to, Nina."

"If YOU still love me I don't care what you've done," I told him. "I'm the one who's been the fool, Don."

"But, Nina, we've got to start all over again, and live in that awful little flat, and you'll have to do the work—"

"I'll be glad to," I told him. "And I'll do a whole lot better than I did then."

We went back to the little flat right then, and not in a taxi, either, but on the subway. We bought some food at the corner grocery, and I hunted out one of my old bungalow aprons and cooked it myself. But I couldn't eat. I sat on the arm of Donald's chair with his arm around me, and tried and tried to tell him how sorry I was about the way I'd acted, and how happy I was to be home.

"I'd have died if you hadn't sent me word that you wanted me," I told him.

"Well, I guess I couldn't have stood it much longer without you, either," he answered.

We both thought that it was going to be plain sailing after that. We settled down and did the best we could. The doctors he had worked with had lost faith in him when he just gave up everything and began to drink so much, and he had to convince them that he'd reformed.

"I couldn't tell them that I wouldn't ever drink again, though," he said to me afterward, "because I'm not sure of myself. That's the awful part of it now. I don't want to drink, but when the desire comes on, I can't do anything to curb it. I'm afraid of it, I guess."

"You needn't be, while you have me to help you," I told him. "You and I together can conquer anything now."

We were so happy. I loved keeping the little flat clean, and cooking for Donald, and keeping his clothes mended. I didn't want anything more than what I had, it seemed to me. When the door was locked at night and he and I were there all by ourselves, I wouldn't have traded places with anyone in the world, no matter how much money they had.

Not that things were so easy, though. I found that Don really couldn't help drinking. When he'd been working awfully hard for long hours at a stretch, it seemed as if his resistance was all gone. He was like a man who isn't himself at all. It wasn't as if my Donald drank, but as if a stranger did. But I loved him so much that I could understand him. That showed me that at last I really knew what love was. I'd never had any idea of it before. You have to care for a man with every

single bit of yourself, to know what I mean.

It didn't happen very often, only twice in the first six months. And then I told Donald some news one night that made us both realize that, though we'd thought we had everything, we hadn't. For we were going to have a baby.

"I'll never drink again," Donald exclaimed, when he'd finally got over trying to tell me how wonderful it was. "I couldn't."

I felt that Don and I had paid the price of our happiness; we'd both been wretched, but now we weren't going to be.

I had thought at one time that being awfully poor was about the worst thing that could happen, and now I knew that it wasn't bad at all if you had love. And I was glad that we had gone through such hard things, because I felt that we knew more about life than we would have otherwise, and that we'd be better able to take care of the baby that was to be ours.

We'd sit and plan for him in the evenings, about where he'd go to school and college and all that sort of thing—even to the time when he'd be married and having children of his own, and we'd be grandparents!

"And he's going to be exactly like you," I'd tell Donald.

"Not in every way," Don reminded me. "The curse that my father and grandfather and I have had isn't going to be handed down to him!"

"Of course it isn't; you've killed it," I answered.

I felt so sure about everything. And when I held my baby in my arms, and Donald knelt there beside the bed and looked at both of us, I knew that Heaven could never hold greater happiness for me than life held right then.

The baby was wonderful. Donald worked harder than ever after he came. He had a fairly good practice by that time, and was called in on special cases at one of the big hospitals where many children were treated. We had money enough to take a little house in one of the suburbs, and to keep a maid. I took all the care of the baby myself. I loved him so that I didn't want anyone else to look after him.

When he was six months old we decided to go off on a little trip; Donald was all worn out, and needed a complete change, so we went away off up in the mountains and camped. We wanted to be all by ourselves—I was afraid that if we were anywhere near a telephone somebody would send for Donald, and he wouldn't get the rest he needed after all. So we went to a place that was miles from a town and more miles from a railroad, just as far from civilization as we could get.

It was a beautiful place. Our tents were pitched on the shore of a little lake. Don caught fish and cleaned them, and I cooked them, and we lived like Indians. The baby was like a wonderfully healthy, little animal. Donald worshiped him as I did; it seemed to us that there never had been a more beautiful child than ours.

Donald had left his work just in time. He was restless and moody, and would go off for long walks by himself, coming home so tired that he'd just tumble down anywhere and go to sleep. I couldn't do much for him, but I felt sure that being there where he was outdoors all the time was the one thing in the world to get him rested.

It was early autumn, and the leaves had just begun to turn, so that all the hills were yellow and red and brown; it was Indian summer weather, too, and the air was like gold.

We had been there a week when some men pitched their camp at the other end of the lake. They were there to hunt and fish, and though I was sorry to have our



privacy invaded, I thought at first that perhaps it would be a good thing to have them there, because Donald might like to go hunting with them. He said that he'd go down in a day or two and see what they were like.

I wasn't sorry to have him go, the afternoon he decided to do it, as the baby had had rather a restless night and had been fretful all morning, and I wanted to take a nap. Don went off at about four o'clock, and I lay down in the hammock beside the baby's smaller one and went to sleep.

I was awakened by a queer, strangling cry. At first I couldn't think what it was; then I turned to the baby. The instant I looked at him I knew that he was ill. I jumped up and took him in my arms, dreadfully frightened. Donald had always been with me to advise me; I didn't know anything about children's illnesses, and anyway, our baby had never been sick. I didn't know what to do.

A few moments later, when he began to have convulsions, I was frantic. There wasn't anyone to help me. I had slept so long that it was dark, and I huddled down in the light of a lantern, holding the baby, trying to think of some way of helping him. It was terrible.

I kept thinking that Donald would come soon. It was seven o'clock, and he had told me that he could walk to the other end of the lake in an hour and a half, taking a short cut that he knew of, although it was a two hour walk by the regular trail. I prayed that he would come soon.

Once I got up and started to go to meet him, with the baby in my arms. But it was so dark in the woods that I was afraid to go on. I didn't know the way, and if I lost the trail it would be dreadful. So I went back to the camp again. I managed to build a fire, but that and the lantern light just made the shadows seem darker than ever.

It got later and later, and still he didn't come. Nine o'clock, and ten, and eleven, and still I sat there alone, my baby suffering agonies, and no way of helping him. Nobody can ever have suffered more than I did. The most terrible crime in the world could not deserve any greater punishment.

It was after two o'clock when Donald finally came. I heard footsteps out in the darkness, and jumped up, praying that it would be Don. But when I saw him, I screamed. Anyone else would have been better.

HE CAME stumbling along, his head hanging forward on his chest, his arms dangling. He reeled from one side of the path to the other. When he saw me he stood there grinning like an idiot, and said something that I couldn't understand.

I couldn't speak. I didn't even know that I was crying. I just knelt there, staring up at him. He stood, swaying back and forth, mumbling, and the firelight made him look big and ugly, like an ape.

Even then he could have saved our boy. I tried to rouse him, tried to make him understand what had happened, but he just laughed foolishly, and collapsed on the ground. I couldn't wake him.

I knelt down by the fire again. I saw the sun come up that morning, as I had seen it come up the morning after my wedding night. But this time it came as my baby gave one last little heartbreaking moan and then lay terribly still in my arms.

Hardly knowing what I was doing I cried, "Oh, baby dear, don't die! Don't die!" I couldn't let him go like that. It didn't seem possible that he could be taken from me. I must call him back. I ran to Donald and struck him, beat him in the face with my clenched hands. He sat up and looked at me stupidly. I was screaming and pointing to the baby, where I had



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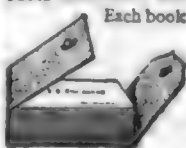
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laid him on some blankets for him to see.  
Donald wasn't himself till late in the  
afternoon. When he realized what had  
happened I thought he too would die. And  
I believe that he would have killed himself  
if I had not made him sit down and listen  
to me. His grief was a terrible thing to  
see. It made me strong enough to forget  
myself and to face the truth.  
"I know how you feel," I told him "But  
it's no use. We can't do anything for Boy.  
He's gone. And it's not your fault, any  
more than it's mine. I wasn't big enough  
to stand by you when you needed me. I  
wouldn't have a child when you wanted

one, and I let you go back to drinking.  
Then I ran away. Boy has died in vain  
if he hasn't taught us to live, Donald."

During those terrible hours when I sat  
there with my dead baby in my arms, I had  
learned that. At first I'd almost gone  
mad.

Donald never has drunk anything since  
then. He can't bear even the thought of  
it. The fire we went through cleansed  
us both, made us new.

We have another baby now, a girl. She  
is a lovely little thing, but she can never  
take Boy's place. No child ever can.  
And Donald and I love each other.

## The Damned Yankee

(Continued from page 61)

"Will you—take my arm and help me  
there?" I—I am about done up from climb-  
ing."

His big hand took my arm for an  
answer and we moved forward after the  
shadowy form of Foambreast, who picked  
up his tracks and led us back to the trail.  
Sometimes it seemed as if the man must be  
lifting me bodily over rocks and stumps.  
Once when I almost stumbled, his arms  
went around me, and there in the cold,  
blinding snow an unaccountable warmth  
surged through me. I pulled myself  
away, conscious still of his touch.

"You know these roads better than I  
do, Miss Pendleton. With the snow al-  
ready inches deep, which trail is easiest to  
make the valley?" he asked.

"Both are treacherous with snow on the  
ground. There is no footing for a horse,  
especially in the dark. But of the two, the  
west trail, I think."

And so, with me astride Foambreast and  
my enemy from the North walking, we  
started down from Sabre Mountain in a  
slashing snow-storm. We had made a  
mile, perhaps, when Foambreast buckled  
forward, snorted, and went down with a  
moan. Somehow I sensed the fall and  
freed my right leg in time. I was shaken  
up but not hurt. Foambreast stayed down  
in the slippery snow, whinnying with pain.

"Poor fellow, he's sprained his shoulder,  
I'll bet," said Dexter Smith, leaning over  
the prostrate animal. At last he got  
Foambreast to his fours, but the beast only  
hobbled about on three legs. By this time  
the violence of the storm had increased  
tenfold. We could hardly see a few inches  
beyond our noses. But we pressed on,  
stumbling now and then, while the limping  
Foambreast brought up the rear.

"What's that to the right?" asked the  
man a half hour later when something dark  
loomed at us off the trail. It took me se-  
conds to rouse myself. Finally I remem-  
bered. It was the old vacant cottage on  
the west trail of Sabre Mountain.

"I—I think we better stop there and  
rest," I murmured.

**D**EXTER SMITH threw his great body  
against the door and it gave way. Once  
inside I sank down on the dusty floor,  
stripped of all my physical strength. With  
half-closed eyes I watched my rescuer light  
a match and peer around the musty room.  
Then my eyes closed, and the next time I  
opened them the magic of a blaze roaring  
up an open fireplace greeted me. As I  
made a motion to get up Mr. Smith came  
over and helped me to my feet. It was  
then that I realized his coat was around  
me. I tried to hand it back. But he in-  
sisted that he was warm.

"I broke up the floor in the next room.  
The boards made a fine fire," he said.

Those were the last words either of us  
spoke for a long time. Now that the im-  
mediate emergency was over I remembered

who the man was. He was Dexter Smith  
out of the North. My enemy! My father's  
enemy! But for all of this, and the per-  
vading silence, I watched him out of the  
corners of my eyes, his hair seeming more  
golden in the yellow light from the  
crackling flames. All this time he sat  
watching the fire, wistful dreamy lights in  
his eyes. Not once did he deign to look  
at me. At last he drew a cigarette case  
from his pocket. Before I knew it he  
was on his feet, coming toward me.

"Smoke?" he asked, offering the case.

I took a cigarette. He lighted it for me,  
our fingers flashing together for just one  
tiny second as he held the match. Lighting  
one for himself he went back and sat down,  
his face very serious now in the dancing  
light.

"It's—er getting late, Miss Pendleton;  
nearly ten o'clock. The storm grows  
worse. I am wondering if you'd be afraid  
to stay here all night alone while I go  
down and let your folks know you're  
safe—"

"Afraid?" I repeated, startled by his  
words. "No, Mr. Smith, I'm not afraid to  
stay alone. But I don't want you to tell  
my folks anything. We can start out to-  
gether whenever you are ready now. I—I  
think we better leave Foambreast in the  
back room there where you put him,  
though," I finished.

"Then we will start now, Miss Pendle-  
ton."

The wind was like flying ice, and the  
snow beat our faces like cold, clammy fists  
as we braved the storm. Before many  
steps we found it necessary to cling to each  
other in order to stand up straight, and  
then after a few hundred yards came the  
realization that we could not go on; that  
we must return to our abandoned shelter.

Back in the vacant house he rebuilt the  
fire, and we sat down to face the business  
of a night together in a lonely house on  
the west trail of Sabre Mountain. Ex-  
haustion overpowered my will at last and  
I fell asleep on Foambreast's saddle  
blanket, using the saddle for a pillow.

I ached from head to foot when I awoke  
in the cold gray light of early morning.  
Through half-closed eyes I saw Dexter  
Smith bending over the fire-place with a  
few pieces of wood.

Then it was not all a nightmare! I had  
spent the night in a house with my enemy,  
and the day was at hand when I must go  
down the trail with him—the trail that  
would lead back to my stricken father who  
must never know the terrible truth of what  
a straying horse and the storm had brought  
into a night for me.

Somehow we made our way down the  
snow-covered trail into the valley. And  
there, at a cross-road, I thanked him as  
warmly as I could and went my own way,  
refusing his offer to accompany me. Only  
once did I turn around as I walked away.  
And that one time I found Dexter Smith



standing where I had left him, his eyes following after me.

Father was prostrated in bed from worry. Aunt Hetty, almost beside herself, flung her arms around me and half-carried me in to him. He looked upon me as if I had suddenly come back from the dead. Simply enough, for all of the emotions bursting inside of me, I told him that I had become lost looking for Major, and once overtaken by the storm had taken refuge in the old vacant house on the west trail.

"When Major came in at midnight alone, I thought the worst, Shirley. I wanted to die, too," he cried.

A FEW days after my experience on the trail with Dexter Smith I came home at dusk to find Aunt Hetty wringing her hands and sobbing in agony. Father was no place to be seen. For a long time the fat, colored woman refused to tell me what was the matter. At last she blurted out words that Father had come home from the village like a madman, swearing that he was going to kill Dexter Smith. Aunt Hetty had tried to reason with him, but he had swept her aside, and taken his old-fashioned pistol. At the very moment he was on his way to Oakacres in the cold raw night to shoot the Yankee, she said.

"But why, Aunt Hetty? Why?" I cried, a thousand fears and suspicions twisting inside of me.

"Gawd hab mussy on me for tellin' you, chile, but yo pa swore as how in de village dey's sayin' you an' de miserable scalawag spent de storm night together in de vacant house—"

"Oh, Aunt Hetty!" I moaned, knowing the worst then.

Someone must have seen us coming out of the house that morning, or coming down the trail together. Surely Dexter Smith had not told! God forbid such a thing! He was a man—a gentleman, even if an enemy. No. Not Dexter Smith! Someone else had seen and talked! In the terror of that conclusion I dashed out of the house and ran through the raw night towards Oakacres with all the speed at my command. I must overtake Father and force him to come back with me.

I had entered a long, woodland road. An upgrade stretch was before me. A figure swayed on through the dimness ahead.

"Father!" I gasped.

"Nothing 'll stop me, Shirley. I'm going to kill him—the damn skunk. I believe he told—told that lie about being with you all night."

"No—no—you must not," was all I could answer back. Suddenly Father stumbled backwards in the tiny ditch, and I fell down upon him. The fall took all the breath and fight out of him. I slipped the pistol from his fingers and was holding it aloft when steps sounded on the driveway. My moment of greatest terror was upon me. Was someone from Oakacres about to find us in the ditch?

But the newcomer was Old Zach, sent by Aunt Hetty.

"Keep Father here until I get the car and return, Zach," I ordered, and with every muscle and bone in my body hurting I got up and ran down the drive towards the cottage.

Dad was still unconscious when I returned. Only the ministrations of Doctor Hampton at the cottage brought him back. All that night he moaned and groaned in his drugged sleep. And when morning came, he waked with glazed eyes, and pinched cheeks, insisting between great hacking coughs that he had been through a terrible nightmare.

"My God, Shirley! I dreamed I was going to kill that damned Yankee for having



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told the village that he spent the storm night with you on Sabre's west trail in the old vacant house. What a terrible dream that was! And I fought Shirley in that nightmare, too. Come here, girl, and kiss your father. Tell him it was only a terrible dream!" he cried.

"Of course it was, Father, of course," I said, looking up at Doctor Hampton with frightened eyes. Father's mind was racing.

"Remember, Shirley girl, your father must never know the truth. It would kill him. He must be made always to believe this was only a nightmare."

"Yes, Doctor, I know. But who could have said such terrible things about me?" I begged.

"God alone knows who could have been so evil-hearted. If Berkley were only here to help you; to find out and track this thing down."

"He will be back in two weeks," I answered dazedly.

CHRISTMAS morning, Doctor Hampton came out of Father's room with a worried face. I saw him try to brighten up before my eyes, but it was no use and he knew it. I sensed the worst.

"If it were only the body we had to mend I'd feel more confident. The cold is deep inside of him. But that can be driven out. It's—the mind and spirit, Shirley, that we've got to mend before the body'll stand a chance. He can't understand being in this cottage. He's asking for Oakacres. I—I hate to tell you this, but, Shirley, there's only one chance for your father."

"What is it, Doctor?" I asked, already guessing what was coming.

"The Colonel must be brought back to Oakacres. When his strength returns and he has mastered the cold we may dare to tell him the truth all over," said the doctor, his eyes upon the floor.

"I see," was all I answered at the moment.

The old man's arms went around me. I could feel his fingers trembling against my shoulders. I saw the tears welling up in his eyes.

"I know what it would mean to ask you to go to—Smith. I'll go gladly, Shirley," he mumbled.

But I shook my head. It was my place to go. For Father I would do anything.

My pride was in the dust then.

That night I drove to Oakacres. Dexter Smith was surprised at my coming. But something about his manner made me believe he was secretly glad. Together we went into the library, where a big open fire was blazing. My eyes were on that crackling fire as I began to speak. Somehow I managed to tell him the facts without breaking down. He did not let me finish to the end, and for the first time my heart went out to him. He had generously saved me from my own emotions.

"Oakacres, all of it, is yours to use, Miss Pendleton. I—I am going away—anyhow—to Europe," he said, his eyes avoiding mine.

Out on the deep veranda of Oakacres in the cold, clear starlight of December I gave him my hand while my eyes sought his, unashamed and unafraid to reveal the thanks my uplifted heart held for him. Frowning above me, he looked back into my eyes and pressed my fingers with timid strength.

"Tomorrow you will come back to live?" he asked.

"Yes, tomorrow," I answered, "and thank you again and again."

I hurried home to tell Father that we were going back to Oakacres; that there had been a grave mistake about everything. He was too weak and overcome to do more

than hold me feebly in his arms and cry as only a broken, old man can cry.

"Tomorrow we go back home," I said as I helped him to his room.

There was a knock at the door shortly afterwards. I was surprised to find Berkley. I had not expected him for several days. I sensed immediately that his kiss was cold and that his entire manner was strained. Heavens! Has he already heard the nasty story about that night on the west trail of Sabre? I asked myself in growing alarm. My question was soon answered. He had heard!

Between sobs and tears I told him the truth of it all. I shook his shoulders, crying out that he must believe me. Once Father called out from his room, wondering what was the matter. Then I quickly pulled myself together and told him quietly that I had gone to Dexter Smith with my pride in the dust—to save Dad's life.

I thought Berkley would explode.

"What? The whole county is talking about you and this man for your night together. Then you go and ask him favors: beg him for your Oakacres again. He gives it to you! By God, Shirley! do you expect after this for the world to believe there is nothing between you two—"

"Berkley," I moaned, as if he had struck me in the face.

His voice was hoarse and low now—tautening with each new damning word. "You'll not take Oakacres back from him now. Never could you—or else I'll—I'll break—"

"Don't you understand? Father's life hangs—"

"Your father and you had both better die than take life from a man that treated you the way he did—"

"He only tried to help me," I groaned.

"Help you!" sneered Berkley. "A fine way to help you! Don't you know it was Smith himself who told about your night together in that deserted house—"

"Smith told!" I half-screamed, anger and hysteria flaming through my breast. "He dared. The cad! The—oh! Berkley, can that be true?" I demanded.

"As true as we are here together. Now will you still take his charity—"

My pride made another last stand. But I had to think of my father. I could not consider myself even though I wanted to. Although I now preferred death a thousand times to accepting Dexter Smith's offer, I must go on with my plans. I could not kill Daddy.

Berkley Long left me with a look in his eyes that seared its way like fire through my heart. Could he, too, be going to turn against me? There was nobody left now but Doctor Hampton, Old Zach, and Aunt Hetty. Even my Yankee enemy, who had seemed so kind a little while ago, was now more than an enemy. He was despicable!

DAWN was like cold, grey fingers at my windows when sleep finally came to me. I was up again in a few hours, superintending our plans for moving back. At noon Zach came to me as I stood in the great hall of Oakacres. He said the Yankee waited at the stables, and wanted to see me before he left. I went out to face him, and to tell him what was like white heat in my heart.

Deliberately ignoring his outstretched hand I folded my arms, a scorching sneer upon my lips. He started back at my reception. To me it was a guilty move, and I raised my voice to flay him.

"Your kindness," I sneered, "is being accepted only because an old man's life is at stake. Last night I could have accepted it for other reasons. I thought then that you were a—a white man. But now I know the truth about you—you cad—"

"Miss Pendleton!"

"Only a cad would have told about that

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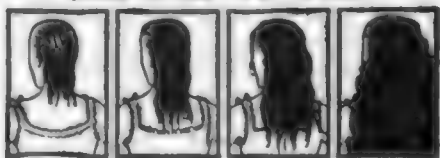
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accidental night in the mountains. You told. You're beneath contempt—

"Who said I told such a thing?" he demanded, the steely ring in his voice commanding an answer.

"Berkley Long, the man I'm going to marry," I said, flashing at him.

Dexter Smith didn't said another word. He turned on his heels, his lips closely set. Shortly there was the roar of a motor from the garage and he was out of sight presently.

The next morning a note came from Berkley Long saying he retracted the charge made against Dexter Smith, and exonerating the latter from all complicity in the story of our fated evening on Sabre Mountain. When Berkley himself came to see me that following night his left eye was dark and puffed, and I realized then what had happened and understood why he had sent the note. He told me that jealousy had led him to lie against Dexter Smith. It suddenly came to me that the fine fire of love had died down in my heart for Berkley, and I told him with no sense of regret that we were parting forever. He had failed me at every turn and twist of fate, and in these failures he had killed my love.

The next night I cried against Doctor Hampton's shoulders. He patted my hands, and looked deep into my eyes for a long time before daring to speak. At last he began:

"I'm sorry, and yet, Shirley, I can't help but be glad. I've known for sometime that Long wasn't worthy of your fine love. I heard that he could have helped you if he had only made that mother of his act human. But she wanted to humble you; wanted to break your spirit and pride. She told her son it would do you good. He stood by and saw this thing happen to you. He's done other things that haven't shown him up the right way. Lying about Mr. Smith was the last straw. Forgive me for saying it, Shirley, but I'm glad you found out the truth before it was too late—"

"Oh, Doctor, but you do not understand!" I cried. "My tears are not because of what he's proved himself to be. My heart is breaking because of what I said and did to Dexter Smith when he—the one man besides yourself who has tried to help me. He was big and fine through it all. And now I've sent him away—as a cad," I sobbed.

ONCE more the witchery of Spring had touched northern Georgia and the air was heavenly sweet with roses and creeping honeysuckle. Its coming had worked a magic, too, with Father. No longer the prey of winter blasts and chills, he had shaken off the threatening cold, and now each day found him moving about Oakacres with growing strength. And, what is more important, Father had come out of the clutches of death with no memory of the fact that Oakacres had months before passed out of the Pendleton's keeping.

One night while we were at dinner the telephone bell tinkled. It was a telegram from New York saying that my Father's losses in Wall Street had been brought about by a fraud, now detected, and that the foreclosure on his paper would be repudiated at once.

Instead of happiness came suspicion. I wired Dexter Smith at New York to come to Oakacres at once. I had to know the truth! And I had to make my peace with him. Then I went back to the table and nibbled at food while the agitation of my heart spread to every fibre of my body and soul.

It was high noon in all the glory of a

## A Secret from Paris



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ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY WHO THINKS THAT ONLY DURING THE HOT SUMMER SHOULD PERSPIRATION AND BODY ODORS BE TAKEN CARE OF? Then, little do you realize that at all times, even during the coldest weather, most people are subject to a certain amount of fetid perspiration and body odors. If you are thus afflicted, you may not be aware of it yourself, but it is nevertheless very real and unpleasant for those who come in contact with you and it becomes at times unbearable to be next to people who carry these fetid odors. Soap and water cannot alone relieve such conditions; it should be corrected with a good deodorant. REGARDLESS OF THE SEASON OF THE YEAR, "BON ODOR" should be used on arm pits and feet every day by everyone just as faithfully as one cleans teeth and nails.

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warm spring day. I was flying far from Oakacres as Major forged valiantly ahead, lifting me higher and higher on the up trail of Sabre as if he too knew Dexter Smith was waiting there in the clearing. I found him standing against a background of clear blue sky like a young god, bare-headed in the golden sun. He came towards me, his hand outstretched. Unlike my father on a raw, damp, November day, I saw his hand, and took it. For countless moments we stood there looking into each other's eyes.

"Mr. Smith," I began, freeing my hand and forcing my courage, "I said some very terrible things to you the last time we were together. I was wrong. I wish there was some way to amend for my words. I—I can only say, that—that I am sorry. Oh, I'm more than that. I'm—"

"Please, Miss Pendleton. You had every right to believe what you did then—"

"No—no—I didn't even want to believe what I said. I swear I didn't." In that moment his face seemed to light up, and he looked at me in a way that made my heart leap.

Silence fell between us. I was the first to break it.

"There is something that I must know. A telegram came from New York two nights ago saying my father lost his money through fraud; that Oakacres would be returned to him. Dex—Mr. Smith, why did you send that telegram?"

He started back at my point blank ques-

tion, dropping my hand, almost. "Me!—Why, Shir—Miss Pendleton—"

"But you did send it . . . Why? Please tell me." I begged.

"Because—because not even a—damned Yankee wants Oakacres at the price of your father's life and—"

"Oh! But—" I was crying.

"Please let me finish. Please! I was also going to say that owning Oakacres is not worth going through life knowing that you, you of all the world, Shirley, would hate me for it," he cried, cutting my thoughts in two.

"What? What are you saying, Mister Smith?" I faltered.

"Don't you know? Can't you see what I'm trying to say? Look at me," he begged, his voice strained to a whisper; his hands growing limp over mine.

I LIFTED my eyes upward. For a moment the mountain-top seemed going round and round: the sky overhead danced with myriad suns, and there were a hundred Majors grassing nearby.

Tears! Tears! They were in Dexter Smith's blue eyes, streaming down his bronzed cheeks!

"I love you, Shirley—love you. I've loved you since the first moment. Loved you, knowing you hated me for what I'd accidentally done to you."

"My own damned Yankee s-s-sweet-heart," I murmured, as our kisses sealed the pledges our hearts had made.

# Midnight!

## Another SMART SET Contest

DID you ever find yourself alone in a strange city at MIDNIGHT—broke?

Have you ever been alone on a country road when the darkness was so solid you could almost break it off in chunks?

A  
New  
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MIDNIGHT hour?

I think you and I can get together and give SMART SET a new kind of thriller if we try. The world is full of love, and romance, and adventure. If we can only get our folks to talk about theirs!

I believe that if we thought hard enough we could all find a real story

hidden away under the surface of our everyday lives. And I can't think of anything which should stimulate our minds in this direction as much as the word MIDNIGHT.

SMART SET will give \$100 for the best story of not more than 2,500 words on "What Happened to Me at MIDNIGHT"—and \$50 each for the five next best stories.

The stories must be typewritten, or written clearly in ink on one side of the paper.

How  
to  
Write  
the  
Story.

Contest closes April 15th. All manuscripts must bear a postmark not later than MIDNIGHT, April 15th. Prizes will be awarded May 15th. The names

of the prize winners will be published in the August issue of SMART SET. The editors are the judges.



## I Accept the Challenge

(Continued from page 101)

"Front door, Madame," he said, rising, respectfully.

But I was holding out my hand.

"Don't you remember me, Mike? It's Kathie Holder."

The grasp he gave my hands hurt me; his face beamed. A minute later he was personally conducting me to the dressing room.

It was filled with girls, changing for lunch.

The shout that went up when they saw me brought a tightness to my throat. They all tried to kiss me at once, exclaiming over my beauty, my jewels, my clothes. I was breathless with happiness. It was coming home again.

Quite casually I inquired for Tom.

"He's got another raise, Kathie. He's in the receiving department, with an office all to himself. Go on up and knock his eye out."

My heart began to go like the proverbial trip-hammer. I knew it wasn't wise to go. I ought to shake my gay little head and hurry back to my white tomb on the Avenue.

But I didn't. I was human.

I climbed up the back stairs until I came to a door marked, THOMAS TENNEY, PRIVATE, and I knocked.

And then the door opened and I was inside. I didn't say a word. I just stood and looked at him, with a great big lump in my foolish throat. He stood gazing at me with his heart in his eyes, my man, the man who should have been the father of my children.

**KATHIE,** was all he said. My face must have gone suddenly white. I guess it was the heat of the room, the excitement, the strain of seeing him. The next thing I knew I was in his arms, fainting against his broad shoulder.

He carried me slowly across the room to the sofa. How strong he was. Yet he took a long time to cross that tiny room. I felt the beat of his heart against mine. My blood was coursing through my veins as never before. Gently he laid me down on the hard little sofa.

"Kathie, why didn't you wait for me?"

That was all he said.

My eyes were wide open now, but I shut them tight again to keep the tears back.

"It's too late now, dear."

Then I struggled to my feet. I must pull myself together. I couldn't stand that hurt look in his eyes.

"You're making good, aren't you, Tom?"

He nodded.

"Yes, but what's the use? The heart's gone out of it, Kathie. There's no one to climb up with me."

I couldn't stand it another minute. I must get away before I was crying in his arms. I turned and fled—down the stairs and out into the street. I hailed the first taxi I saw. Even the subway was denied me. I must go back to my job.

And here I am. I'm not the kind to ask my husband for a divorce. He's given me all he has to give, he loves me in his way. I couldn't bring a second divorce into his life. I'll stick to my guns; I'll go on with my "successful" marriage. I'll be gay and pretty, and keep my part of the bargain.

Do I think marriage an aid to success?

It depends on what you mean by success. If it means the accomplishment of an objective through effort, happiness, love—it can never be gained through such a marriage as mine. If success means riches, no more, a rich marriage is as good a way as any, only you won't want that kind of success after you get it.

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## [Continued from page 28]

Later on they took us to the best hotel in town and got us rooms. That was the way it went for a week. Dancing, dining, mistering! Anything I even looked at, See Sung Wong, the one who seemed to be my particular escort, would buy for me, and my presents included a two-carat diamond ring that took me to the seventh heaven of delight. No one had even tried to kiss me yet!

During the week I wrote to Mother and told her that I had run away with a boy and was married. I said he was a traveling salesman, so I would be away from New York for some time. I got a letter back in a couple of days, written in her cramped hand, that made me throw myself on my bed and cry silently for an hour.

What could I do? I had come of my own free will. I was afraid to go back home. None of the Chinamen said or did anything out of the way. When See Jung Wong tried to kiss me one night, I simply shuddered all over. He stopped when he saw how I felt about it. His attentions weren't offensive—quite the contrary. He was the most courteous, suave gentleman I had ever known. After a while I began to get over my natural aversion and was quite as much at home with him as I would have been with an American. And the mystery that seemed to surround him hypnotized me.

At the end of the first week he suggested that he get an apartment for me. I looked at him questioningly, hesitating. He hastened to assure me that he just wanted to make me happy—that was all—and then told me frankly there were no strings tied to the bargain.

Of course I accepted. But I was surprised when Violet said that she couldn't go with me. She said she would introduce me to some other girls in the same apartment house. When I asked her why she wouldn't come with me, she said that she was going to Cleveland with Sing Lee.

So I got my apartment, and the day I was installed in it See Sung Wong brought me around a new, shiny roadster as a present. So completely upset with joy, I kissed him of my own free will. Who wouldn't have? Fortunately, I had known a boy at home who had a car and had taught me how to drive, so I didn't have to learn.

I met some of the other girls in the apartment house. Two or three were married to Chinamen. Others seemed to be living under the same arrangement that I was. I didn't ask anyone any questions, because I feared their ridicule if I appeared innocent.

A WEEK or two later. See Sung Wong suggested that we drive together to Cleveland in my roadster. He said he had some business there and then had to go on to Detroit; that Violet would probably drive back with me. I was delighted at the prospect, because I wanted to be rid of him for a few days—I wanted to think things over.

We started early one morning and arrived in Cleveland in the afternoon. After having dinner at one of the best hotels See Sung Wong asked me to drive him out to a section of the city that was along the water-front. He directed me, and finally we came to a halt before a weather-beaten old house that had a cafe on the first floor. He got out and went inside—to be gone about twenty minutes. He came out with something, about twice the size of a shoe-box, tucked under his arm. It was a package that he put in the compartment back of the seat in my roadster. After locking the compartment he gave the key

back to me and told me to take the bundle back to Buffalo and keep it in the apartment for him until he returned.

That night See Sung Wong went on to Detroit; I stayed alone in a hotel in Cleveland. The next morning Violet came down and joined me, and we drove back to Buffalo. She was in a wonderful humor and we had lots of fun by ourselves, laughing like a couple of school girls. I was dead tired when we got back, and after a late supper we went to bed.

Yuet stayed with me for two days and then went back to Cleveland. The same day See Sung Wong arrived back in Buffalo. He came to my apartment in the afternoon. He was so sweet and courteous and nice that I kissed him. A little later on he handed me a hundred-dollar bill. He asked me for the bundle he had given me in Cleveland and then opened it before my eyes. It was filled with little packages of Chinese tea. He said he had got it for some friends, and asked me if I would take it to them the next day. When I signified my willingness, he got some paper and wrapped each of the little packages separately, marking them with the name and address where they were to be delivered.

I delivered all of them the next day, and wondered at the mysterious, shifty way in which they were accepted. Then the matter left my mind.

A week later we made the same trip again. During See Sung Wong's absence I wanted some tea. Sure that he wouldn't mind, I tore open the package and took out one of the little boxes. I tore the seals and ribbons from it and pulled off the little hinged lid.

But inside, instead of tea I found four little, squat bottles each marked with Chinese writing. Amazed, I pulled one of the bottles from the little box and inspected the white, shiny powder that it contained.

I stood there stupidly looking at it for a moment, and then as it filtered through my brain what was in the bottle I dropped it as though it were some poisonous reptile.

*Dope!* The thought struck me with the force of a physical blow. I shuddered and put my clenched hand over my mouth to keep back the scream that mounted to my lips as I realized what I had got into.

The loud ringing of the doorbell brought me out of my stupor. Terrified, I tried to wrap the package up again, afraid that it was See Sung Wong. My fingers would not function; they were like shovels. A terrible fear stole over me. Finally, unable to get the ribbons about it and driven nearly frantic by the continued ringing of the bell, I stole down the hall and asked in a frightened voice who was there.

"Mable," came from the other side, and I quickly unlocked the door. Mable was the one girl among all the ones in the apartment house who seemed to be really friendly. The rest of them had seemed to have among themselves a secret that they wouldn't share with me.

I began to cry as she came into the apartment, and she put her arm about me. "What's the matter, kid?" she asked.

All I could mumble was "Dope," over and over.

She grasped me by the shoulders, swung me around, and looked into my eyes, her face set and hard. "You haven't been hitting it, have you, kid?" I shook my head and led her into the living room to show her what I had just found.

After looking it over for a moment she said, "So you're wise at last, are you?"

I nodded my head and then burst into tears.

She came over and put her arm around



my shoulders. Her eyes seemed to be filled with sadness. "You poor kid!" she said. "Well, you're in it now for sure, and you'll have to make the best of it. I'll tell you what to do. Wrap up this stuff and put it back as best you can, leaving out this one package that you've opened. We'll fill up the space with paper. Maybe we'll get away with it. Maybe we won't. It's worth a try." Quickly she spread the packages out in the bundle and wrapped it up again.

"Now listen, kid. Whatever you do, don't get the high-hat and cross him. Do what he tells you to—about this I mean. And keep your mouth shut! If he misses it when he comes and asks you for it, get it for him. Don't try to hold out on him. If he doesn't miss it, tell him tonight that you want to get out of this and go home. But don't tell him you know anything. Let him know in some way that you'll keep your mouth shut about what little you do know. Just tell him you can't stand it any longer. He'll ask you a lot of questions to find out how much you know. There's a chance you'll get away with it if he likes you enough."

IF HE lets you go, beat it the first minute you can and keep your mouth shut for the rest of your life. Remember they've been watching you every minute since you've been here, and they'll continue to watch you for some time after you leave—if you do. Don't get your hopes up, because it's about ten to one that you'll stay. I've been in this now for a year, and I've never seen one get away yet!"

"But I've got to get out of here before he comes, or I'll get mine. If you stay, I'll give you the inside on this tomorrow. If you don't, it doesn't make any difference—the less you know the better off you'll be." She gave me a little pat on the shoulder, and hastened down the hall and out the door.

Between the time she left and the time See Sung Wong arrived, there wasn't even time for me to get things straightened out in my mind. I gave him a kiss and he beamed upon me. After we had a cocktail he asked for the package, just as he had before. After I gave it to him I went into my bedroom and sat on my dressing-table chair, my nerves so taut that I jumped every time he moved about the other room.

In a few moments I saw his form in the mirror before me. He crossed the room and stood behind me for a moment. I waited silently, trembling. Then he said softly, "Little White Flower will give me the other package of tea." I looked up into his face. His eyes were narrowed and hard. Only his lips were smiling.

I tried to pretend that I knew nothing about it. He put his hand on my arm and just said, "Now". I knew it was no use, and without a word I went across the room and took the other little package from my bureau.

With a smile and a bow he took it from me and went back into the other room and finished wrapping the packages just as he had done the week before. I went out and watched him. He didn't even lift his eyes or show any indication that he knew I was there until I said, "I'm sorry, See. I didn't know what was in it. I thought it was tea, and I wanted some. I didn't think you would mind."

"Little White Flower must never be inquisitive," he smiled. "Tomorrow you will take these to the addresses written on them, as you did before." He took my hand, kissed it, and then was gone.

Terrified, not knowing what to do, I finally took down the house-telephone receiver and asked for Mable's apartment. As soon as I answered her "Hello" and told her who it was, she interrupted me and said, "Well, how are you, kid? What's

new?" When I started to speak, she kept on talking. "Lonesome? I'll run down for a minute," and she hung up the receiver.

In a moment my bell rang; she came quickly in, shutting and locking the door behind her. "You want to be careful what you say over the phone, kid. They're always listening in," she warned me.

"Did he miss it?" she then asked. I nodded my head and told her just what had happened. Leading me over to a divan she made me sit down, and held my hand while she talked.

"Now listen, kid! You're in it and you've got to face it! I was afraid you would take it pretty hard when you got wise. But you came of your own free will, and if you so much as peep a word now you won't have the chance of a snowball in hell. Do you know who Sing Lee and See Sung Wong are? I shook my head.

"Sing Lee is supposed to be an importer. He has a large establishment down town that covers up his real business. He is the head of the Buffalo branch of one of the two largest dope distributing rings in the world. See Sung Wong is his first lieutenant and the worst two-gun man in the state!

"You're in too deep now to ever get out. You'll have to grin and bear it. When they find out they can trust you, they will let you do as you please—even go home if they are sure you'll keep your mouth shut. You won't have to have anything to do with Chinamen—I mean you won't have to live with one of them unless you want to. You ought to thank your lucky stars that you're in the dope end, and not one of their 'slaves'. That's a lot worse than death, because Chinamen are gentle and kind and courteous; but when they tire of you—and they always do—they just sell you to someone else.

"Just do what they tell you to, when they tell you, and they'll never force themselves on you. You're too valuable for them to take a chance on losing you. Your time will be your own except when they want you to bring through a load, or distribute to the peddlers. But don't forget that See Sung Wong owns you. And if you run away they'll get you and if you 'squeal' they'll kill you!

"Now I've got to beat it. If they think there is anything phony between us they will bump us both!"

I couldn't believe what I had heard. I repeated to myself, "Kill me? Kill me! Why, they wouldn't dare!" I blazed.

DARE?" she said. "Say, kid, they dare do anything. They're slicker and faster than greased lightning, and the cops are always about three hundred miles behind them. Anyone who talks they get, and they get 'em for keeps, and they get away with it too. You're mixed up in the most deadly thing in the world today, kid! Bootlegging is child's play in comparison. You've got to keep your nerve if you want to stay alive. Remember that! Maybe there will be a way out for you a little later. I'll help you if I can. I've given up trying, myself—it's no use and I don't give a damn any longer, anyway. It's not so bad after you're used to it.

"Right now there's a lot of trouble brewing. The two powerful Tongs, who control the distribution of dope all over the world, are apt to begin war on each other, and we're more than liable to get our necks in it.

"Just keep your nerve and use your bean, and you'll get wise to things," she finished. She started to go out the door but, seeing the hopeless expression I couldn't help showing, she came back and gave me a little pat on the shoulder. "Cheer up; there's lots worse things in life, kid!" And she went quickly down the hall and out the door.

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Remember, I was only seventeen and not as hardboiled as I thought. I wanted my mother more than I had ever wanted anything in my life, but common sense told me that if I even wrote and told her anything about my predicament I would endanger not only my own life but also hers. And I found out later on that I was right.

I can't express the horrible, hopeless feeling that held me in its clutches for days. I tried to ask See Sung Wong questions but he would only say, "My little White Flower must not be inquisitive." How I hated and loathed him, but I didn't dare show it. I began to ask the other girls questions and found that they had been led into the life in much the same way that I had.

I FOUND that Violet had brought most of them. She was Sing Lee's real wife and played the game with him to the limit. I found out that the Tong of which they were all members had dope distributing stations all over the country. They brought the stuff in from Mexico and Canada and had pretty girls get it to distribute for them. I learned that a large percentage of the girls who are reported missing in the United States are mixed up in one way or another with the dope ring—until her beauty begins to fade. I learned that they have tortured girls with a cruelty that surpassed the old days of the Spanish Inquisition, and that hundreds of girls who dropped out of sight never to come back were girls who "squealed". Most of them were girls who got in the same way that I did, unsuspecting until the terrible tentacles had gathered them in so tightly they couldn't get out.

When the Tong war broke out a few months ago, we were constantly in mortal fear. I saw little of See Sung Wong and made but few trips to Cleveland and Toronto for him. They were being too closely watched. But we did have to make trips to several cities, carrying a cargo of revolvers for the Tong men's use.

Then one day he came to my apartment early in the morning. His bloodshot eyes kept shooting from one corner of the room to another. He drank constantly and listened at the door every time the elevator would clang in the hallway. I tried to talk to him, but he waved me aside—kindly, but with a manner that meant he wished to be left alone. Once he took two blue automatics from his hip pockets and after glancing over them slipped them into the side pockets of his coat. I was so terrified that I could scarcely stand after two hours. Instinct told me that probably See Sung Wong had killed someone and that the police were hot on his trail. I tried to figure out some method of escape for myself. When I put on my coat and hat and started toward the door, See Sung Wong just looked at me and shook his

head. That was enough. I took them off and went back into my bedroom.

In the middle of the afternoon the doorbell rang. I sat still and waited. See Sung Wong tiptoed into my bedroom and said, "See who," and I started for the door, determining on the way that if it were the police I would let them in.

Opening the door, but not releasing the inside chain, I saw Americans. I knew who they were! Peering out between the crack I put my fingers to my lips and quietly released the chain. Then I swung the well-oiled door wide, putting my fingers on my lips again and then pointing down the hallway. One of the detectives pulled his pistol from his pocket, touched it, and pointed toward the living room. I nodded my head "Yes". They all drew their pistols and started a slow, stealthy march down the hallway. I started to follow, but seeing that the door was unguarded I made my way quickly into the hall, pushed open the door to the stairs and ran down the four flights at breakneck speed.

My car was parked in front of the house. Knowing that the house would probably be watched from the outside, I walked as leisurely as my trembling legs would carry me and climbed into the driver's seat.

In another few seconds I had it started and was away from the house like a shot. Driving down to the center of town, I drove up beside a traffic policeman to ask him the way to Police Headquarters.

When I arrived there I asked for the Chief, and upon being ushered into his office fell in a faint upon the floor. After they had revived me, I poured my whole story into his ears. He brought in a half-dozen other men and they made me go over the story again. Their eyes shone as I answered every question they asked. Then I begged them for their protection, and they gave it to me.

THE information I gave them helped them to clear up one of the strongest links in the drug chain. But I had "squealed"—and I knew the penalty. I have resolved that if I have to pay the penalty it is worth it to help the poor devils who were in their clutches.

At the present time I am confined at my own request, awaiting the trial of See Sung Wong for the murder of two Chinamen. They are holding me as a material witness. When that is over, if I am not shot while the trial is in progress I will have to go into some institution under heavy guard and be confined there until they can safely slip me out and hide me in another section of the country. My parents have received the most horrible threats, and they are absolutely innocent of any complicity.

I "squealed," but I am glad—even though they follow me to the very ends of the earth.

## Is Marriage a See-Saw?

[Continued from page 98]

told me that she was going away? I am much afraid that I wouldn't. Pride had the upper hand of me. It was the material things that I was looking forward to and not the holy, sacred things that makes life worth while... that makes it worth living.

We have been married almost three years. Our home is still "Our House of Hearts." I have reached my goal... with Ruth's help. I would never have been the success that I am if it hadn't been for her smile, her never failing word of cheer when things looked the darkest.

Night after night she has insisted on my studying when I wanted to take her to

a theatre or to a dance. And I knew that down deep in her heart she did want to go out more. Never once did she ever say, "Oh, I wish that we hadn't done this... or, I wish that we had done that."

I have accomplished more in three years with a partner like Ruth than I would have gained in thirty-one years alone. It is that someone back of you, who loves you and understands, that makes a man. We have traveled the rocky, rough part of the road together and have been happy. We have the wonderful future ahead of us... love, happiness and success, and I owe it all to MARRIAGE.

# Nan of the Big Bend

[Continued from page 73]

little silken garments for me to wear in place of my cotton underwear, I could not keep from clapping my hands.

"They're beautiful!" I breathed, daring to touch the soft pink and green silk. I wanted to pick these things up and hug them to me. But I suddenly rushed behind the dressing room curtains, embarrassed to think I had been so thrilled over the sight and touch of silken underwear.

Once in the little dressing room, I tore off my old coarse, cotton stockings and pulled on the new ones. For minutes I sat there staring at the pretty way my slender ankles and legs looked in silk. "Certainly I must be dreaming!" I cried inwardly, half-afraid I would suddenly wake up in my Big Bend bed. But the cool, soft touch of the pink underthings against my feverish flesh, and the flash of my new, silk stockings forced me to realize that I was not dreaming.

When Bob Bradd met me at the railroad station, a feeling of hurt and disappointment ran through me because he did not tell me that my new clothes were pretty. He just stood staring at me, shaking his head in a way that frightened me. "Aren't they lovely?" I asked, indicating my dress and things.

"No, Nan. That's a very cheap dress. Take off that red hat, child; it makes you look like a fire! You're too pretty to ruin your looks with such an ugly thing," he returned, studying me from head to foot.

I felt just as if he had struck me in the face. Tears came into my eyes, and I felt suddenly weak all over. It was the first crushing sort of disappointment the world of my dreams had dealt me.

"Never mind, Nan," he said more softly. "You can't expect to get anything good in a little one-horse place like this. The blue ribbon in your hair is becoming. And the stockings are pretty good silk. You have legs beautiful enough to get you anywhere, girl," he finished, the light in his eyes taking away all the hurt he had just inflicted.

"You'll help me—get the right sort of things? You'll help me do what's right, won't you, Bob?" I asked under my breath, never wanting to do anything again that he would not like.

OF COURSE, Nan," he smiled: "tonight I'll bring you some real wonderful things to wear. Things that'll knock your very eyes out!"

"Tonight!" I repeated under my breath. My thoughts were dancing down the road of life that Bob and I would start down together.

"What's in the box, Nan?" he asked.

For a minute I was afraid to tell him; afraid he might laugh at me; afraid he might scold.

"Candy," I said at last.

"Give me a piece," he answered: "I like candy myself."

I cannot describe the great relief that came to me at these words. Flustered by sudden happiness I pushed the whole box into his hands.

The motion of the train frightened me at first. My head began to swim at the way the trees danced by. But when Bob took hold of my hand I forgot everything else. It was the most wonderful thing in the world to know that just the touch of his fingers could do so much to me; make me forget everything else, and feel lifted clear up above the ground.

The Big Bend, and even Seth, seemed more of a far-away, unreal sort of dream as the train slowed down and began to pass the first signs of Jacksonville. I was

so sorry it was getting dark, because I wanted to see everything, but before we reached the station night had fallen, and we went out into a soft darkness that was alive with hundreds of points of golden lights. I thought the stars must have come down from the Big Bend skies to shine in Jacksonville!

"It's fairyland!" I cried, enraptured by the twinkling lights.

Bob took my arm and kept me close to him in the crowd that hemmed us in. I was mighty glad he did, for I was unnerved by the people and commotion around us.

I HELD my breath as we got into a beautiful automobile and became a part of the noisy goings-on in the street. A great roaring sound seemed to be filling the night. My ears hurt me at first and I hit my head against Bob's shoulder.

"Bob, dear, you'll never leave me, will you? I'd die of fright here without you. Promise, Bob?" I begged.

"You're not frightened, are you, Nan? Why, just think how you ran around the Big Bend woods with wildcats prowling about!" he answered.

"Oh! But that's different," I told him. "This is all strange to me. The Big Bend was home, Bob," my fears rising; "please tell me you won't ever leave me. Please!" I begged.

He looked at me as if he were trying to read deep down into my soul through my eyes. My lips began to quiver. The desire to feel his arms around me and his kisses on my lips set me on fire. I moved closer, my arms drawing him to me. Then I forgot that the night of lights was like fairyland gleaming around me. The roaring of the city died down in my ears. All that I could hear was the wild music of my beating heart! All that I could feel was a happiness, half-pain, as he kissed me!

"I promise, Nan," he murmured against my cheeks.

The car came to a stop a few seconds later before a tall building that was glowing with bright lights. Bob suddenly drew something out of his pocket. It gleamed like a tiny band of gold.

"Give me your left hand, Nan," he said, softly.

The next thing I knew he had slipped a gold ring down over my third finger. I glanced from the ring to Bob. It looked in the dark like a wedding ring. Big Bend women didn't wear wedding rings. But of course I had read about them, and seen pictures of them in some of Dad's books. I started to say something about it, but Bob put his finger to his lips, cautioning silence. As we went up the brick steps of the building, he whispered in my ears.

"Is that the way folks marry down here?" I asked, wonderingly.

"I'll explain when we get upstairs," he answered shortly.

A woman met us in the hall. She was very tall and big, and wore a shining black silk dress. Somehow I thought her eyes were hard and cold, and I shivered a little as she looked at me after a few words with Bob.

"We have a two-room-and-bath suite left," she was saying.

"That will do. Can my wife and I occupy it at once?" asked Bob.

My eyes dropped to the floor as the big woman stared at me again before answering. Somehow she made me feel as if she knew I had run away from the Big Bend. I tried to act natural as we went up two flights of stairs to look at the rooms, but my nerves were on edge. When the woman

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turned on the lights, a strange little sound entered my lips. She turned on me like a flash.

"What's the matter? Don't it suit you?" he snapped, looking me up and down.

"It's—it's beautiful," I gasped, trying not to show the happiness that was bursting in my heart at sight of the room with its pretty walls; the blue and white curtains; the shaded lights; and the furniture that made tears come into my eyes. Once again I was like a girl moving through a beautiful dream as we went into the next room.

"This is the bedroom, and there's the tiled bath," stated the woman. . . "Will you take it?" she demanded, looking at Bob. He nodded.

"Seventy-five dollars a month for this apartment, and in advance," she added, ticking out her hand.

I SAW Bob Bradd take out a roll of bills that made my breath come and go swiftly. Why! I'd never dreamed there was so much money in all the world. Seventy-five dollars! But, after Bob paid the big woman, he had lots more left in the roll.

When we were alone I rushed into his arms and cried, unable to tell him why I was crying. At last his kisses dried away the tears.

"Oh, Bob! Everything's so beautiful—so wonderful—so much better than I ever dreamed it could be. Still, I can't help being afraid I'm going to wake up any minute and find it's only a dream. I'm afraid I'll find myself back in the Big Bend in my gingham, listening to the silences, or hearing shotguns banging down in the swamp."

"You needn't be afraid of that, Nan. You're not dreaming. You're right here in my arms," he said.

I was silent for a little while. Then my eyes caught sight of the gold ring gleaming on my finger. I held it up so that we could both see it. Lumps came into my throat for the moment.

"When I'm afraid I'm dreaming, all I'll have to do is look at the ring or touch it. That'll make me know everything is true, won't it, Bob? That ring means we're never going to part, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Nan. Don't they wear rings up in the Big Bend?"

"Not for that! When folks get married there they just stand up and declare for each other. They don't have gold rings, or anything else. I—I—like it better this way with the ring, Bob, don't you? Then you've got something to tell by. Something that shows you're married!"

"It's a lot better this way, Nan," replied Bob, getting up suddenly. "I almost forgot about your clothes. The stores may be closed if I don't hurry. Take off that dress, Nan, and I'll bring it with me to use for a size," he said.

"I haven't got anything except what's on me," I answered.

"Then I'll bring you back a whole outfit," he declared, doing up my dress in a paper.

"You'll know just what to get me, Bob?" I asked, sort of taken back to think he knew everything that a woman needed to wear.

"Of course," he said, looking at me in a peculiar kind of way. Then a last kiss, and he was gone.

For a while I sat in a chair, a feeling of dazedness overwhelming me. Time and time again I looked up at the soft, yellow lights gleaming behind their rose and green shades: at the window curtains blowing in the breeze. Still, everything seemed unreal, and I had to touch my wedding ring to be sure I was awake. At last I got up and ran from one thing to another, thrilled at their difference from the furniture in the Big Bend.

other, thrilled at their difference from the furniture in the Big Bend.

While I was in the bathroom running my hands along the slick, smooth, white tiles, I heard the door open. It was Bob back with a lot of packages. My pulse drummed against my wrists at the thought of opening them all and finding pretty clothes in them.

"Here's something I want you to put on first of all," said Bob, handing me the smallest package. I started to tear away the paper at once. But he stopped me.

"Open it in the bathroom and put it on after you've had a refreshing shower. Nan. Come, I'll show you how to work the shower."

"What is it, Bob?" I begged!

"Wait until you see for yourself. It's the prettiest of its kind I've ever seen," was his answer. So I half-pushed him out of the bathroom after he had started the water showering down like a spring rain-storm. Behind the closed door my fingers tore away the paper and snapped the string around the box. Panting with excitement I pulled the cover back.

"Oh!" was the exclamation that came to my lips as I saw the darling little black garment that was like cobwebby silk—and misty lace such as I had never laid eyes on before! I could not resist the temptation to lift it up against my body. When I saw my skin showing through it like pale amber, I danced up and down with joy.

"Bob! Bob!" I called, "it's the prettiest thing in the world!"

His voice drifted back to me from the front room, saying how glad he was that I liked it. I hung the tiny garment by its silken straps to a wall-hook, my eyes fascinated by its sheerness and the cute little pink rosebuds on it.

THE water struck my feverish body like cool needles, nearly taking my breath away at first. But when I turned it off, I was glowing all over again. I took one of the snow-white towels from a rack and rubbed my dripping body, bringing a faint pink glow to my skin and making it the soft color of wildflowers that grew in the Big Bend.

My hands were shaking violently when I stepped into the little black garment and caught a vision of myself in the bathroom mirror. It was just as if I didn't have on anything except little rosebuds, and two black straps across my shoulders. A sudden rush of embarrassment had swept over me at the idea of going before Bob like this.

For a moment that seemed an eternity I stood with my hand resting on the knob of the bathroom door, somewhat terrified as well as thrilled at what my next step was to be. Then the courage came like a flare of fire through my veins. I turned the knob and ran into Bob's waiting arms, hiding my eyes against his coat sleeve.

His hands on my shoulders, drawing me surely and tightly against his chest, seemed to be lifting me off the floor when our lips came together, warm and trembling. All the feeling, all the love that his touch had roused in me back in the Big Bend, burned again in my blood. In that moment there was only one voice in all the world, the voice of my womanhood answering the mate call of a man! There was only one desire in my heart—to be his forever!

"You've—promised you'd never leave me, Bob. I—I—love you so much, Bob. If you went away from me, I'd never want to breathe again. Tell me again you won't ever leave . . . never . . . never." I begged, unable to be without such reassurance even when I was so close to him.

"Nan—Nan, you mustn't keep thinking about such a thing. Why, we've only just come together; only just started to live—"



That's why I keep asking you. Because we've only met each other and I never want the time to come when we'll part." I told him, a strange little fear and worry persisting in my heart because he did not tell me again that he'd never leave me. Somehow, this tiny fear flashed my thoughts back to something Seth Spurlock had told me about my going away.

"Nan, I've always been afraid you'd go; always figured that I wouldn't be able to hold you up here in the Big Bend," he had said. The memory of these words would have pulled at my heart like a rough hand if Bob hadn't swept me into his arms again, and made me forget my own fears, and Seth Spurlock. I closed my eyes in the sweetness of the moment.

"I'm—I'm yours, Bob," I murmured, losing my voice and breath with these last words.

"Nan—Nan," he called back through the dimness of the room as he lifted me up into his arms.

Next morning he helped me put on my new clothes, selecting a black, close-fitting dress to go over the soft silk and lace underthings. I thrilled at the look of pride in his eyes as he surveyed me for the last time before we left the rooms to go out into the fairyland of my yearnings.

Days drifted by.

And still my dream-life went on, unbroken. Each new hour seemed to make living that much more wonderful. The yearnings and the hopes once aroused by the sound of a steamer's whistle echoing through piney woods found fulfilment. My love for Bob Bradd had indeed waved a magic wand over life for me.

I watched for his return when he left me even for a few minutes. He filled my heart with thoughts, morning, noon and night. I made him my God, for I had given him my very soul. Often I waked in the middle of the night, or in early morning, terrified at dreams in which he left me. Always I would wake him and holding him close in my arms beg him to promise he would never leave me. Sometimes he was tender with me when I waked him; sometimes he was angry and scolded me. But tender or angry, I loved him just the same.

A night came after we had been together three weeks, when terror gripped my soul after waking from such a dream.

**BOB—Bob.** I cried, looking vainly for him: stretching my arms out vainly for him at my side.

Like a person in panic I rushed from one room to the other, calling him while pain stabbed my heart with the knowledge that he was gone; his clothes were gone; his suit-case was missing!

"Oh, my God!" I moaned, my breast feeling full of knives. Where was he? What could have happened?

But Bob had gone away in the night. He had gone, taking my dreams with him. I called his name until my throat hurt; until my voice was only a whispering sound. I cried until my sides ached. I suffered until I knew there could be no more torture left to suffer.

With numbness growing in my limbs, I lay huddled on our bed, stricken with an unutterable grief. Time and time again I forced myself up to the door where I stood like a ghost and strained my ears for the sound of a man's steps coming home. Again and again I went to the closet where the clothes he had given me hung. I pressed them against my aching breast. I cried into them, sobbing out my prayer for him to come back to me.

Dawn came; but no Bob. Still, I clung to the hope that he would return. I told myself he must come home to me. Hadn't

he promised that never, never would he leave me? Hadn't he told me that we were always to be together?

The first day of his absence passed, somehow leaving me with the knowledge that hell was on earth for those who loved; for those who dreamed, and who had seen their love and dreams snatched out of their arms. All of the next night I waited up, my heart jumping at every sound in the house; my hopes rising up like wounded things in my heart only to be dashed down again.

"Bob . . . Bob!" I cried, hugging the little gold band ring to my heart. "Where are you? Why don't you come back to me?"

The voices deep down in my soul that he had glorified with his love answered me. They cried out that he would come back. He had to come back these voices said, or my soul would sink down into the shadows of eternal death.

**AND** yet, time dragged by, days of it, without a sign or a sound from the man I loved. It was a week after the night of his disappearance that the sound of steps along the hallway electrified my being. I got up trembling from head to foot. My unsteady steps carried me to the door. Before I could open it there was a heavy knock. It was flung back just as hysteria flared in my brain and heart.

It was not Bob! The false strength of a moment's hope died down within me, at this bitter discovery. The woman who owned the apartment was at the door.

"The rent's due," she said, her voice like stone.

"My husband's away. I—I can't pay you now. He'll be back—soon," I managed to murmur, leaning against the wall for support.

"That's an old story. The rent's due. You'll have to pay or get out. I can't run this place on hard-luck stories from women. I never liked the looks of that man of yours, anyhow. One of them handsome fellows out to make fools of women after he got what he wanted—"

"Stop," I cried, bursting into more tears. "You can't talk about him like that."

"You going to pay the rent? Seventy-five dollars," she snapped, her big arms on her hips.

"I can't pay you. I'll have to go," I said, grasping the bedpost for support. "I—I'll go now."

When I went out of that apartment every memory of the past few weeks followed me like haunting ghosts. There were the memories of my happiness, and those of my agonies! Memories of burning thrills and searing torture! I staggered down the stairs, not knowing which way I would turn when I reached the street with my clothes that had brought a golden dream.

The big woman was barring my way at the door. She had a letter in her hand. I started to pass her, but she caught me roughly.

"Look here—your first name's Nan, ain't it? Seems I heard him call you that," she was saying.

"Yes, it's Nan," I answered, weakly.

"Is your last one Parker?" she snapped, sticking her face into mine.

I nodded, the strength gone from my voice now.

"Then this letter that's been hanging around here for days is for you."

I took the white envelope in trembling hands and opened it. Not a sound passed my lips as I read it. Instead, my lips seemed suddenly sealed together by the shooting pain in my heart. The paper fluttered from my fingers, and the whole world seemed suddenly to grow dark and quiet—

[To be concluded]



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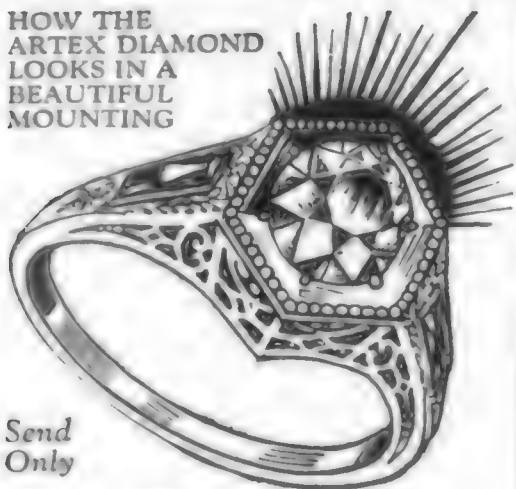
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## I Don't Care

[Continued from page 52]

my name. I looked at my husband for the  
first time with a seeing eye.

My gaze penetrated under the veneer  
of this handsome, seeming gentleman who  
sat with pallid but impassive face before  
me. He was, as ever, immaculately  
groomed, and his charm, even in the crisis  
of our lives, permeated the room. I re-  
sented it. He had tricked me with his  
other victims. Suddenly I laughed bitterly,  
the tears very close.

"Oh, this is funny!" I cried. "A Dur-  
berton married to a thief! What a won-  
derful story it will make!"

I rose, reached for my bag, and started  
from the room.

"Wait, Sheila." It was a command.

I turned on him with scorching scorn.  
But his eyes met mine and forced them to  
drop.

I SENT for you to tell you that your  
name will not be dishonored," he said  
quietly.

"Oh, Jim, you're innocent!" I cried.

"No." He spoke slowly. "But the  
police are not sure that I am the man  
who 'took' that hypocritical old devil. They  
only suspect me, and there is a way to  
keep this crime from being fastened on  
me, at least to keep the public from know-  
ing it."

One way. If he escaped from the hotel  
and New York, the very fact that he fled  
would convince the police of his guilt; and  
he could not bluff it out. As soon as the  
banker identified him the case would be  
complete against him. My mind raced  
furiously in an effort to follow him. One  
way? Why, there could only be one  
way—

"Jim!" I said sharply, and stared at  
him. "You wouldn't—oh, you wouldn't  
kill yourself!"

"Oh, don't make it so heroic," he said  
smiling. "Sheila," wistfully. "I wish I  
could try to make you understand. I am  
not attempting to excuse myself. But,  
if anything happens, I'd like to know that  
you understood."

I sat down and studied him. In my  
heart my love was struggling with my  
pride. It was his—shall I say it?—damned  
charm. I suppose he used it to pull him-  
self out of tight places. Why not? Why  
shouldn't a scoundrel like him take every  
advantage of everyone with whom he came  
in contact?

"Well?" I said coldly.

Jim leaned toward me, gazing straight  
into my eyes.

"Sheila," he said, "I love you. Whatever  
I've been and whatever I am, that is  
absolutely true. And whatever you are  
thinking of me now or what you will think  
of me in the future, that fact is the  
brightest spot in my life."

I smiled bitterly.

Jim shook his head.

"Oh, I know you don't believe me. I'm  
not making a grand-stand play. I know I  
can't justify myself. I'm not trying to.  
I just want you to know everything about  
me before I—go away."

"Sheila, all my life I've been a thief.  
The lure of easy money came over me  
when I was just a kid. People liked me.  
I liked the best of everything in life. I  
simply took the easiest way. I started in  
the crooked game as a poker player, work-  
ing with a gang that made the trains from  
New York to every place in the West. I  
went from that to the confidence game.  
I was one of five of the biggest con-  
fidence men in the world. I made thou-  
sands of dollars and I lived on the top of  
the world. I went abroad and in England  
I was caught and served three years in

prison." By this time he was pacing the floor.

I gasped. "In prison!"

"I didn't mind so much. It was part of  
the game. I knew that it cramped me a  
bit. The police of the continent and of the  
United States had my photograph, my  
record, and my finger prints. But I kept  
right on and the money kept rolling in—  
and rolling out again just as fast. I was  
a little more careful and played the game  
with less danger."

"When I met you, I was getting ready  
to swindle your father out of as much  
money as he would be foolish enough to  
sink in my factory proposition. But even  
before I met you, I was beginning to waver.  
Do you know that he was the first thor-  
oughly honest man I ever met in my life?  
He was. I threw out bait after bait,  
showing him ten different ways of making  
easy money. Some of them were pretty  
risky, most of them were perfectly legiti-  
mate, but as crooked as a corkscrew. He  
told me so. He told me about the pride  
his family had in their honesty. When I  
knew him a few days and had heard other  
people talking about him, I knew he was  
telling the truth. That was the first time  
I came anywhere near being ashamed of  
myself and my prison record."

"Then I met you. I loved you on sight.  
From the first time I saw you I would  
have done anything to make you my wife.  
And the first thing I did was to pull out  
of the scheme to swindle your father.  
When I left your town for New York, I  
was without a job, without friends and  
with ten dollars in my pocket."

"I landed in New York full of the deter-  
mination to go straight. I found it just  
as easy for a crook to go straight as it  
is for a jockey to whip a champion in the  
prize ring. I went all over the place  
looking for a job. There weren't any.  
Outside of the police and a few buddies  
and one or two 'suckers' in the White  
Light district, I might just as well have  
been Rip Van Winkle."

"I learned one funny thing. The so-called  
'suckers', while they would fall for the  
wildest kind of a scheme that promised  
something for nothing, wouldn't give a  
friend any kind of a chance to help them  
in their business."

"Well, by that time, my one and only  
idea was to marry you. You see, I didn't  
have any too much moral training in my  
life. When I wanted anything I did my  
best to get it and had never failed before.  
I had always made big money and knew  
that it would take big money to support  
you in the way you had been brought up."

I WAS always a good crook. Give me  
credit for that." He smiled queerly, the  
pain deep in his eyes. "I wasn't a piker.  
So I went back in the game and made  
killing after killing. That was when I  
married you."

"I realize I've done you a great wrong.  
Honest, Sheila, I never thought of it be-  
fore. Even remembering your father's  
views on honesty and the great name your  
family has for it, I couldn't see that it  
would make any difference. I figured, like  
every other crook, that I'd never get  
caught."

"And now I'm sorry. I know it's too  
late for that, but I am, just the same. And  
I'm going to do what little I can to square  
it with you. I love you enough to live  
only for you and enough to die for you.  
And I guess that's the only thing I can do  
now. Sheila, you're everything in the  
world to me. If the police take me and  
put me in jail, you'll divorce me. Right  
now you hate me and I don't blame you a  
bit. But I'm not sorry I married you;



I know I ought to be, but I'm not. I've had your love and nobody can take away my memories—either here or hereafter.

"Now, kid, you'd better make your get-away. And when you're thinking what a rotten bounder I am, just remember that I loved you. I know it's tough on you to be married to a crook. But nobody's going to know it, and we did have some great times together, didn't we?"

He looked away from me, out over the park where the new green of the trees glistened with dew in the morning sun. I saw the heavy lines of tragedy in his face. He was a crook, yes. And he was going to jail. And the family was going to be disgraced. I tried to hate him.

**B**UT I'd lived with him for two years. Two years! The memory of the million little things he had done to make me love him came before me in swift procession. He loved me. Wouldn't any woman believe a man loved her if he offered in the most casual way to commit suicide for her?

"What is honesty?" I asked myself. It is a comparative commodity. Honesty itself isn't bought and sold on the stock exchange. It is the reputation for honesty. That old hypocrite of a banker probably had lived all his life as an honest man. And here he was in a scheme to beat a book-maker out of a fortune on crooked inside information he thought he had. I grew more and more agitated.

I didn't care if Jim committed murder. I didn't care what crime he had committed. He was my husband. He was true to me. He didn't love any other woman. That was the only thing I could never have forgiven.

"Jim," I said at last, "you were a good crook, weren't you? You were one of the best in the business?" He looked at me wild-eyed.

"I like to see a man do anything well that he sets out to do. You forget about shooting yourself. I can stand the loss of a little reputation, but I can't afford to lose my husband."

He turned slowly toward me, a frozen image of incredulity.

"You mean—"

"I mean I'm sticking to you. I'd be a wonderful woman if I didn't. Jim, is there any way of squaring that old crook?" By now I was firmly convinced that it was the unfortunate banker's fault. In some strange way I had reached the conclusion that if he wasn't so dishonest and credulous, Jim would never have been tempted to fleece him. Wives are like that.

Jim came to me uncertainly and took me in his arms.

"Oh, my girl!" he breathed, and tears were in his eyes. I took his head on my breast and mothered him. He was a baby. Every man's a baby to the woman who loves him.

"Jim," I said, "I have an idea that if I could talk to the banker, I might be able to persuade him to drop the case. How much money have you got?"

"Thirty thousand. I didn't get a chance to spend any of it."

I thought quickly. I had twenty thousand dollars, a legacy left me by an aunt. And Jim's jewel gifts to me would make up the balance.

"I'll do it on one condition, Jim," I said. "And that is that you promise me you'll never do a crooked thing again as long as you live."

He looked me straight in the eye.

"So help me, God, Sheila," he said, "I wouldn't lose you or take the chance of losing you for the world."

Too, I wanted Jim to suffer. He had done wrong, and he should suffer. Then if I succeeded in freeing him, and gave him the opportunity of going straight, he would appreciate it to the extent that he

would keep the promise that he had made me.

I wanted Jim to be afraid that I might not be able to persuade the banker that he should drop the matter after all his loss was returned. There was that same desire to make him suffer that a mother has when she punishes her child for a wrong, and the punishment must be so severe that it would make an indelible impression on his mind—a life sentence impression.

I found the banker at his hotel and when I first stated my proposal that he drop the case he flatly refused. But I was a banker's daughter and I pointed out that he was just as crooked as the men who took his money. He finally saw things my way and went to the police station with me. There he sheepishly explained that he had been mistaken, and withdrew all charges. He took his money gladly and went out of our lives.

Back in our suite I found a wilted Jim. When I opened the door, he sat huddled in a chair. He was pale. His eyes were haggard and he seemed to have aged ten years.

We looked at each other for a long time. Then he spoke.

"Is it all right, Sheila?" he asked, hoarsely.

I nodded.

"Thank God!" He slumped in his chair. I took him in my arms. He was trembling.

"I've been in hell since you went away," he said. "I never knew till then what real fear was. It wasn't the fear of arrest. I wasn't so much afraid of that. It was the fear of losing you, Sheila. I couldn't live without you. I found that out in the last two days."

"I know, darling," I comforted him. "But it was worth it if it has turned you into an honest man."

He sat thinking, holding me close to him, and then he started to tremble again.

"What is it, Jim?"

"I guess it isn't any use," he said. "I don't know anything but how to get money dishonestly. What am I going to do? I told you how I made out the one time I tried to be honest. It's all over between us. I'll just have to let you go."

I laughed. "You try and let me go," I said. "I thought of that, too. I ought to have an answer to a telegram any minute now."

As I spoke a bell boy brought the yellow envelope. I read the message and handed it to Jim.

GLAD TO HAVE JIM AT BANK. WHEN CAN HE START?

Jim looked wonderingly at me.

"Does that mean I can go to work for your father?" He spoke incredulously.

"It means just that," I chuckled.

"But—but I've been a crook!"

**Y**OU have been," I reminded him. "But you aren't now. Besides, Dad doesn't know anything about it. He says you can help him in his business."

"Sheila!" he said, and that was all that announced that a brilliant crook had become an honest man.

Dad swears by Jim. He says he has brought thousands of dollars to the bank in new accounts. He is one of the most popular men in town. Jim says that he wasted years of his life being crooked. Making money legitimately is so tremendously interesting. He ought to know. He is making plenty of it.

But the thing that puzzles me is that I, a woman, brought up with such a passionate devotion to honesty and honor, should cast them off so lightly because I loved a man. I wonder if all women are like that?

*Girls  
Throw away  
Your Fat~*  
*Look your best this summer. Start to day  
Take off from 10 to 50 pounds, as I did, Sim-  
ple, Easy, Harmless way. Here it is—*



If you are ashamed of your figure, especially in a bathing suit, decide to take off all that extra fat and look your best on the beach this summer. You can do it; I did. I will be glad to explain to you absolutely free of charge how to go about it. Remember I will not tell you to go through strenuous exercises or weakening diets—I tried them. The remedy is worse than the cure. I will not recommend you to rub your body with absurd creams or to wear so-called reducing girdles and garments. I KNOW THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS. I will give you the secret I personally found out in Paris and which is the most marvelous discovery ever made to easily and safely take off fat. I suffered for years with all troubles well known to fat people—time after time I deprived myself from all pleasures—bathing, dancing, I turned down parties and friends to avoid the dreaded riding or golfing—because of my ridiculously fat figure. "here comes fatty," until one day, after I tried everything known to reduce and failed, I hit upon the **SECRET WITH WHICH I MADE MYSELF OVER.**

With this simple, easy, marvelous new way I reduced from 180 to 130 pounds in eight weeks and have never regained since. The reducing I went through was gradual and easy—did not leave me flabby or wrinkled—with every pound of fat lost I felt a steady increase in strength and vitality. Now my health is splendid and I look and feel years younger.

To help any fat man or woman I am ready to send **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE** full information on what I did to reduce and to regain health. Simply mail free coupon today.

**FREE COUPON**

Madame Elaine, Dept. 295  
350 West 31st St., N. Y. C.

Please send me free of charge full information for the reduction of fat.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
If you care to, enclose 5 cents in stamps to help cover expense.

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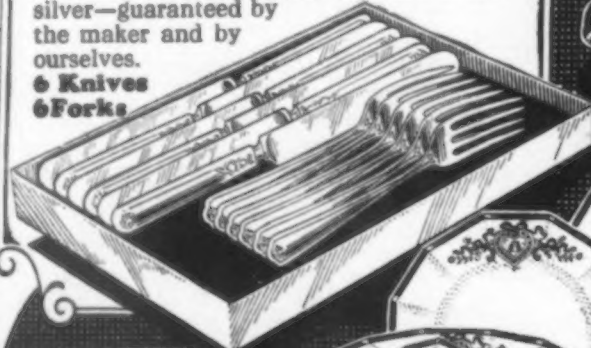


# FREE

## Genuine Wm. A. Rogers Knife and Fork Set

If you send us your order immediately for this 112 piece exquisite Dinner Set, we will send you absolutely free these beautifully embossed knives and forks (12 pieces.) Each piece is standard weight and size warranted to be 21% highly polished nickel silver—guaranteed by the maker and by ourselves.

6 Knives  
6 Forks



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## for this Beautiful, Hand-Fired 112 Piece "Love-Bird" Dinner Set

That's all. Just \$1.00. And we'll send you this gorgeous Colonial shape, best quality, gold edge Dinner Set consisting of 112 practical pieces to use on your own table for 30 days—90 meals. If you keep the set you can take a year to pay the balance. *Extra.* If you order at once we will include Free the William A. Rogers Knife and Fork Set (6 knives and 6 forks.) Read every word of this amazing offer. Do not overlook this opportunity. Mail coupon today with \$1.00.

**We make this unusual offer** to attract 100,000 new customers to the marvelous bargains in our big Free Bargain Book. We selected the Love-Bird Dinner Set because it is one of the biggest bargains we have. The Love Bird Set is our exclusive creation and is finest quality snowy-white, semi-porcelain, double hand fired to a rich hard glaze that will not chip or crack. Every piece has burnished gold edge. All handles are burnished gold. The 112 pieces are:

- |  |                                      |                                     |                                     |
|--|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 12 Dinner Plates                       | 12 Cups                              | 12 Saucers                          | 1 Salad Dish (8 1/4 inches)         |
| 12 Luncheon Plates (7 1/4 inches)      | 1 Large Meat Platter (18 1/4 inches) | 1 Med. Meat Platter (10 1/4 inches) | 1 Vegetable Dish (9 1/4 inches)     |
| 12 Soup Coupes (7 1/4 inches)          | 1 Covered Butter Dish (2 pieces)     | 1 Cream Pitcher                     | 1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 pieces) |
| 12 Bread and Butter Plates (6 1/4 in.) | 1 Sauce Boat                         | 1 Covered Sugar Bowl (2 pieces)     | 1 Relish Dish (6 inches)            |
| 12 Oatmeal Dishes (6 1/4 inches)       | 1 Oblong Pickle Dish (7 1/4 inches)  | 1 Cake Plaque (8 1/4 inches)        | 1 Round Potato Dish (7 1/4 inches)  |
| 12 Fruit or Sauce Dishes (5 inches)    |                                      |                                     |                                     |

No. A481—\$1.00 Down—\$3.00 a Month—Total \$32.90

The design is the popular Colonial style—very smart and attractive. Each piece has a heart shaped medallion showing two dainty love birds reproduced in rich tints and surrounded by an artistic scroll design of ribbon and flowers. The design is fired right into the ware, not just stamped on and will not lose its lustre or wear off. This handsome set should not be confused with inferior seconds or cheap china. It is a high grade first quality set—containing only practical pieces and sufficient for a complete service for 12 people. It is much superior to sets offered near this price and is equal in quality, shape, weight and finish to sets that sell at much higher prices.

# Mail Coupon

With \$1.00 for This Exquisite Dinner Set  
30 Days' Free Trial—Money Back Guarantee

Just send \$1.00 and we will ship this exquisite "Love-Bird" Dinner Set for you to use for 30 days on your own table. If these beautiful dishes are not satisfactory after the 30 day trial period, return them at our expense and every sent you paid including all delivery charges will be refunded. If you keep the dishes, you can take a year to pay the balance—on easiest payments imaginable, only \$3.00 a month Order right now. If you order immediately, we will send you the Wm. A. Rogers' Knife and Fork Set (6 knives and 6 forks) absolutely Free. Take advantage of this offer while it lasts. Send \$1.00 with coupon AT ONCE.

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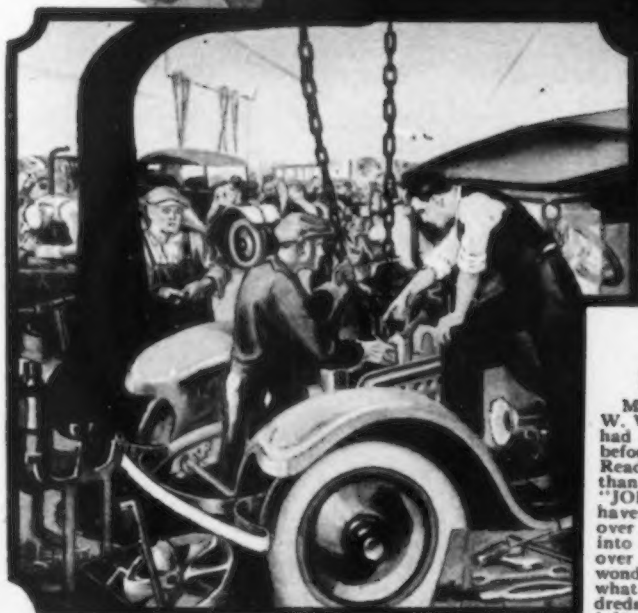
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